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BREVIARY TREASURES

Odes of Anacreon

Anacreontics

And Other Selections from the Greek Anthology

PRIVATELY PRINTED BY
NATHAN HASKELL DOLE
BOSTON

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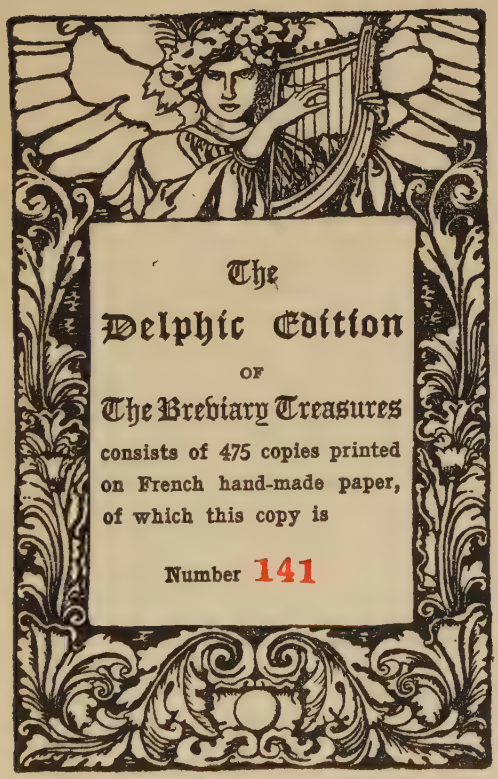

The

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OF

The Breviary Treasures

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INTRODUCTION

Cowley, Moore, and others, who have made graceful and buoyant paraphrases of Anacreontic imitations, have obscured the real Anacreon. He is a legend, a myth. The few actual remains of his verse, though so delicate, graceful, and yet strong, have inspired no modern poets. They have been content to imitate his imitators. What he really wrote, his real character, even the details of his life, are difficult to disentangle from the fancies which ages have spun around his name.

From the few fragments remaining, we can partly reconstitute the man. He is commonly regarded as the poet laureate of the wine-cup, and yet he commends five parts of water and three of wine — a very temperate mixture. He spoke out his disgust for those who let their passion for the stimulus of the flowing bowl lead them to neglect the muses and talk of quarrels and tearful war. He despised sottishness as barbaric, and found the pleasure of the wine-cup in its quickening, and not stupefying, the wits. His extant poetry is marked by wonderful grace, refinement, and spontaneity. In his own day it was regarded as faultless of its kind, and yet never laboured.

He is known to have written five books of elegies, epigrams, and other short poems. He was a satirist, and, above all, he was a writer of songs. Bournouf speaks of "*sa grâce infinie et sa légèreté charmante.*" E. S. Farnell declares that he "was a hater of all things unrefined and excessive." Plato called him "the wise."

His reputation is shown by the court paid him by the kings of his day. In 540 B. C. the Persians captured his native city, Teos, and he fled with the majority of the townspeople to Abdera, in Thrace, where he is said to have taken a prominent part in organising the colony. But he was not there long. He went to Samos, and lived under the patronage of Polycrates, whose tyrannical will he may have tempered. It is said that when Oroites, Satrap of Sardis, once went to see the tyrant, he found him in the men's apartment talking with the Teian poet. Another story — probably a legend, however — states that Polycrates presented him with five talents, but that Anacreon returned the money after two nights, declaring that it had kept him awake, wondering what he should do with it; for riches, he remarked, were not worth the care they cost.

After Oroites had captured and crucified Polycrates, in 522, Hipparchus, who was

then ruling at Athens, sent a fifty-oared galley to fetch the famous poet to his court. There he became intimate with Simonides of Keos and Lasos of Hermione, teacher of Pindar. Anacreon took part in the Panathenaic festivals, and was universally admired. The conspiracy of Harmodius and Aristogeiton broke out in 514. Anacreon escaped, according to the legend, — for it is evidently a legend, — returned to his native Teos, and died there at the age of eighty-five, choked by a grape-seed. It is more probable that he went to Thessaly, to the court of Echecratides. He was undoubtedly the poet of courts, but, with our slight knowledge of him, it is hardly safe to deny him virtues. Plato would then have been far from praising him with such high-sounding words.

The present volume contains the best that is left of Anacreon. The translations, which are for the first time put into English verse, make no pretence to follow the original meter. They simply follow, as closely as possible, the thought of the Greek, and are cast into a semi-metrical form, though in some instances they might be fairly called verse. These delightfully fresh and graceful fragments must ever make the lover of poetry regret that so few such flowers have been rescued from before the scythe of Time.

The genuine is supported with a few examples of the Anacreontics, which for many years were supposed to be genuine, but are now regarded as spurious, and yet are interesting as having been inspired by the Teian. These again are supplemented by a number of charming lyrics from other poets with whom he was associated, and from Sappho, whom the poetic legend asserts Anacreon loved.

The little volume is really a bouquet of Greek blossoms, a little Anacreontic anthology, in which the Greek ideas of love and wine are especially emphasised. In this respect it has literary unity and interest that will assuredly give it a welcome among those that love real poetry, the poetry that has stood the test of time.

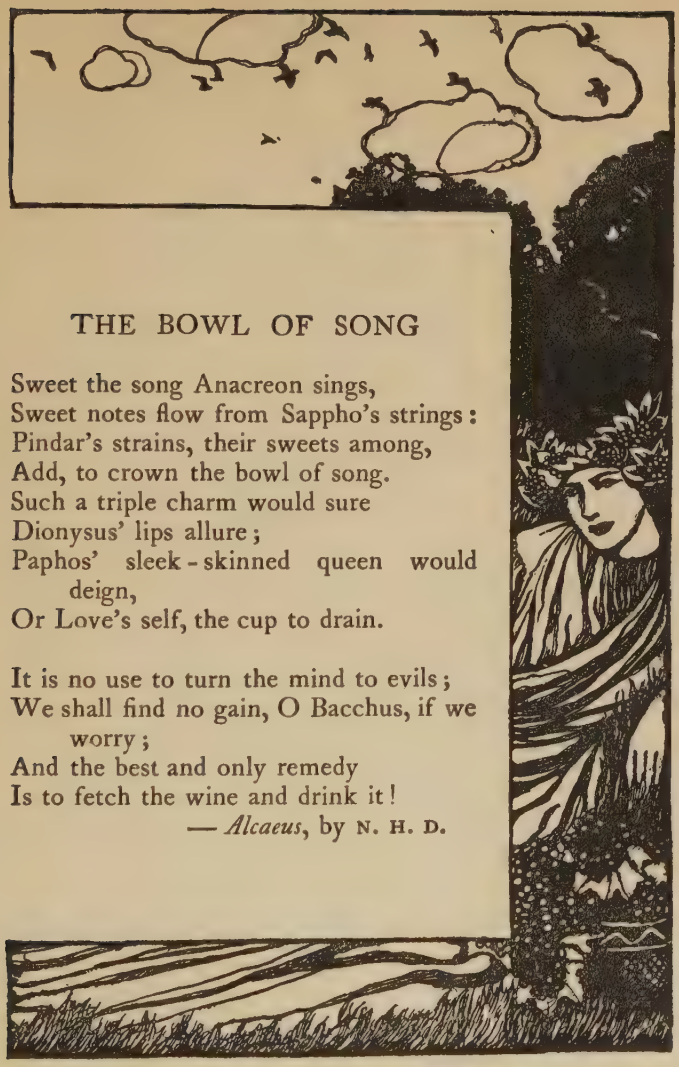
The translations are by various poets, and, in some instances, two or more versions of the same original are printed together. This accounts for some variation in the spelling of proper names, some authorities using the Latin form, others a stricter mode of transliteration. Both methods have their advocates and their advantages. But on the whole the Greek spelling, though sensible, seems to savour slightly of pedantry and affectation.

N. H. D.

THE DREAM

In a dream unto me came
Anacreon, of Teian fame.
He accosted me, and I
Ran up to him lovingly,
And my arms about him threw.
Old he was, but fair to view,
Fair, a lover of the vine;
His stained lip yet breathed of wine.
Falteringly he seemed to tread;
(Love his trembling footsteps led;)
Crowned was his brow, and he
Held the garland out to me.
Of Anacreon it breathed:
Straight my forehead (fool!) I wreathed;
And from that time till to-day
I by love am plagued alway.

— *Incerti Autoris de Anacreonte.*

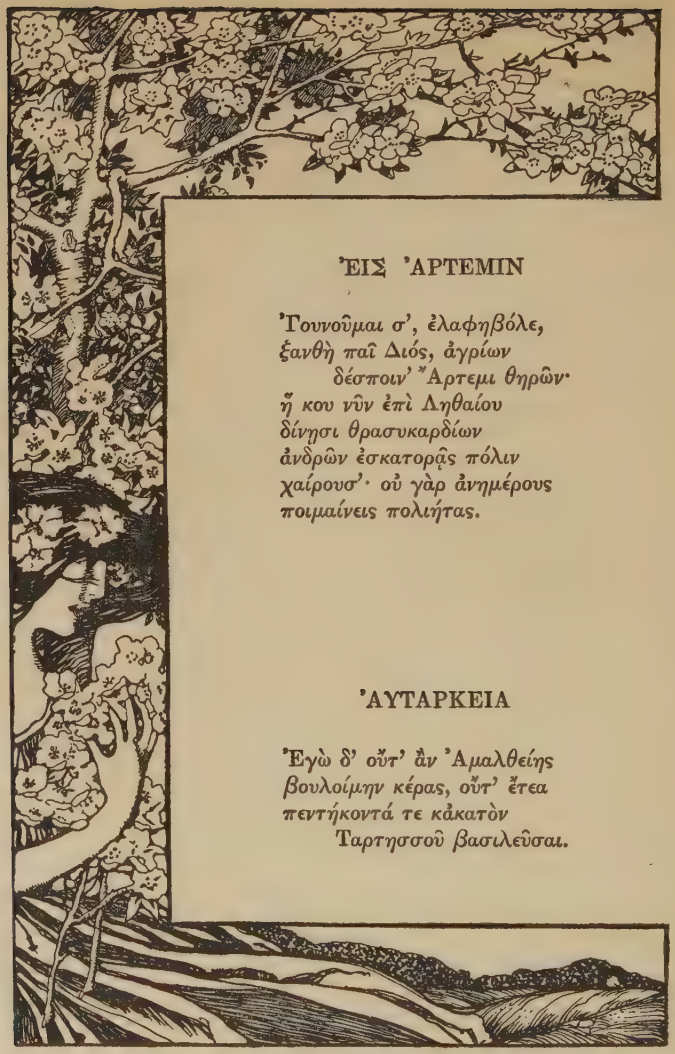


THE BOWL OF SONG

Sweet the song Anacreon sings,
Sweet notes flow from Sappho's strings:
Pindar's strains, their sweets among,
Add, to crown the bowl of song.
Such a triple charm would sure
Dionysus' lips allure;
Paphos' sleek-skinned queen would deign,
Or Love's self, the cup to drain.

It is no use to turn the mind to evils;
We shall find no gain, O Bacchus, if we worry;
And the best and only remedy
Is to fetch the wine and drink it!

— *Alcaeus*, by N. H. D.

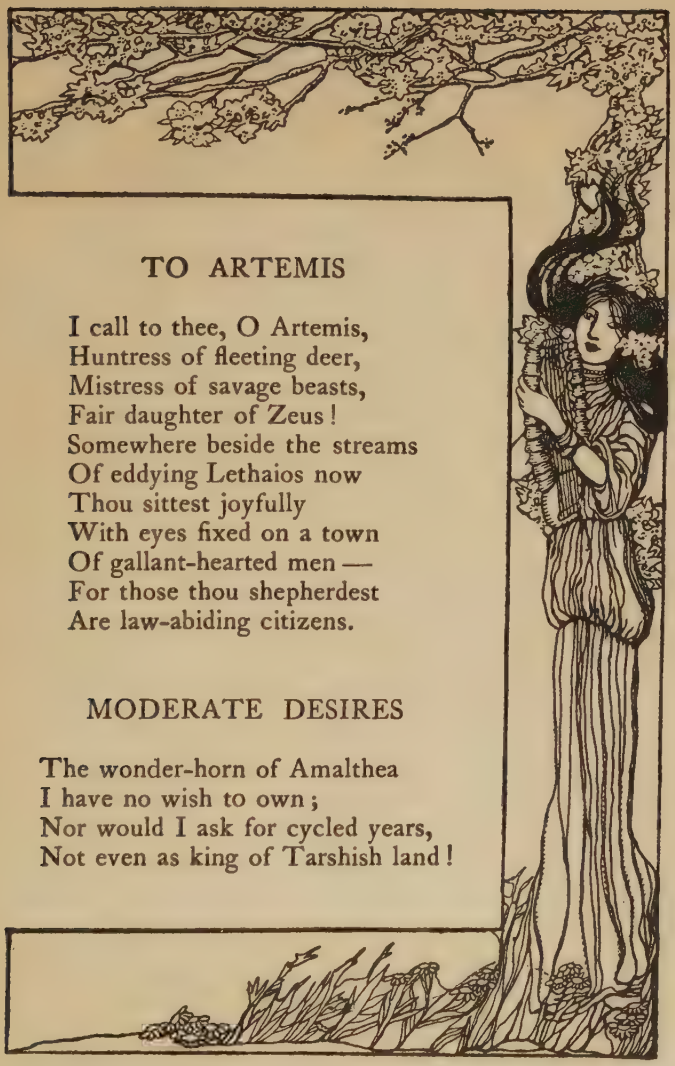


ἐΙΣ ἈΡΤΕΜΙΝ

Γουνοῦμαι σ', ἐλαφηβόλε,
ξανθὴ παῖ Διός, ἀγρίων
δέσποιν' Ἄρτεμι θηρῶν·
ἤ κου νῦν ἐπὶ Ληθαίου
δίνῃσι θρασυκαρδίων
ἀνδρῶν ἐσκατορᾷς πόλιν
χαίρουσ'· οὐ γὰρ ἀνημέρους
ποιμαίνεις πολιήτας.

ἈΥΤΑΡΚΕΙΑ

Ἐγὼ δ' οὔτ' ἂν Ἀμαλθείης
βουλοίμην κέρας, οὔτ' ἔτεα
πεντήκοντά τε κἀκατὸν
Ταρτησσοῦ βασιλεῦσαι.

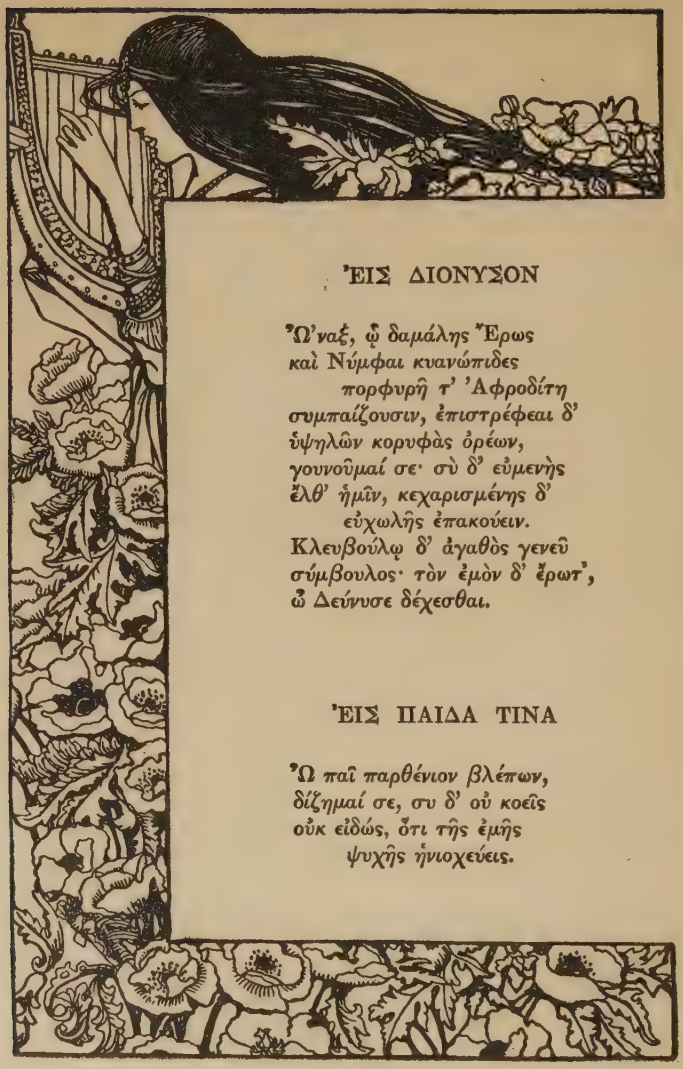


TO ARTEMIS

I call to thee, O Artemis,
Huntress of fleeting deer,
Mistress of savage beasts,
Fair daughter of Zeus!
Somewhere beside the streams
Of eddying Lethaios now
Thou sittest joyfully
With eyes fixed on a town
Of gallant-hearted men —
For those thou shepherdest
Are law-abiding citizens.

MODERATE DESIRES

The wonder-horn of Amalthea
I have no wish to own;
Nor would I ask for cycled years,
Not even as king of Tarshish land!

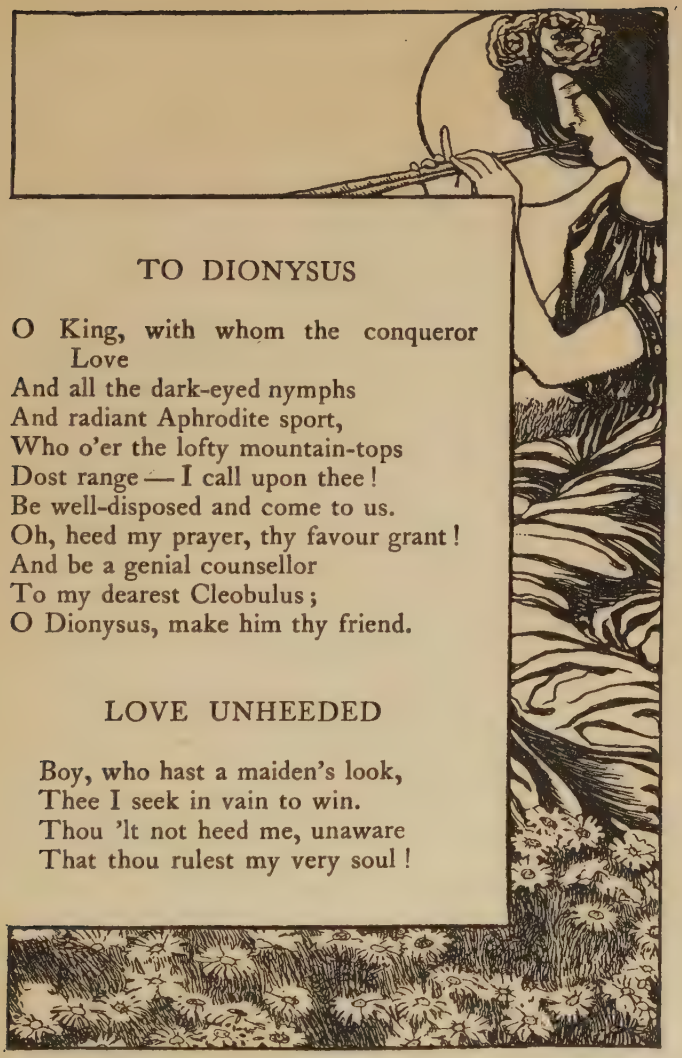


ἐΙΣ ΔΙΟΝΥΣΟΝ

Ὦ ναξ, ᾧ δαμάλης Ἔρως
καὶ Νύμφαι κυανώπιδες
πορφυρῆ τ' Ἀφροδίτη
συμπαίζουσιν, ἐπιστρέφεαι δ'
ὑψηλῶν κορυφὰς ὀρέων,
γουνοῦμαί σε· σὺ δ' εὐμενὴς
ἔλθ' ἡμῖν, κεχαρισμένης δ'
εὐχωλῆς ἐπακούειν.
Κλευβούλῳ δ' ἀγαθὸς γενεῦ
σύμβουλος· τὸν ἐμὸν δ' ἔρωτ',
ὦ Δεύνυσε δέχεσθαι.

ἐΙΣ ΠΑΙΔΑ ΤΙΝΑ

Ὦ παῖ παρθένιον βλέπων,
δίζημαί σε, συ δ' οὐ κοεῖς
οὐκ εἰδώς, ὅτι τῆς ἐμῆς
ψυχῆς ἡνιοχεύεις.



TO DIONYSUS

O King, with whom the conqueror Love
And all the dark-eyed nymphs
And radiant Aphrodite sport,
Who o'er the lofty mountain-tops
Dost range — I call upon thee!
Be well-disposed and come to us.
Oh, heed my prayer, thy favour grant!
And be a genial counsellor
To my dearest Cleobulus;
O Dionysus, make him thy friend.

LOVE UNHEEDED

Boy, who hast a maiden's look,
Thee I seek in vain to win.
Thou 'lt not heed me, unaware
That thou rulest my very soul!

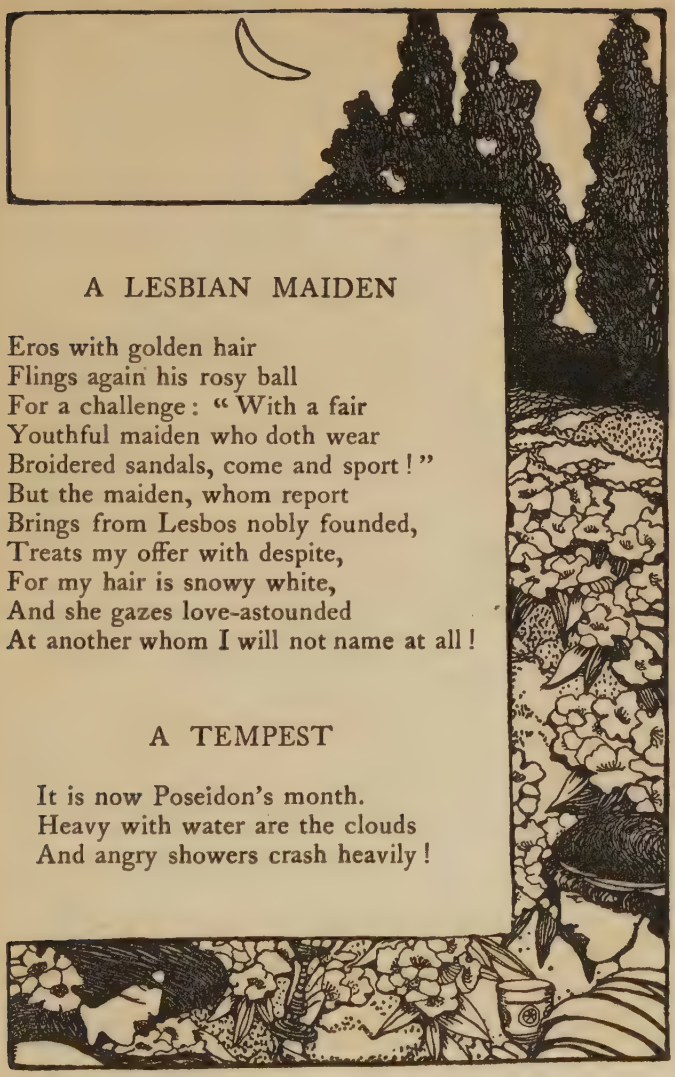
ΚΡΥΣΟΚΟΜΗΣ ἘΡΩΣ

Σφαίρῃ δηὖτέ με πορφυρῇ
βάλλων χρυσοκόμης Ἔρως
νήνι ποικιλοσαμβάλῳ
συμπαίζειν προκαλεῖται·

ἡ δ', ἐστὶν γάρ ἀπ' εὐκτίτου
Λέσβου, τὴν μὲν ἐμὴν κόμην,
λευκὴ γάρ, καταμέμφεται,
πρὸς δ' ἄλλον τινὰ χάσκει.

ΜΕΙΣ ΠΟΣΙΔΗΙΩΝ

Μεὶς μὲν δὴ Ποσιδηϊὼν
ἔστηκεν, νεφέλαι δ' ὕδει
βρίθονται, βαρὺ δ' ἄγριοι
χειμῶνες παταγεῦσιν.



A LESBIAN MAIDEN

Eros with golden hair
Flings again his rosy ball
For a challenge: "With a fair
Youthful maiden who doth wear
Broidered sandals, come and sport!"
But the maiden, whom report
Brings from Lesbos nobly founded,
Treats my offer with despite,
For my hair is snowy white,
And she gazes love-astounded
At another whom I will not name at all!

A TEMPEST

It is now Poseidon's month.
Heavy with water are the clouds
And angry showers crash heavily!

ἘΘΕΛΟΙ Δ' ἘΗΛΥΣΙ' ἈΛΛΟΣ ἘΧΕΙΝ

Ἠρίστησα μὲν ἰτρίου λεπτοῦ μικρὸν ἀποκλάς,
οἴνου δ' ἐξέπιον κάδον, νῦν δ' ἁβρῶς ἐρόεσσαν
ψάλλω πηκτίδα τῇ φίλῃ κωμάζων παῖδ' ἁβρῇ.

ἘΙΣ ΚΛΕΥΒΟΥΛΟΝ

Κλευβούλου μὲν γωγ' ἐρέω,
Κλευβούλῳ δ' ἐπιμαίνομαι,
Κλεύβουλον δὲ διοσκέω.

ΠΕΤΡΑ ΛΕΥΚΑΔΟΣ

Ἀρθεὶς δηὖτ' ἀπὸ Λευκάδος
πέτρης ἐς πολιὸν κῦμα κολυμβῶ μεθύων ἔρωτι.

A BOOK OF VERSES UNDERNEATH THE BOUGH

I have eaten the mid-day meal of honey-
cakes broken fine;
I have gayly drained a flask of generous
roseate wine;
And now on the graceful harp I daintily
thrum the strings,
Making merry with song for thee, O
dainty maiden mine!

CLEOBULUS

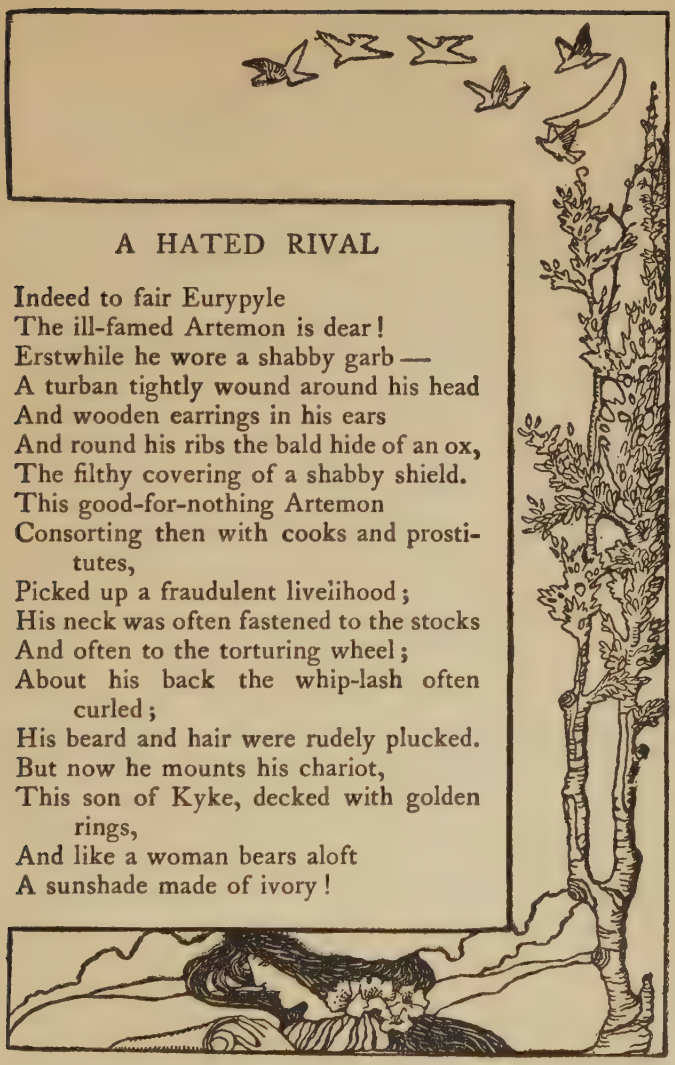
'T is Cleobulus whom I love;
'T is Cleobulus I am mad for,
Cleobulus alone I see!

THE LEUCADIAN CLIFF

Once more I leap
From the Leucadian cliff
And drunk with passion
I plunge into the surging billow!

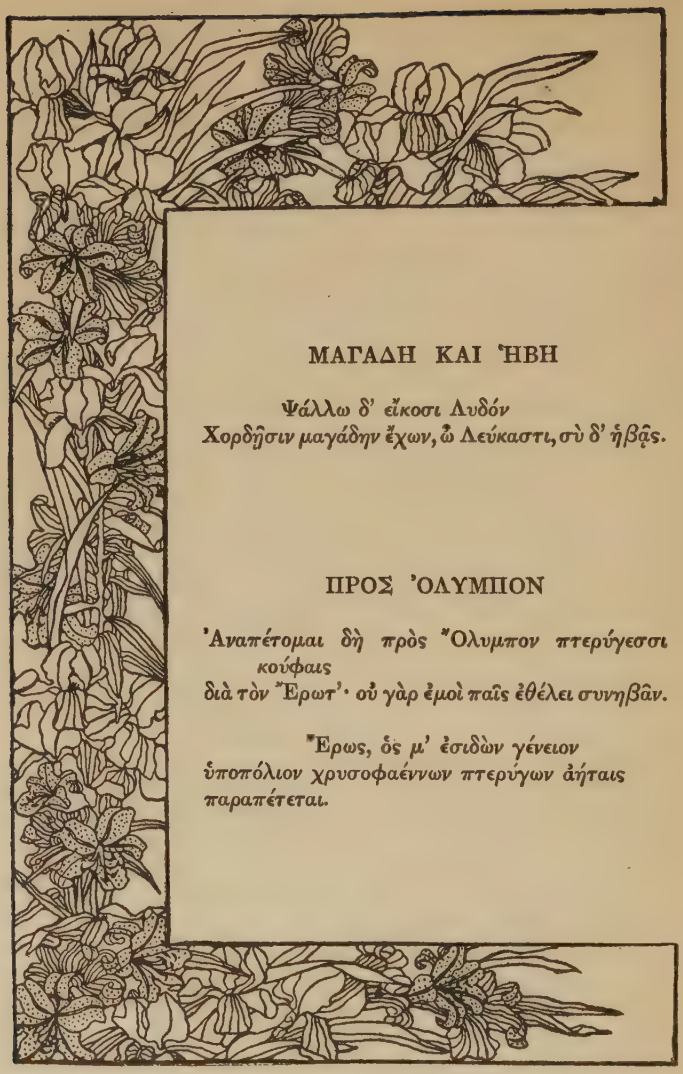
ἘΙΣ ἈΡΤΕΜΩΝΑ

Ξανθῇ δέ γ' Εὐρυπύλῃ μέλει
ὁ περιφόρητος Ἀρτέμων·
πρὶν μὲν ἔχων, βερβέριον,
καλύμματ' ἐσφηκωμένα,
καὶ ξυλίνους ἀστραγάλους
ἐν ὠσί, καὶ ψιλὸν περὶ
πλευρῇσι δέρμ' ᾔει βοός,
νήπλυτον εἴλυμα κακὴς
ἀσπίδος, ἀρτοπώλισιν
κἀθελοπόρνοισιν ὁμι-
λέων ὁ πονηρὸς Ἀρτέμων,
Κίβδηλον εὑρίσκων βίον·
πολλὰ μὲν ἐν δουρὶ δεθεὶς
αὐχένα, πολλὰ δ' ἐν τροχῷ,
πολλὰ δὲ νῶτον σκυτίνῃ
μάστιγι θωμιχθείς, κόμην
πώγωνά τ' ἐκτετιλμένος.
νῦν δ' ἐπιβαίνει σατινέων
χρύσεα φορέων καθέρματα
πάϊς Κύκης, καὶ σκιαδί-
σκην ἐλεφαντίνην
φορεῖ γυναιξὶν αὕτως.



A HATED RIVAL

Indeed to fair Eurypyle
The ill-famed Artemon is dear!
Erstwhile he wore a shabby garb —
A turban tightly wound around his head
And wooden earrings in his ears
And round his ribs the bald hide of an ox,
The filthy covering of a shabby shield.
This good-for-nothing Artemon
Consorting then with cooks and prostitutes,
Picked up a fraudulent livelihood;
His neck was often fastened to the stocks
And often to the torturing wheel;
About his back the whip-lash often curled;
His beard and hair were rudely plucked.
But now he mounts his chariot,
This son of Kyke, decked with golden rings,
And like a woman bears aloft
A sunshade made of ivory!



ΜΑΓΑΔΗ ΚΑΙ ἩΒΗ

Ψάλλω δ' εἴκοσι Λυδόν
Χορδῆσιν μαγάδην ἔχων, ὦ Λεύκαστι, σὺ δ' ἡβᾷς.

ΠΡΟΣ 'ΟΛΥΜΠΟΝ

'Αναπέτομαι δὴ πρὸς Ὄλυμπον πτερύγεσσι κούφαις
διὰ τὸν Ἔρωτ'· οὐ γὰρ ἐμοὶ παῖς ἐθέλει συνηβᾶν.

Ἔρως, ὃς μ' ἐσιδὼν γένειον
ὑποπόλιον χρυσοφαέννων πτερύγων ἀήταις
παραπέτεται.

JOY OR YOUTH

O Leucastis, I play
Upon a Lydian harp —
A noble harp of twenty strings —
And thou art in thy youthful prime!

AN EASY DEATH

Up to Olympus high
On nimble wings I fly
Because of love! And why?
'T is that a charming boy
Refuses now to join me in my joy!

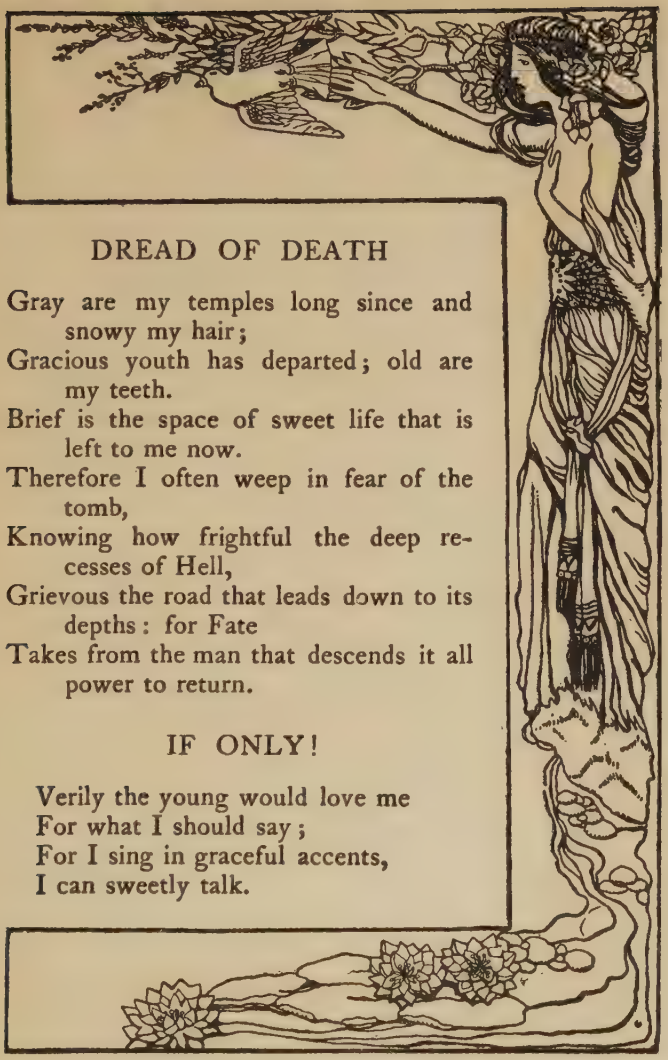
And when he saw how gray
My beard, and me so old
Eros himself with dazzling wings of
gold
Flew like a breeze away.

ἈΝΑΚΡΕΩΝ ΓΕΡΩΝ

Πολιοὶ μὲν ἡμῖν ἤδη
κρόταφοι κάρη τε λευκόν,
χαρίεσσα δ' οὐκέθ' ἥβη
πάρα, γηράλεοι δ' ὀδόντες.
γλυκεροῦ δ' οὐκέτι πολλὸς
βιότου χρόνος λέλειπται·
διὰ ταῦτ' ἀνασταλύζω
θαμὰ Τάρταρον δεδοικώς.
Ἀΐδεω γάρ ἐστι δεινὸς
μυχός, ἀργαλῆ δ' ἐς αὐτόν
κάθοδος· καὶ γὰρ ἕτοιμον
καταβάντι μὴ ἀναβῆναι.

ἈΝΑΚΡΕΩΝ ΠΟΙΗΤΗΣ

Ἐμὲ γὰρ νέοι λόγων εἵ-
νεκα παῖδες ἂν φιλοῖεν·
χαρίεντα μὲν γὰρ ᾄδω,
χαρίεντα δ' οἶδα λέξαι.



DREAD OF DEATH

Gray are my temples long since and snowy my hair;
Gracious youth has departed; old are my teeth.
Brief is the space of sweet life that is left to me now.
Therefore I often weep in fear of the tomb,
Knowing how frightful the deep recesses of Hell,
Grievous the road that leads down to its depths: for Fate
Takes from the man that descends it all power to return.

IF ONLY!

Verily the young would love me
For what I should say;
For I sing in graceful accents,
I can sweetly talk.

ΟΙ ΑΒΑΚΙΖΟΜΕΝΟΙ

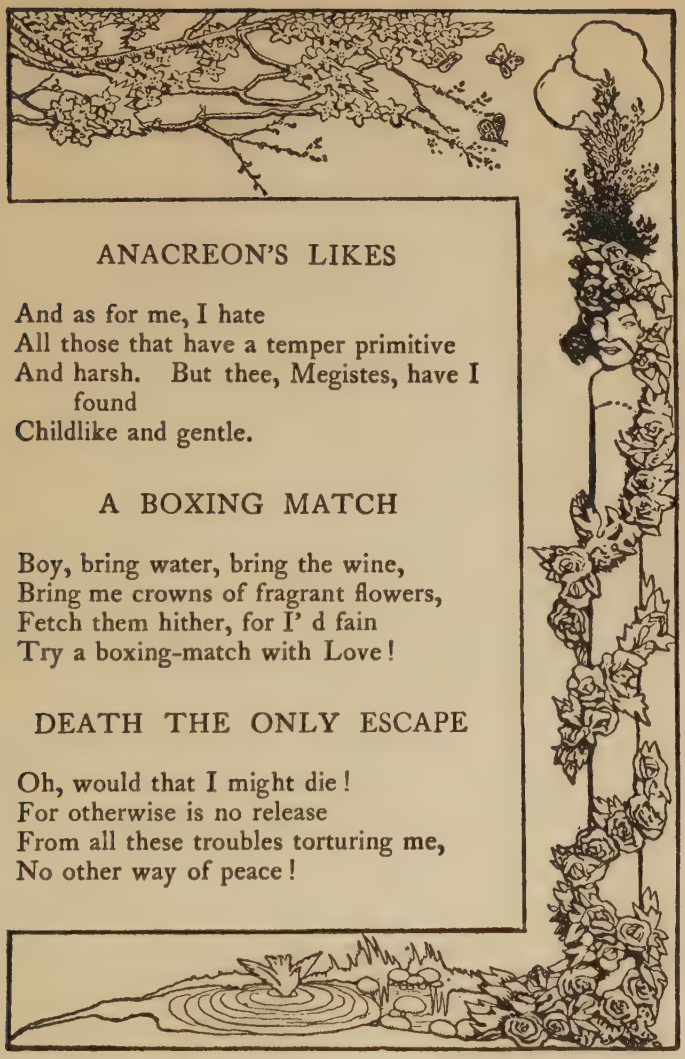
Ἐγὼ δὲ μισέω
πάντας, ὅσοι χθονίους ἔχουσι ῥυθμοὺς
καὶ καλεπούς· μεμάθηκά σ', ὦ Μεγίστη
τῶν ἀβακιζομένων.

ΥΔΩΡ ΤΕ ΚΑΙ ΟΙΝΟΣ

Φέρ' ὕδωρ, φέρ' οἶνον, ὦ παῖ,
φέρε δ' ἀνθεμεῦντας ἡμῖν
στεφάνους, ἔνεικον, ὡς δὴ
πρὸς Ἔρωτα πυκταλίζω.

ΠΟΘΟΣ ΘΑΝΑΤΟΥ

Ἀπό μοι θανεῖν γένοιτ'·
οὐ γὰρ ἂν ἄλλη
λύσις ἐκ πόνων γένοιτ'
οὐδαμὰ τῶνδε.



ANACREON'S LIKES

And as for me, I hate
All those that have a temper primitive
And harsh. But thee, Megistes, have I
found
Childlike and gentle.

A BOXING MATCH

Boy, bring water, bring the wine,
Bring me crowns of fragrant flowers,
Fetch them hither, for I' d fain
Try a boxing-match with Love!

DEATH THE ONLY ESCAPE

Oh, would that I might die!
For otherwise is no release
From all these troubles torturing me,
No other way of peace!

ΠΡΟΣ ΣΜΕΡΔΙΗΝ

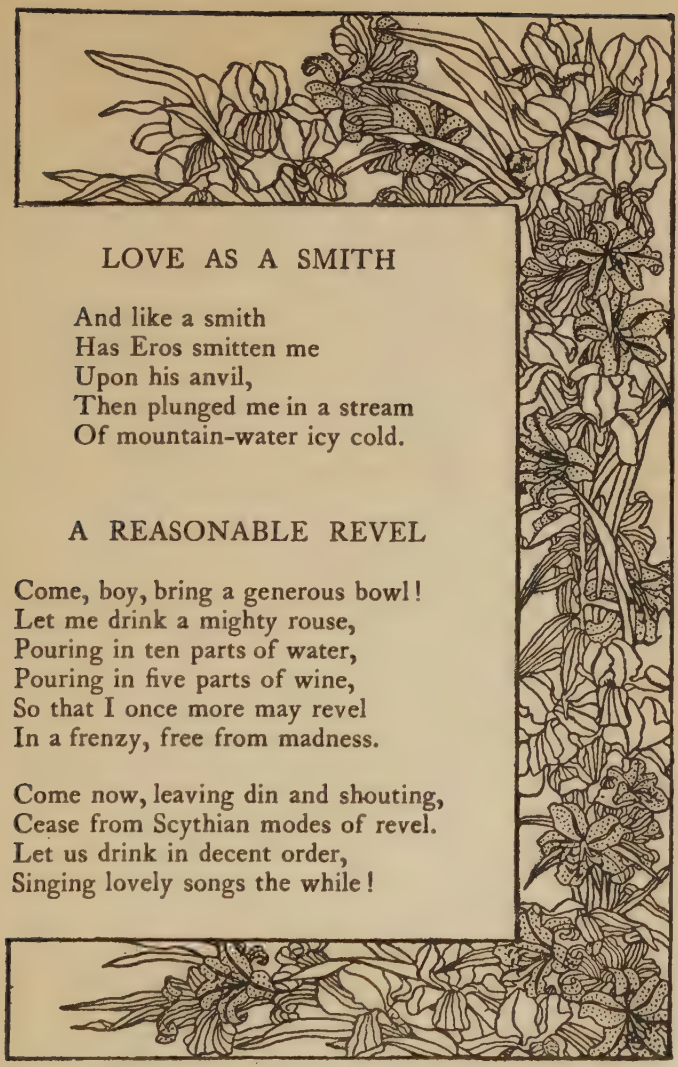
Μεγάλῳ δηὖτε μ' Ἔρως
ἔκοψεν ὥστε χαλκεὺς
πελέκει, χειμερίῃ
δ' ἔλουσεν ἐν χαράδρῃ.

΄ΑΝΑΚΡΕΩΝ ΜΕΤΡΙΟΠΟΤΗΣ

Ἄγε δή, φερ' ἡμῖν, ὦ παῖ,
κελέβην, ὅκως ἄμυστιν
προπίω, τὰ μὲν δέκ' ἐγχέας
ὕδατος, τὰ πέντε δ' οἴνου
κυάθους, ὡς ἀνυβρίστως
ἀνὰ δηὖτε βασσαρήσω·

. . . . . .

Ἄγε δηὖτε μηκέθ' οὕτω
πατάγῳ τε κἀλαλητῷ
Σκυθικὴν πόσιν παρ' οἴνῳ
μελετῶμεν, ἀλλὰ καλοῖς
ὑποπίνοντες ἐν ὕμνοις.



LOVE AS A SMITH

And like a smith
Has Eros smitten me
Upon his anvil,
Then plunged me in a stream
Of mountain-water icy cold.

A REASONABLE REVEL

Come, boy, bring a generous bowl!
Let me drink a mighty rouse,
Pouring in ten parts of water,
Pouring in five parts of wine,
So that I once more may revel
In a frenzy, free from madness.

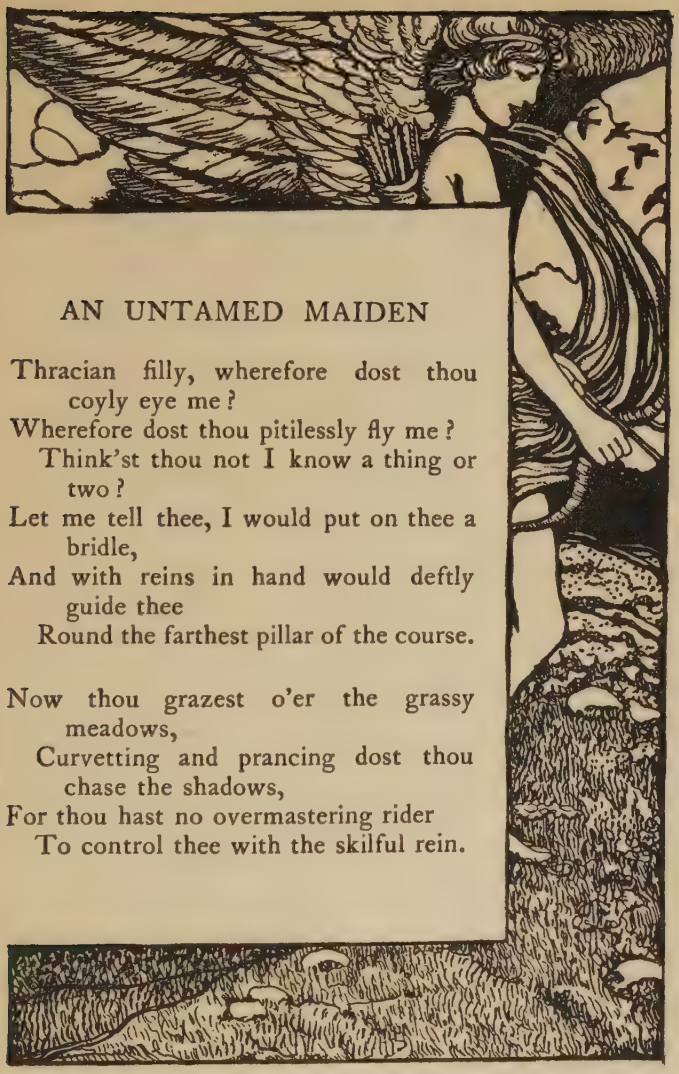
Come now, leaving din and shouting,
Cease from Scythian modes of revel.
Let us drink in decent order,
Singing lovely songs the while!

ἘΙΣ ᾈΔΑΜΑΣΤΟΝ ΚΟΡΗΝ

Πῶλε Θρῃκίη, τί δή με
λοζὸν ὄμμασιν βλέπουσα
νηλεῶς φεύγεις, δοκεῖς δέ
μ' οὐδὲν εἰδέναι σοφόν;

ἴσθι τοι καλῶς μὲν ἄν τοι
τὸν χαλινὸν ἐμβάλοιμι,
ἡνίας δ' ἔχων στρέφοιμί
σ' ἀμφὶ τέρματα δρόμου.

νῦν δὲ λειμῶνάς τε βόσκεαι
κοῦφά τε σκιρτῶσα παίζεις·
δεξιὸν γὰρ ἱπποσείρην
οὐκ ἔχεις ἐπεμβάτην.



AN UNTAMED MAIDEN

Thracian filly, wherefore dost thou
coyly eye me?
Wherefore dost thou pitilessly fly me?
Think'st thou not I know a thing or
two?
Let me tell thee, I would put on thee a
bridle,
And with reins in hand would deftly
guide thee
Round the farthest pillar of the course.

Now thou grazest o'er the grassy
meadows,
Curvetting and prancing dost thou
chase the shadows,
For thou hast no overmastering rider
To control thee with the skilful rein.

ἔρως ἁβρός

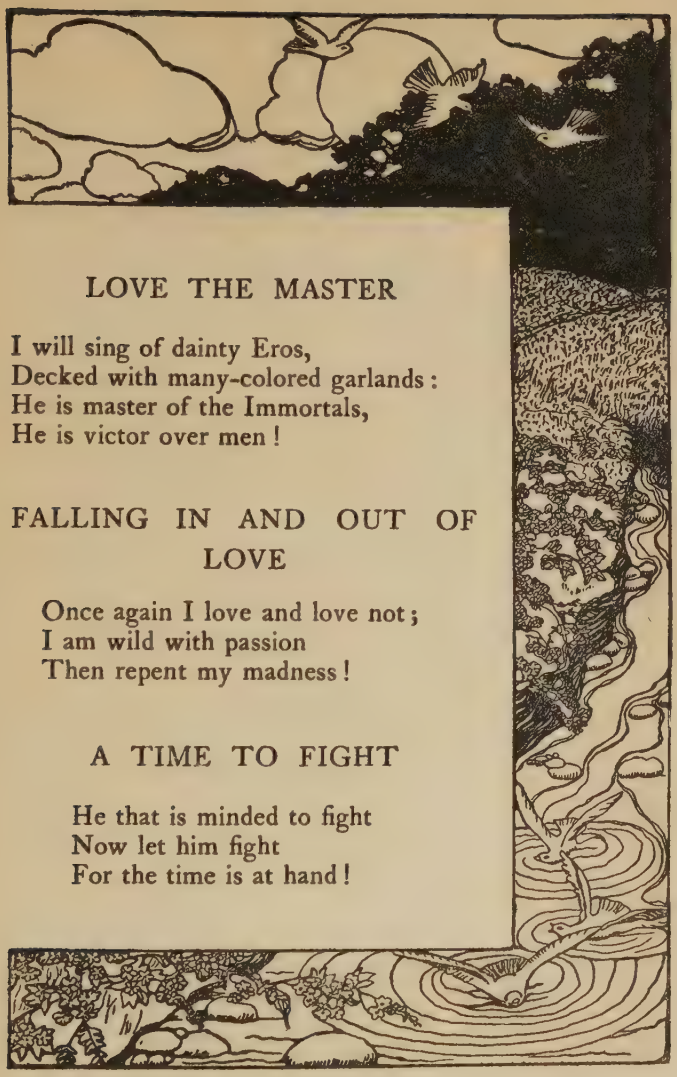
Τὸν Ἔρωτα γὰρ τὸν ἁβρὸν
μέλνμαι βρύοντα μίτραις
πολυανθέμοις ἀειδειν·
ὅδε γὰρ θεῶν δυναστής,
ὅδε καὶ βροτοὺς δαμάζει.

ταχυμορος ἔρως

Ἐρῶ τε δηὖτε κοὐκ ἐρῶ
καὶ μαίνομαι κοὐ μαίνομαι.

ὁ καιρος

Ὁ μὲν θέλων μάχεσθαι,
πάρεστι γὰρ, μαχέσθω.



LOVE THE MASTER

I will sing of dainty Eros,
Decked with many-colored garlands:
He is master of the Immortals,
He is victor over men!

FALLING IN AND OUT OF LOVE

Once again I love and love not;
I am wild with passion
Then repent my madness!

A TIME TO FIGHT

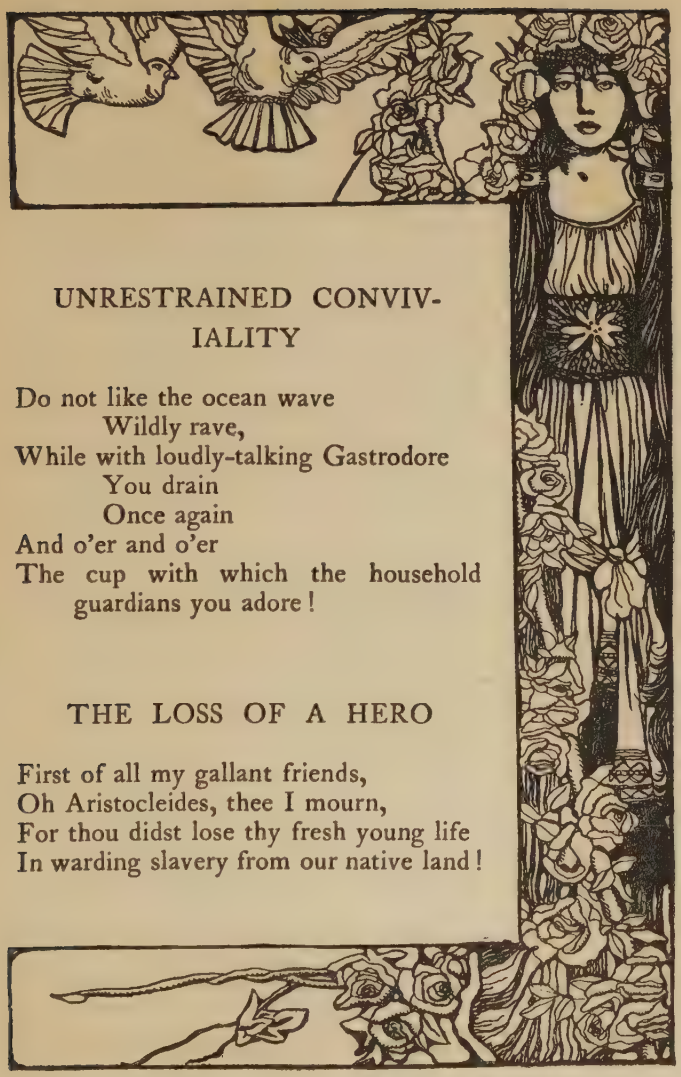
He that is minded to fight
Now let him fight
For the time is at hand!

ΜΗ ΛΑΛΑΖΕ

Μη δ' ὥστε κῦμα πόντιον
λάλαζε, τῇ πολυκρότῃ
σὺν Γαστροδώρῃ καταχύδην
πίνουσα τὴν ἐπίστιον.

'ΑΡΙΣΤΟΚΛΕΙΔΗΣ

Αλκίμων σ' ὠριστοκλείδη, πρῶτον οἰκτείρω φίλων
ὠλέσας δ' ἥβην, ἀμύνων πατριδος δουλήϊην.

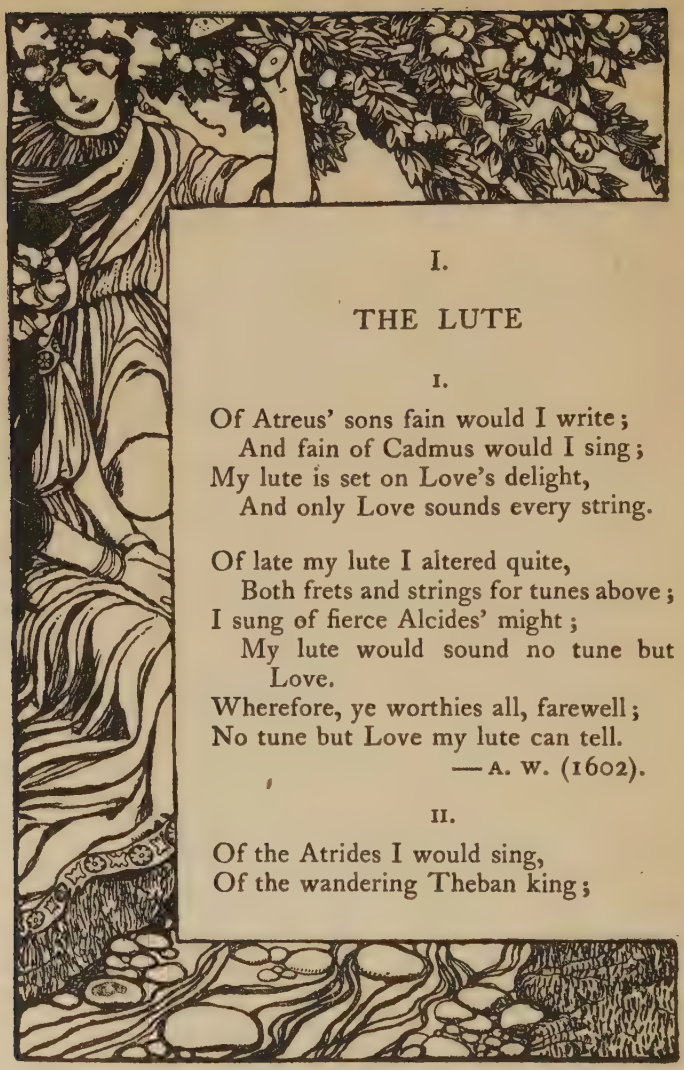


UNRESTRAINED CONVIVIALITY

Do not like the ocean wave
Wildly rave,
While with loudly-talking Gastrodore
You drain
Once again
And o'er and o'er
The cup with which the household guardians you adore!

THE LOSS OF A HERO

First of all my gallant friends,
Oh Aristocleides, thee I mourn,
For thou didst lose thy fresh young life
In warding slavery from our native land!



I.

THE LUTE

I.

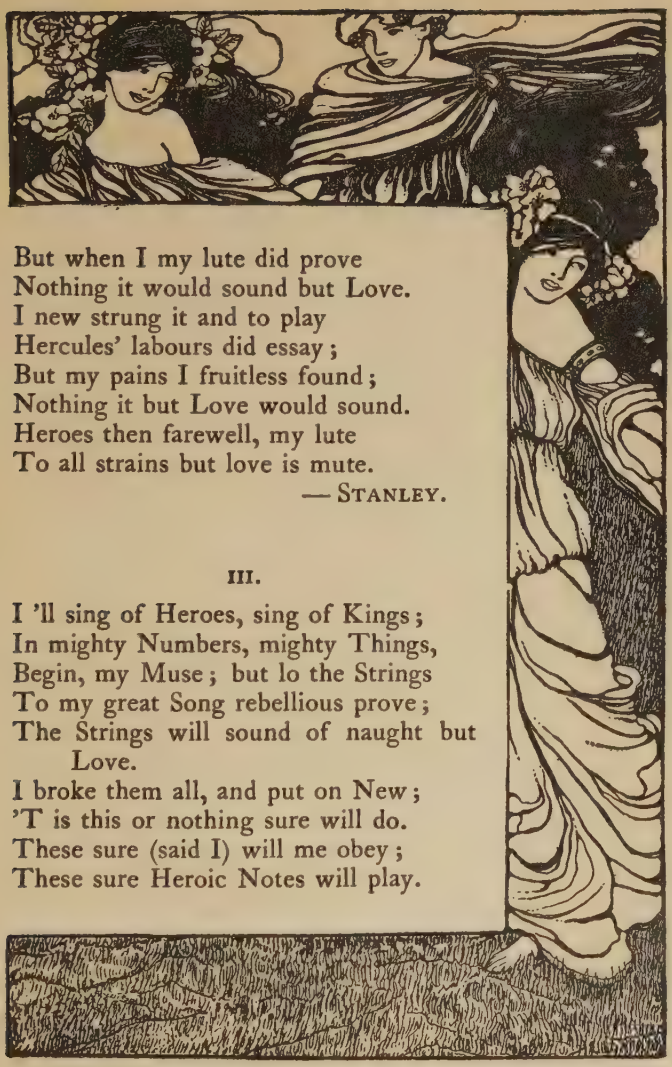
Of Atreus' sons fain would I write;
  And fain of Cadmus would I sing;
My lute is set on Love's delight,
  And only Love sounds every string.

Of late my lute I altered quite,
  Both frets and strings for tunes above;
I sung of fierce Alcides' might;
  My lute would sound no tune but Love.
Wherefore, ye worthies all, farewell;
No tune but Love my lute can tell.

—A. W. (1602).

II.

Of the Atrides I would sing,
Of the wandering Theban king;

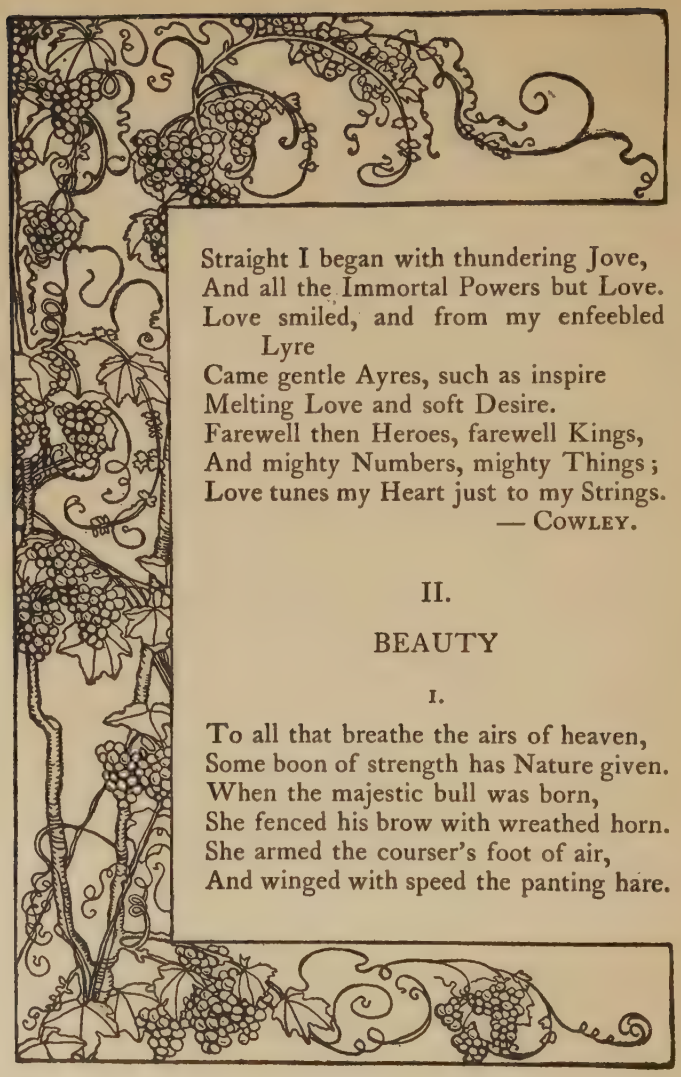


But when I my lute did prove
Nothing it would sound but Love.
I new strung it and to play
Hercules' labours did essay;
But my pains I fruitless found;
Nothing it but Love would sound.
Heroes then farewell, my lute
To all strains but love is mute.

— STANLEY.

III.

I 'll sing of Heroes, sing of Kings;
In mighty Numbers, mighty Things,
Begin, my Muse; but lo the Strings
To my great Song rebellious prove;
The Strings will sound of naught but
Love.
I broke them all, and put on New;
'T is this or nothing sure will do.
These sure (said I) will me obey;
These sure Heroic Notes will play.



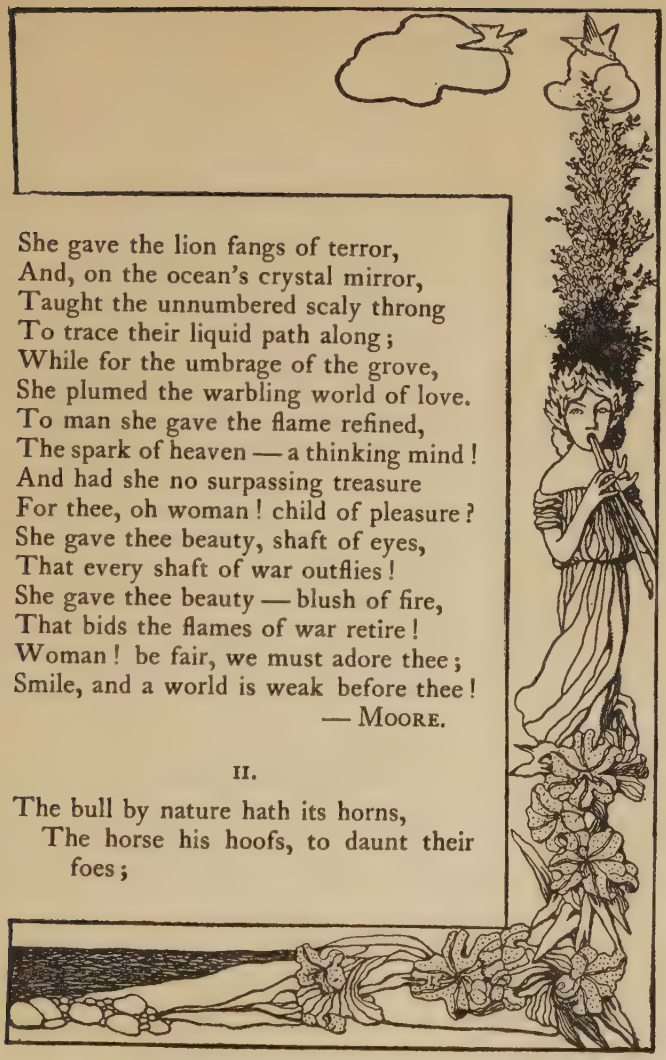
Straight I began with thundering Jove,
And all the Immortal Powers but Love.
Love smiled, and from my enfeebled
Lyre
Came gentle Ayres, such as inspire
Melting Love and soft Desire.
Farewell then Heroes, farewell Kings,
And mighty Numbers, mighty Things;
Love tunes my Heart just to my Strings.
— COWLEY.

II.

BEAUTY

I.

To all that breathe the airs of heaven,
Some boon of strength has Nature given.
When the majestic bull was born,
She fenced his brow with wreathed horn.
She armed the courser's foot of air,
And winged with speed the panting hare.

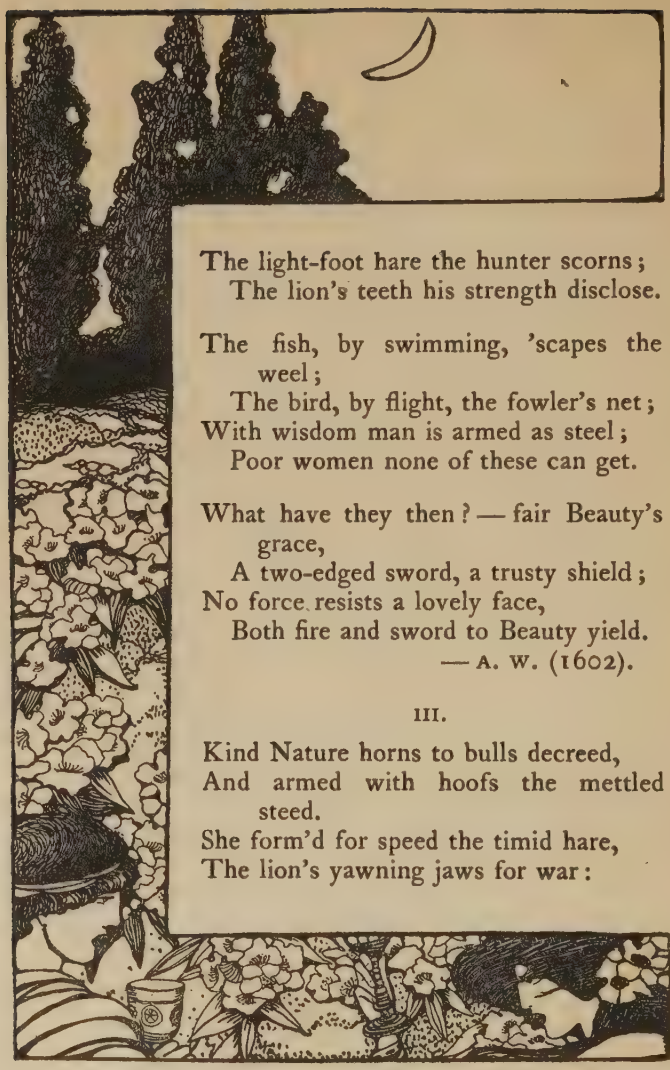


She gave the lion fangs of terror,
And, on the ocean's crystal mirror,
Taught the unnumbered scaly throng
To trace their liquid path along;
While for the umbrage of the grove,
She plumed the warbling world of love.
To man she gave the flame refined,
The spark of heaven — a thinking mind!
And had she no surpassing treasure
For thee, oh woman! child of pleasure?
She gave thee beauty, shaft of eyes,
That every shaft of war outflies!
She gave thee beauty — blush of fire,
That bids the flames of war retire!
Woman! be fair, we must adore thee;
Smile, and a world is weak before thee!

— Moore.

II.

The bull by nature hath its horns,
The horse his hoofs, to daunt their foes;



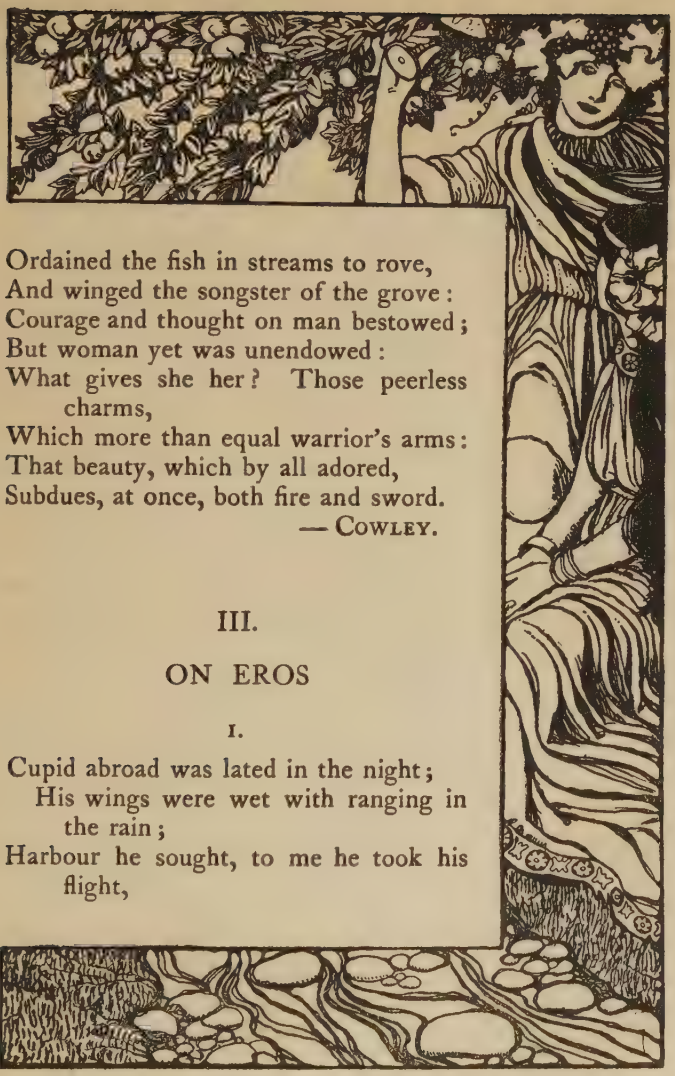
The light-foot hare the hunter scorns;
  The lion's teeth his strength disclose.

The fish, by swimming, 'scapes the
    weel;
  The bird, by flight, the fowler's net;
With wisdom man is armed as steel;
  Poor women none of these can get.

What have they then? — fair Beauty's
    grace,
  A two-edged sword, a trusty shield;
No force resists a lovely face,
  Both fire and sword to Beauty yield.
— A. W. (1602).

III.

Kind Nature horns to bulls decreed,
And armed with hoofs the mettled
    steed.
She form'd for speed the timid hare,
The lion's yawning jaws for war:



Ordained the fish in streams to rove,
And winged the songster of the grove:
Courage and thought on man bestowed;
But woman yet was unendowed:
What gives she her? Those peerless charms,
Which more than equal warrior's arms:
That beauty, which by all adored,
Subdues, at once, both fire and sword.

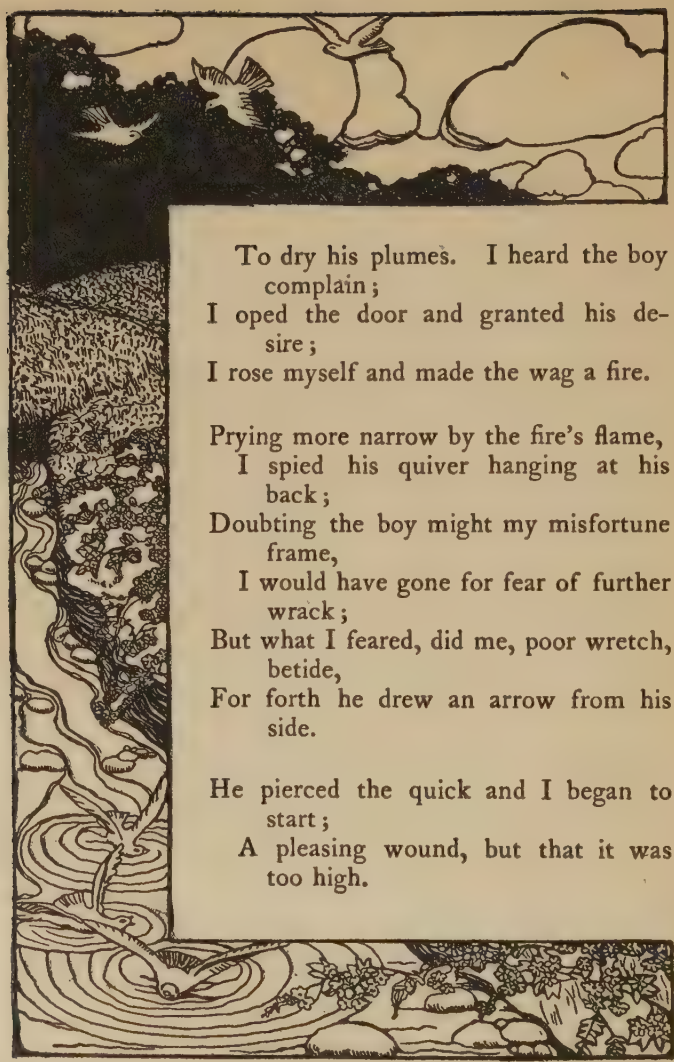
— Cowley.

III.

ON EROS

I.

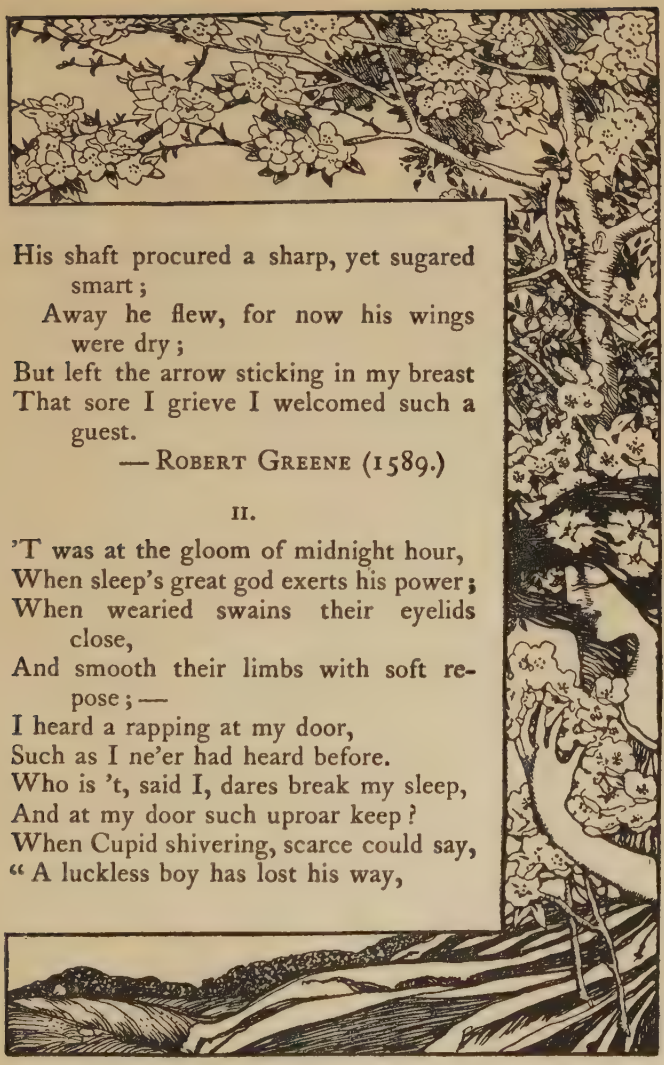
Cupid abroad was lated in the night;
His wings were wet with ranging in the rain;
Harbour he sought, to me he took his flight,



To dry his plumes. I heard the boy complain;
I oped the door and granted his desire;
I rose myself and made the wag a fire.

Prying more narrow by the fire's flame,
I spied his quiver hanging at his back;
Doubting the boy might my misfortune frame,
I would have gone for fear of further wrack;
But what I feared, did me, poor wretch, betide,
For forth he drew an arrow from his side.

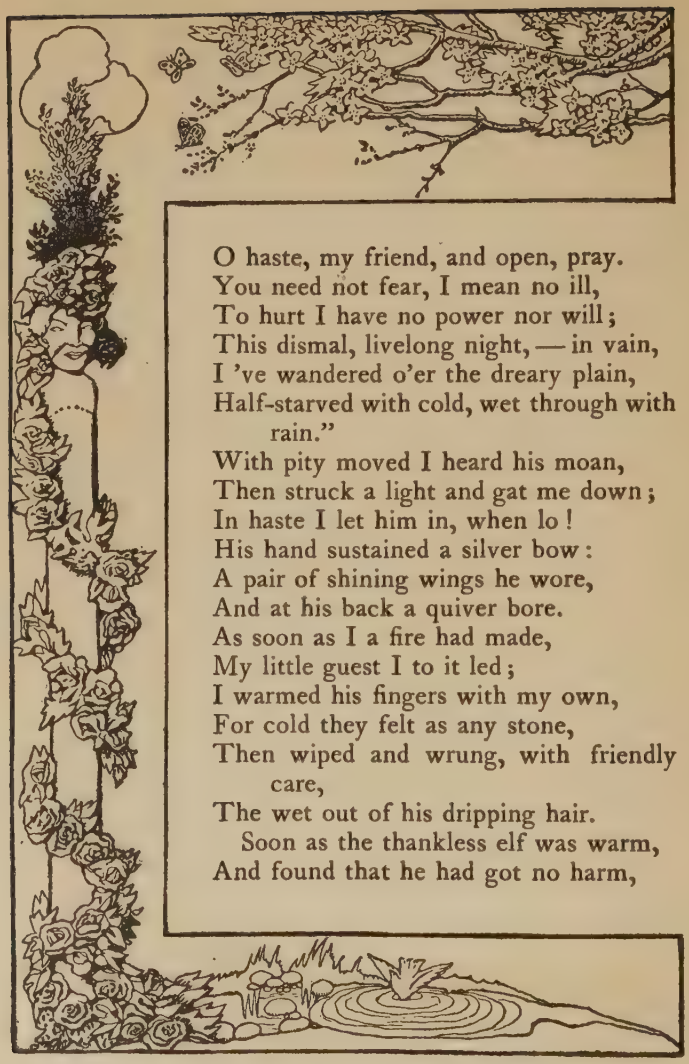
He pierced the quick and I began to start;
A pleasing wound, but that it was too high.



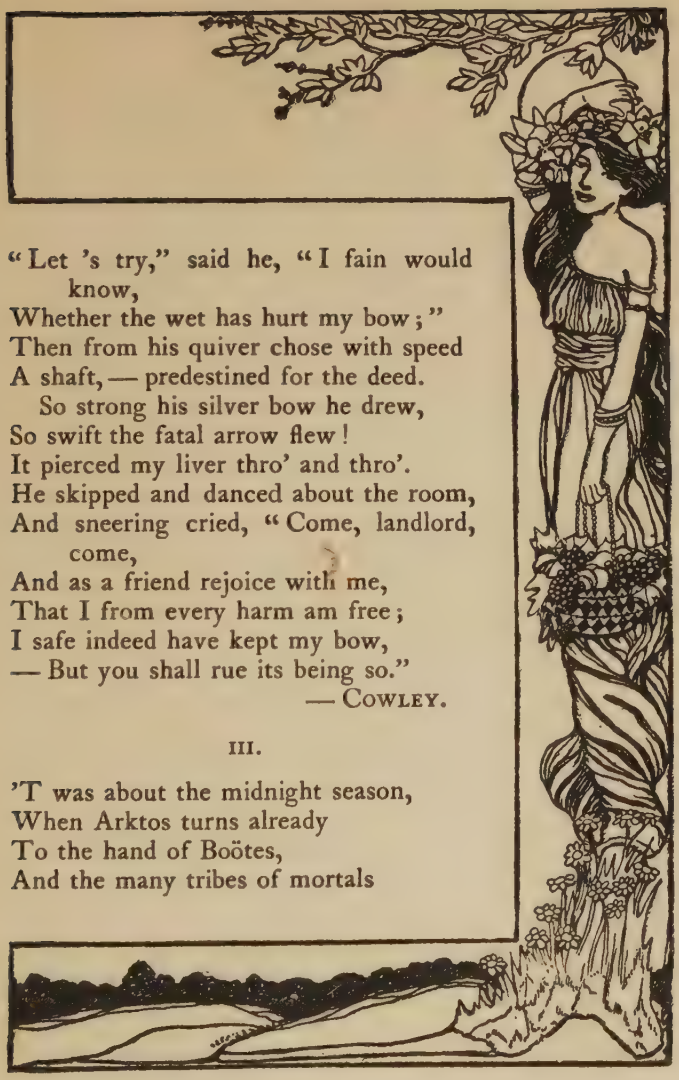
His shaft procured a sharp, yet sugared
smart;
Away he flew, for now his wings
were dry;
But left the arrow sticking in my breast
That sore I grieve I welcomed such a
guest.
— Robert Greene (1589.)

II.

'T was at the gloom of midnight hour,
When sleep's great god exerts his power;
When wearied swains their eyelids
close,
And smooth their limbs with soft re-
pose; —
I heard a rapping at my door,
Such as I ne'er had heard before.
Who is 't, said I, dares break my sleep,
And at my door such uproar keep?
When Cupid shivering, scarce could say,
" A luckless boy has lost his way,



O haste, my friend, and open, pray.
You need not fear, I mean no ill,
To hurt I have no power nor will;
This dismal, livelong night, — in vain,
I 've wandered o'er the dreary plain,
Half-starved with cold, wet through with
rain."
With pity moved I heard his moan,
Then struck a light and gat me down;
In haste I let him in, when lo!
His hand sustained a silver bow:
A pair of shining wings he wore,
And at his back a quiver bore.
As soon as I a fire had made,
My little guest I to it led;
I warmed his fingers with my own,
For cold they felt as any stone,
Then wiped and wrung, with friendly
care,
The wet out of his dripping hair.
Soon as the thankless elf was warm,
And found that he had got no harm,

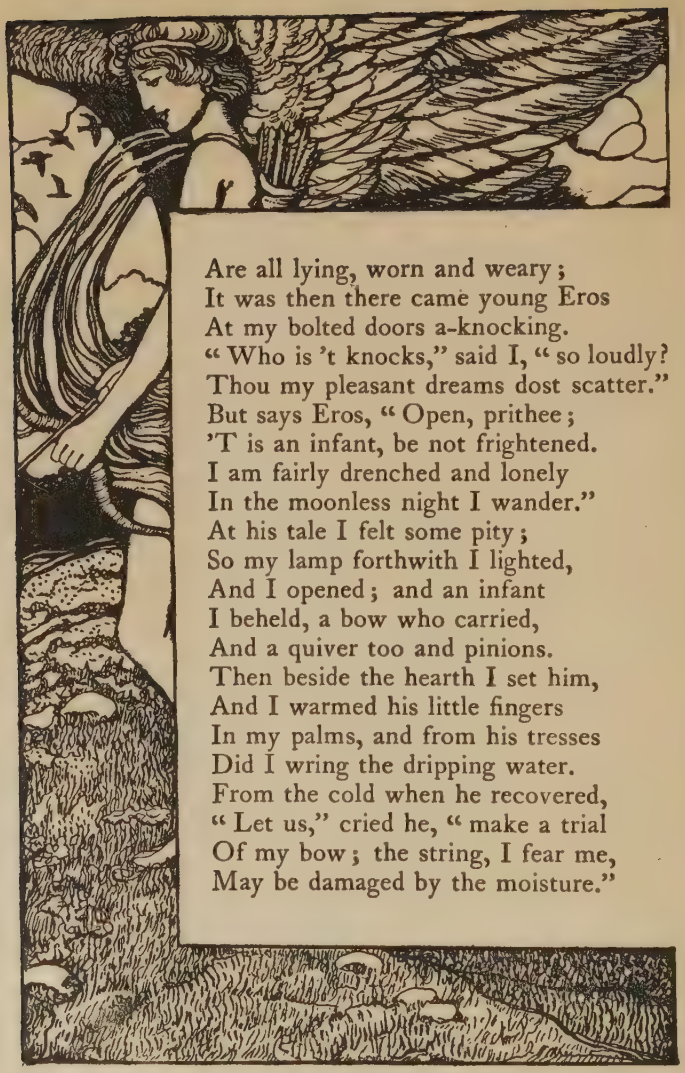


"Let 's try," said he, "I fain would
know,
Whether the wet has hurt my bow;"
Then from his quiver chose with speed
A shaft, — predestined for the deed.
So strong his silver bow he drew,
So swift the fatal arrow flew!
It pierced my liver thro' and thro'.
He skipped and danced about the room,
And sneering cried, "Come, landlord,
come,
And as a friend rejoice with me,
That I from every harm am free;
I safe indeed have kept my bow,
— But you shall rue its being so."

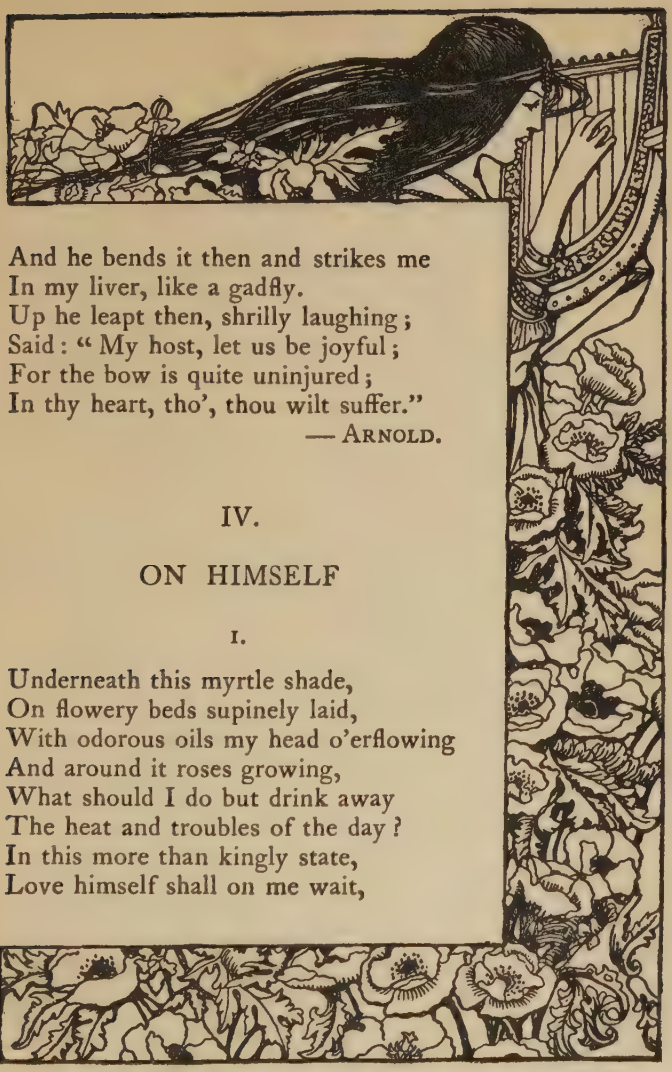
— Cowley.

III.

'T was about the midnight season,
When Arktos turns already
To the hand of Boötes,
And the many tribes of mortals



Are all lying, worn and weary;
It was then there came young Eros
At my bolted doors a-knocking.
"Who is 't knocks," said I, "so loudly?
Thou my pleasant dreams dost scatter."
But says Eros, "Open, prithee;
'T is an infant, be not frightened.
I am fairly drenched and lonely
In the moonless night I wander."
At his tale I felt some pity;
So my lamp forthwith I lighted,
And I opened; and an infant
I beheld, a bow who carried,
And a quiver too and pinions.
Then beside the hearth I set him,
And I warmed his little fingers
In my palms, and from his tresses
Did I wring the dripping water.
From the cold when he recovered,
"Let us," cried he, "make a trial
Of my bow; the string, I fear me,
May be damaged by the moisture."



And he bends it then and strikes me
In my liver, like a gadfly.
Up he leapt then, shrilly laughing;
Said: "My host, let us be joyful;
For the bow is quite uninjured;
In thy heart, tho', thou wilt suffer."

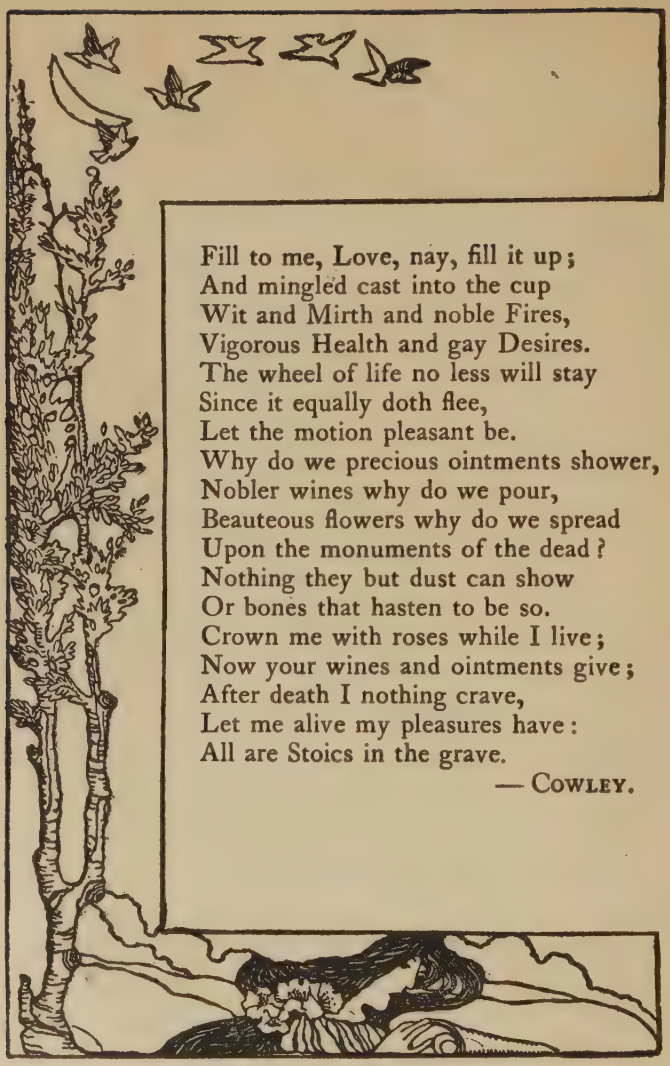
— ARNOLD.

IV.

ON HIMSELF

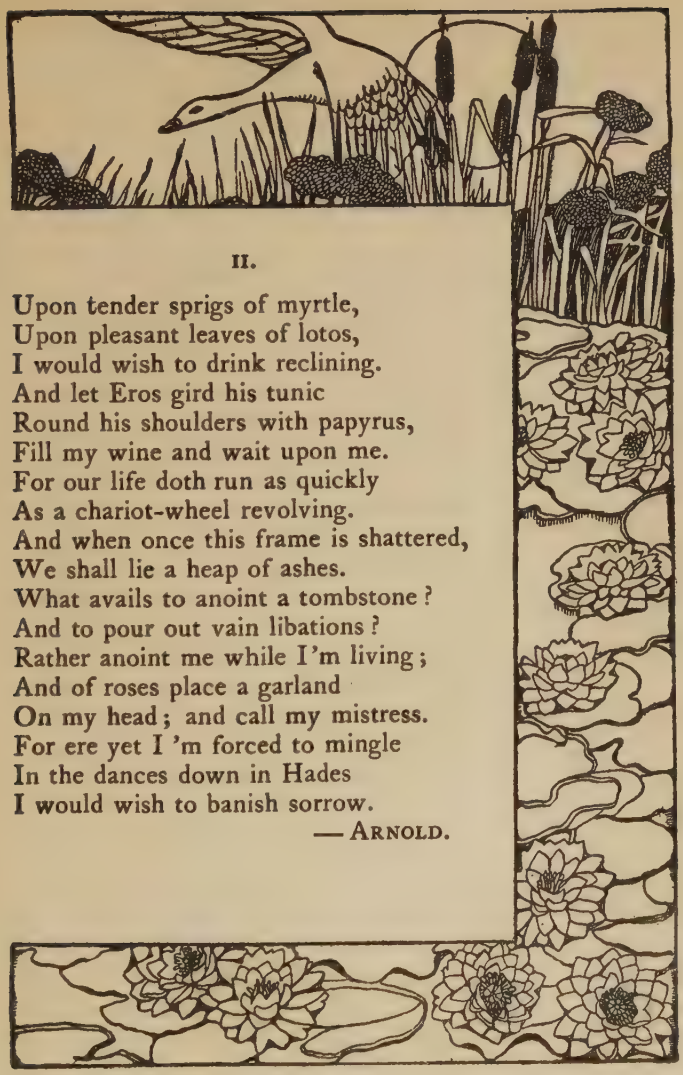
I.

Underneath this myrtle shade,
On flowery beds supinely laid,
With odorous oils my head o'erflowing
And around it roses growing,
What should I do but drink away
The heat and troubles of the day?
In this more than kingly state,
Love himself shall on me wait,



Fill to me, Love, nay, fill it up;
And mingled cast into the cup
Wit and Mirth and noble Fires,
Vigorous Health and gay Desires.
The wheel of life no less will stay
Since it equally doth flee,
Let the motion pleasant be.
Why do we precious ointments shower,
Nobler wines why do we pour,
Beauteous flowers why do we spread
Upon the monuments of the dead?
Nothing they but dust can show
Or bones that hasten to be so.
Crown me with roses while I live;
Now your wines and ointments give;
After death I nothing crave,
Let me alive my pleasures have:
All are Stoics in the grave.

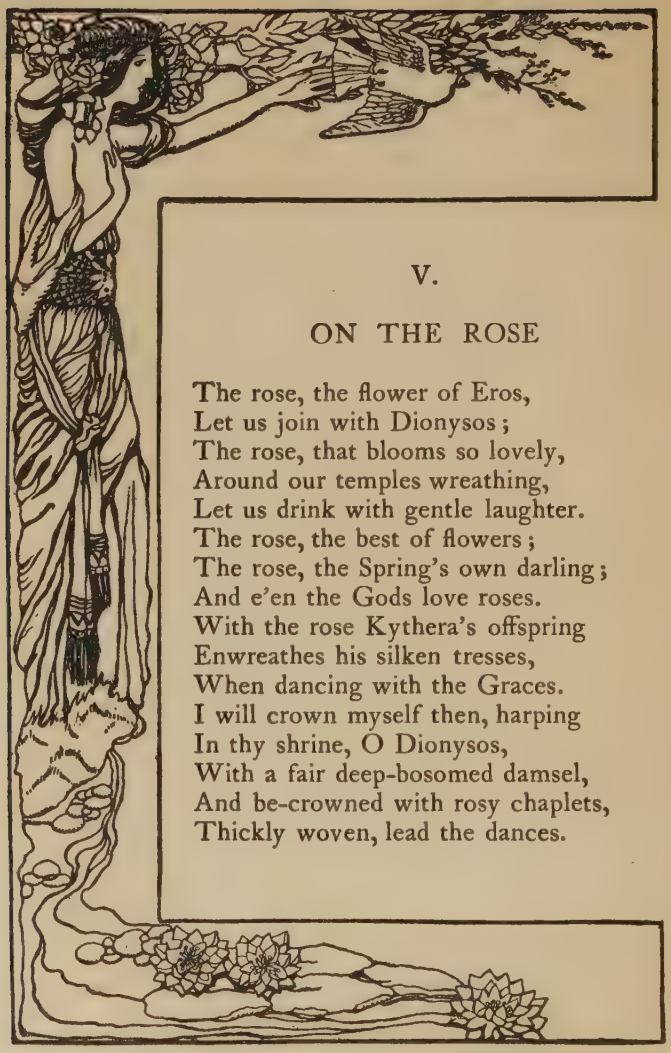
— COWLEY.



II.

Upon tender sprigs of myrtle,
Upon pleasant leaves of lotos,
I would wish to drink reclining.
And let Eros gird his tunic
Round his shoulders with papyrus,
Fill my wine and wait upon me.
For our life doth run as quickly
As a chariot-wheel revolving.
And when once this frame is shattered,
We shall lie a heap of ashes.
What avails to anoint a tombstone?
And to pour out vain libations?
Rather anoint me while I'm living;
And of roses place a garland
On my head; and call my mistress.
For ere yet I 'm forced to mingle
In the dances down in Hades
I would wish to banish sorrow.

— ARNOLD.



V.

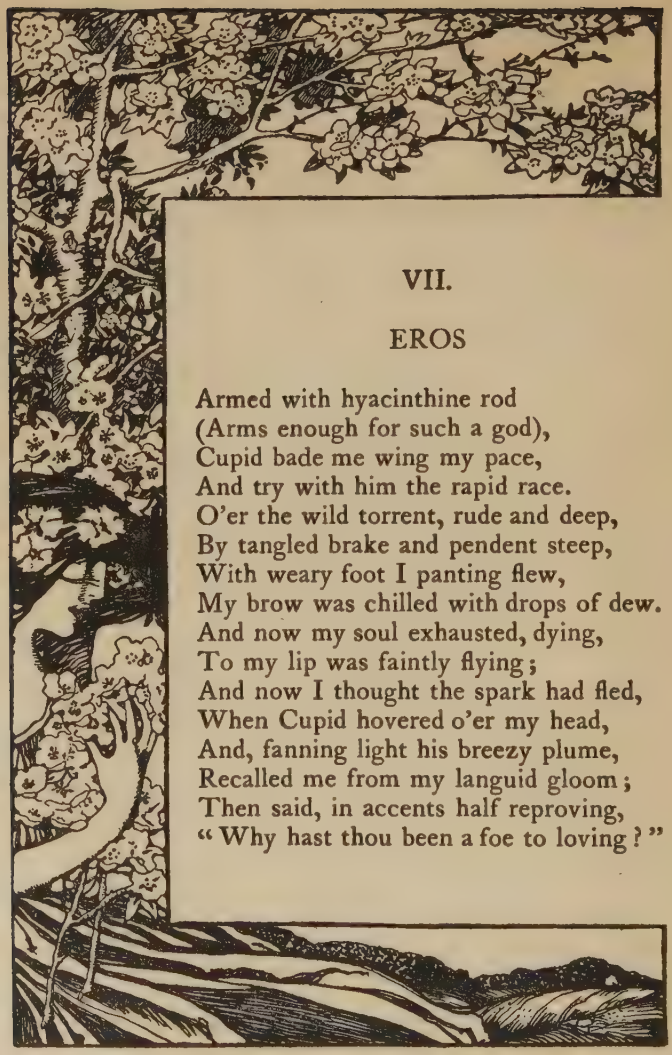
ON THE ROSE

The rose, the flower of Eros,
Let us join with Dionysos;
The rose, that blooms so lovely,
Around our temples wreathing,
Let us drink with gentle laughter.
The rose, the best of flowers;
The rose, the Spring's own darling;
And e'en the Gods love roses.
With the rose Kythera's offspring
Enwreathes his silken tresses,
When dancing with the Graces.
I will crown myself then, harping
In thy shrine, O Dionysos,
With a fair deep-bosomed damsel,
And be-crowned with rosy chaplets,
Thickly woven, lead the dances.

VI.

A FEAST

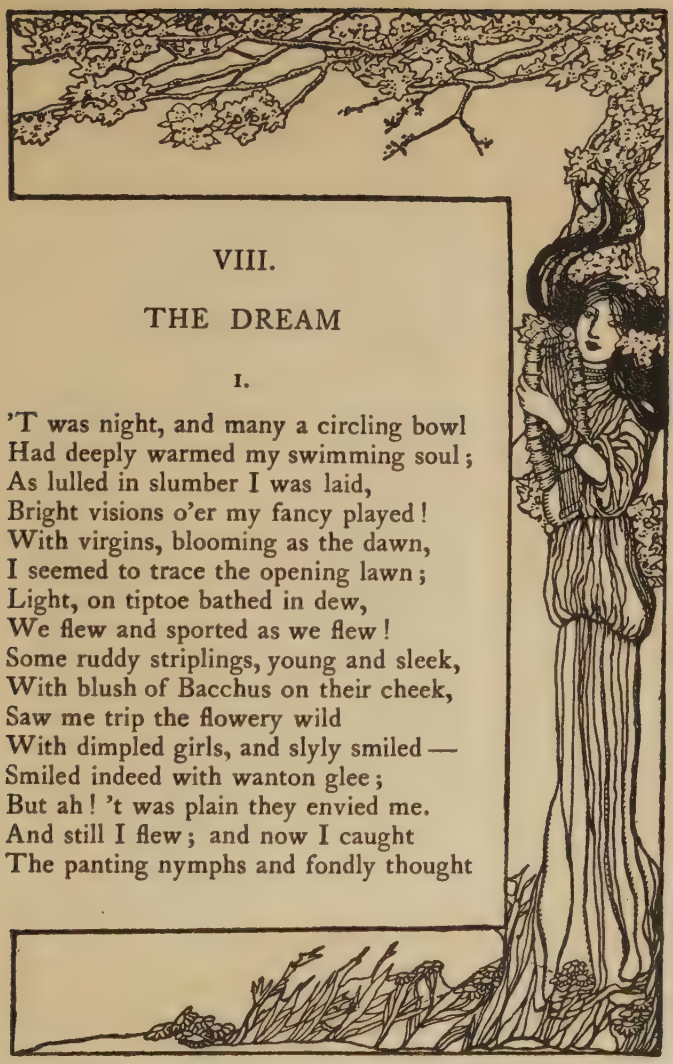
Now with roses we are crowned
Let our mirth and cups go round,
Whilst a lass, whose hand a spear
Branched with ivy twines doth bear,
With her white feet beats the ground
To the lute's harmonious sound,
Played on by some boy, whose choice
Skill is heightened by his voice;
Bright-haired Love, with his divine
Mother, and the God of Wine,
Will flock hither, glad to see
Old men of their company.



VII.

EROS

Armed with hyacinthine rod
(Arms enough for such a god),
Cupid bade me wing my pace,
And try with him the rapid race.
O'er the wild torrent, rude and deep,
By tangled brake and pendent steep,
With weary foot I panting flew,
My brow was chilled with drops of dew.
And now my soul exhausted, dying,
To my lip was faintly flying;
And now I thought the spark had fled,
When Cupid hovered o'er my head,
And, fanning light his breezy plume,
Recalled me from my languid gloom;
Then said, in accents half reproving,
"Why hast thou been a foe to loving?"



VIII.

THE DREAM

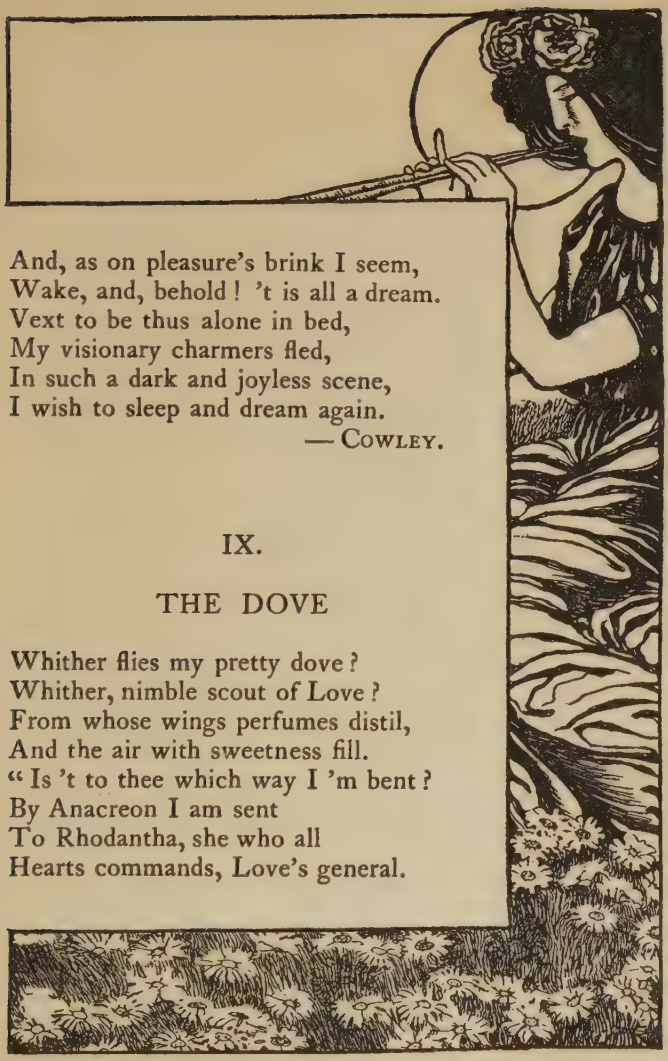
I.

'T was night, and many a circling bowl
Had deeply warmed my swimming soul;
As lulled in slumber I was laid,
Bright visions o'er my fancy played!
With virgins, blooming as the dawn,
I seemed to trace the opening lawn;
Light, on tiptoe bathed in dew,
We flew and sported as we flew!
Some ruddy striplings, young and sleek,
With blush of Bacchus on their cheek,
Saw me trip the flowery wild
With dimpled girls, and slyly smiled —
Smiled indeed with wanton glee;
But ah! 't was plain they envied me.
And still I flew; and now I caught
The panting nymphs and fondly thought

To kiss — when all my dream of joys,
Dimpled girls and ruddy boys,
All were gone! "Alas!" I said,
Sighing for the illusions fled,
"Sleep! again my joys restore,
Oh! let me dream them o'er and o'er!"
— MOORE.

II.

As on a purple bed supine,
Rapt in the pleasing joys of wine,
I lulled my weary limbs to rest,
Methought, with nymphs supremely blest,
A beauteous band, I urged the chase,
Contending in the rapid race:
While fairest youths, with envy stung,
Fair as Lyæus, ever young,
With jealous leer, and bitter jest,
Their keen malevolence exprest.
Intent on love, I strive to greet
The gamesome girls with kisses sweet,



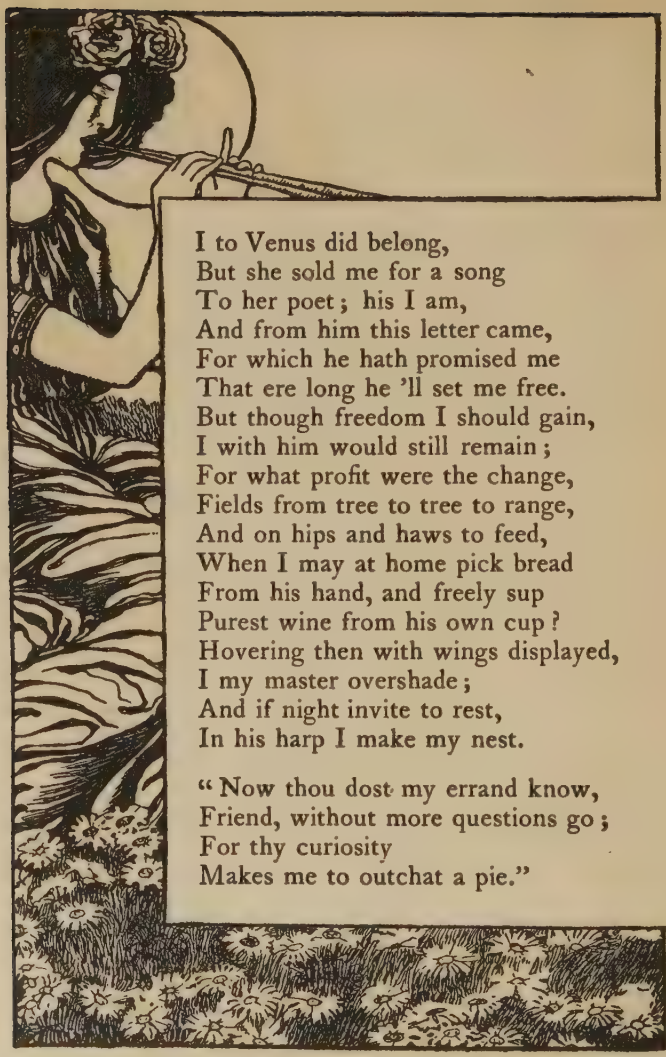
And, as on pleasure's brink I seem,
Wake, and, behold! 't is all a dream.
Vext to be thus alone in bed,
My visionary charmers fled,
In such a dark and joyless scene,
I wish to sleep and dream again.

— COWLEY.

IX.

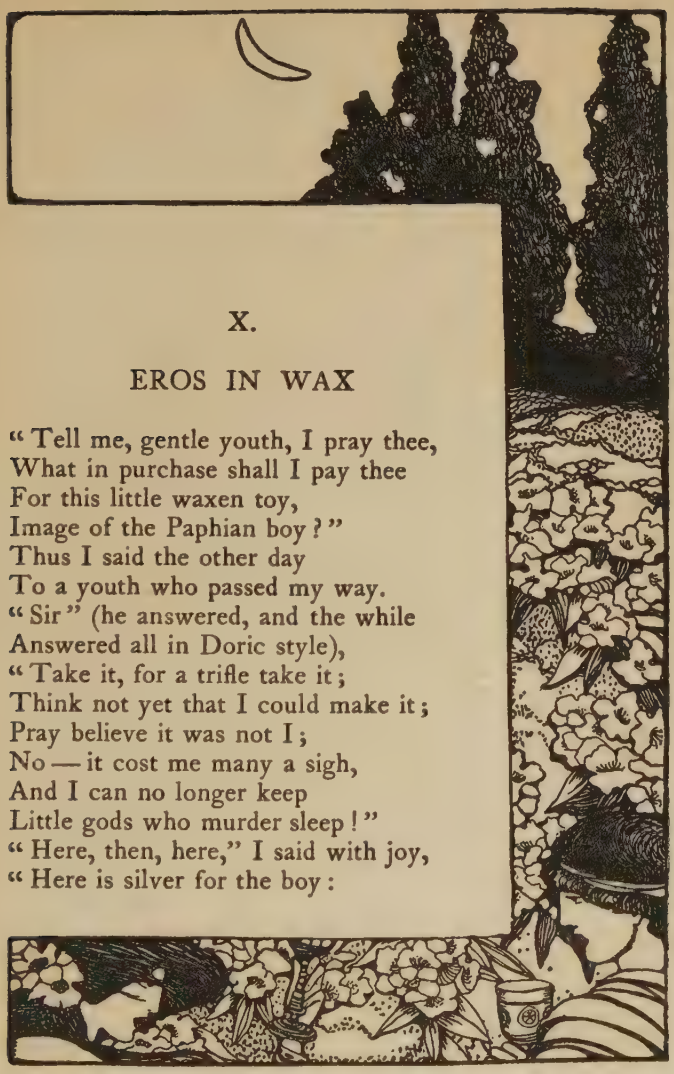
THE DOVE

Whither flies my pretty dove?
Whither, nimble scout of Love?
From whose wings perfumes distil,
And the air with sweetness fill.
"Is 't to thee which way I 'm bent?
By Anacreon I am sent
To Rhodantha, she who all
Hearts commands, Love's general.



I to Venus did belong,
But she sold me for a song
To her poet; his I am,
And from him this letter came,
For which he hath promised me
That ere long he 'll set me free.
But though freedom I should gain,
I with him would still remain;
For what profit were the change,
Fields from tree to tree to range,
And on hips and haws to feed,
When I may at home pick bread
From his hand, and freely sup
Purest wine from his own cup?
Hovering then with wings displayed,
I my master overshade;
And if night invite to rest,
In his harp I make my nest.

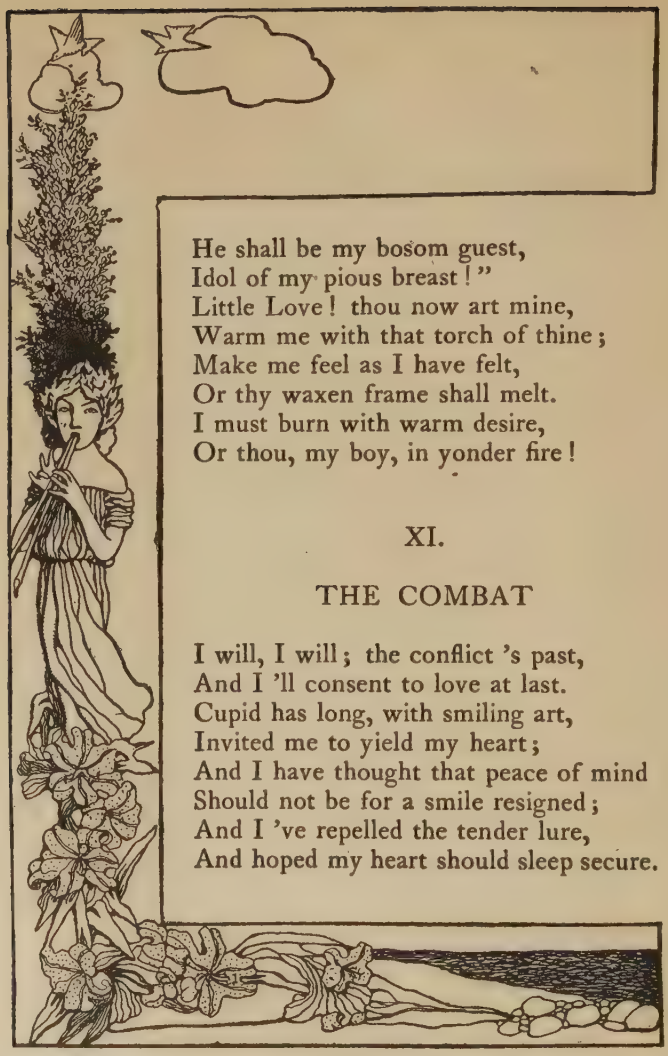
"Now thou dost my errand know,
Friend, without more questions go;
For thy curiosity
Makes me to outchat a pie."



X.

EROS IN WAX

"Tell me, gentle youth, I pray thee,
What in purchase shall I pay thee
For this little waxen toy,
Image of the Paphian boy?"
Thus I said the other day
To a youth who passed my way.
"Sir" (he answered, and the while
Answered all in Doric style),
"Take it, for a trifle take it;
Think not yet that I could make it;
Pray believe it was not I;
No — it cost me many a sigh,
And I can no longer keep
Little gods who murder sleep!"
"Here, then, here," I said with joy,
"Here is silver for the boy:



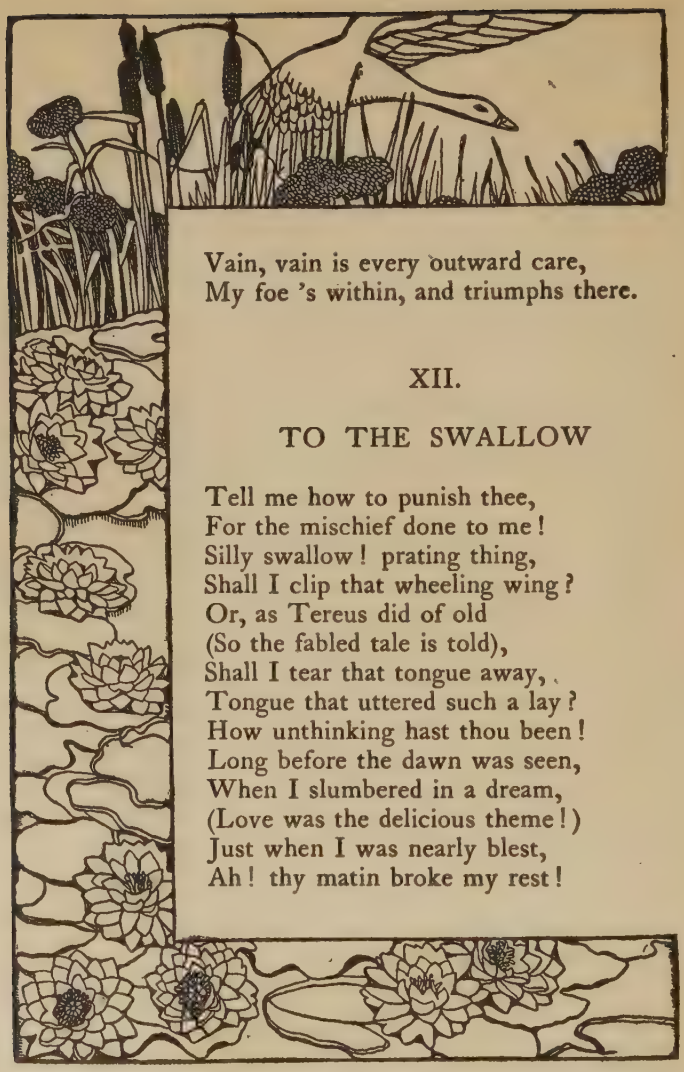
He shall be my bosom guest,
Idol of my pious breast!"
Little Love! thou now art mine,
Warm me with that torch of thine;
Make me feel as I have felt,
Or thy waxen frame shall melt.
I must burn with warm desire,
Or thou, my boy, in yonder fire!

XI.

THE COMBAT

I will, I will; the conflict 's past,
And I 'll consent to love at last.
Cupid has long, with smiling art,
Invited me to yield my heart;
And I have thought that peace of mind
Should not be for a smile resigned;
And I 've repelled the tender lure,
And hoped my heart should sleep secure.

But slighted in his boasted charms,
The angry infant flew to arms;
He slung his quiver's golden frame,
He took his bow, his shafts of flame,
And proudly summoned me to yield,
Or meet him on the martial field.
And what did I unthinking do?
I took to arms, undaunted too:
Assumed the corselet, shield and spear,
And, like Pelides, smiled at fear.
Then (hear it, all ye Powers above!)
I fought with Love, I fought with Love!
And now his arrows all were shed —
And I had just in terror fled —
When, heaving an indignant sigh,
To see me thus unwounded fly,
And having now no other dart,
He glanced himself into my heart!
My heart — alas the luckless day!
Received the god, and died away.
Farewell, farewell, my faithless shield!
Thy lord at length was forced to yield.

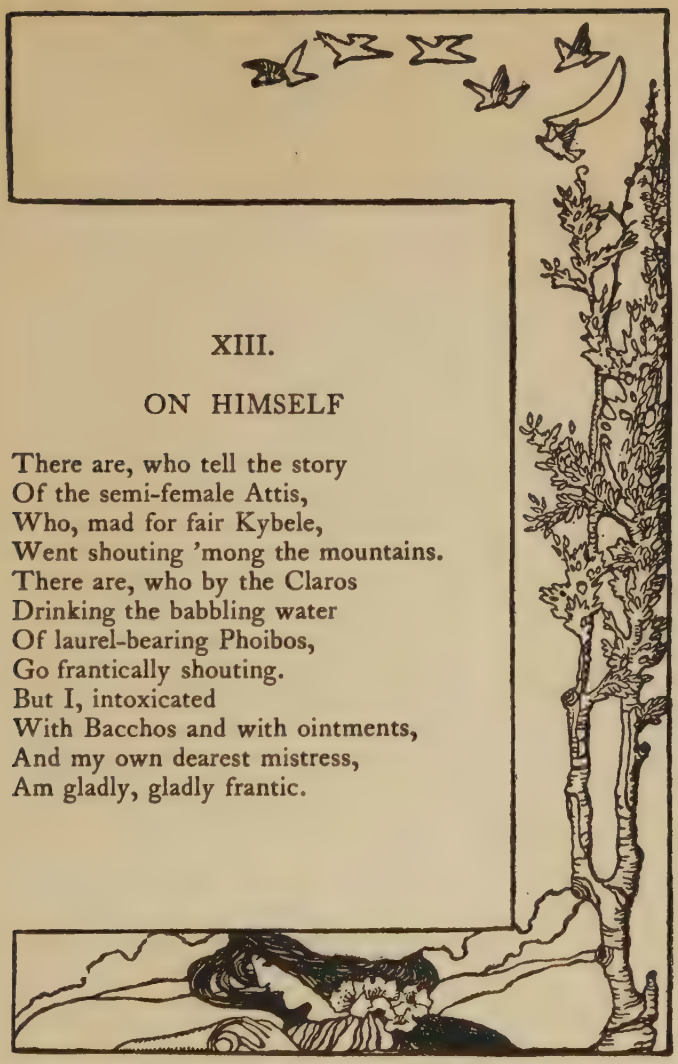


Vain, vain is every outward care,
My foe 's within, and triumphs there.

XII.

TO THE SWALLOW

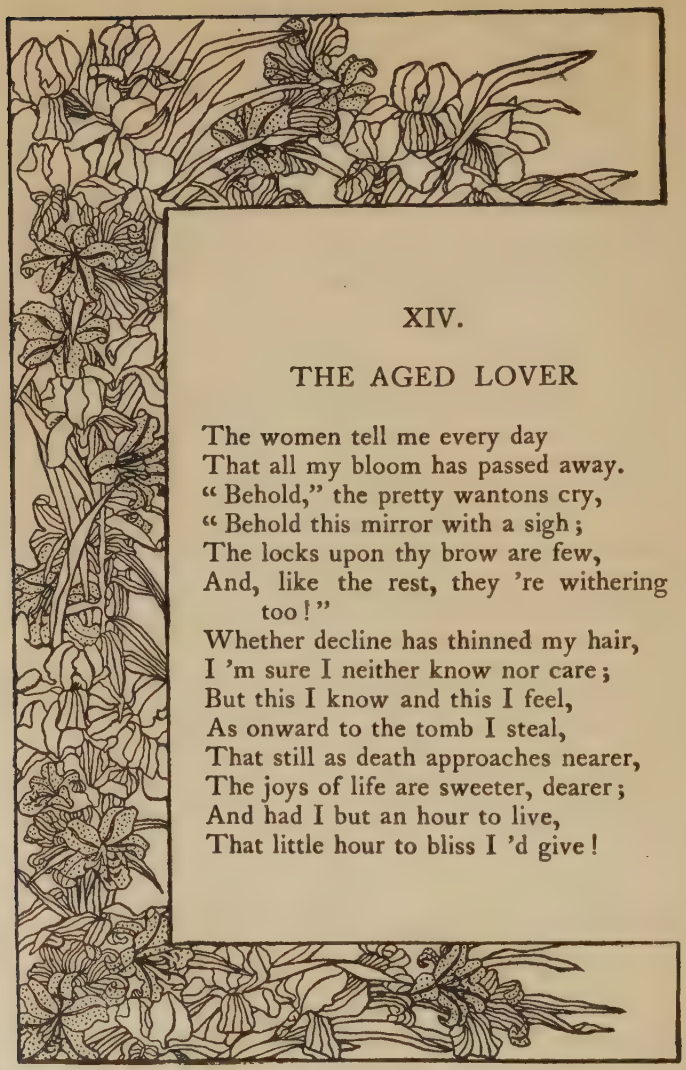
Tell me how to punish thee,
For the mischief done to me!
Silly swallow! prating thing,
Shall I clip that wheeling wing?
Or, as Tereus did of old
(So the fabled tale is told),
Shall I tear that tongue away,
Tongue that uttered such a lay?
How unthinking hast thou been!
Long before the dawn was seen,
When I slumbered in a dream,
(Love was the delicious theme!)
Just when I was nearly blest,
Ah! thy matin broke my rest!



XIII.

ON HIMSELF

There are, who tell the story
Of the semi-female Attis,
Who, mad for fair Kybele,
Went shouting 'mong the mountains.
There are, who by the Claros
Drinking the babbling water
Of laurel-bearing Phoibos,
Go frantically shouting.
But I, intoxicated
With Bacchos and with ointments,
And my own dearest mistress,
Am gladly, gladly frantic.



XIV.

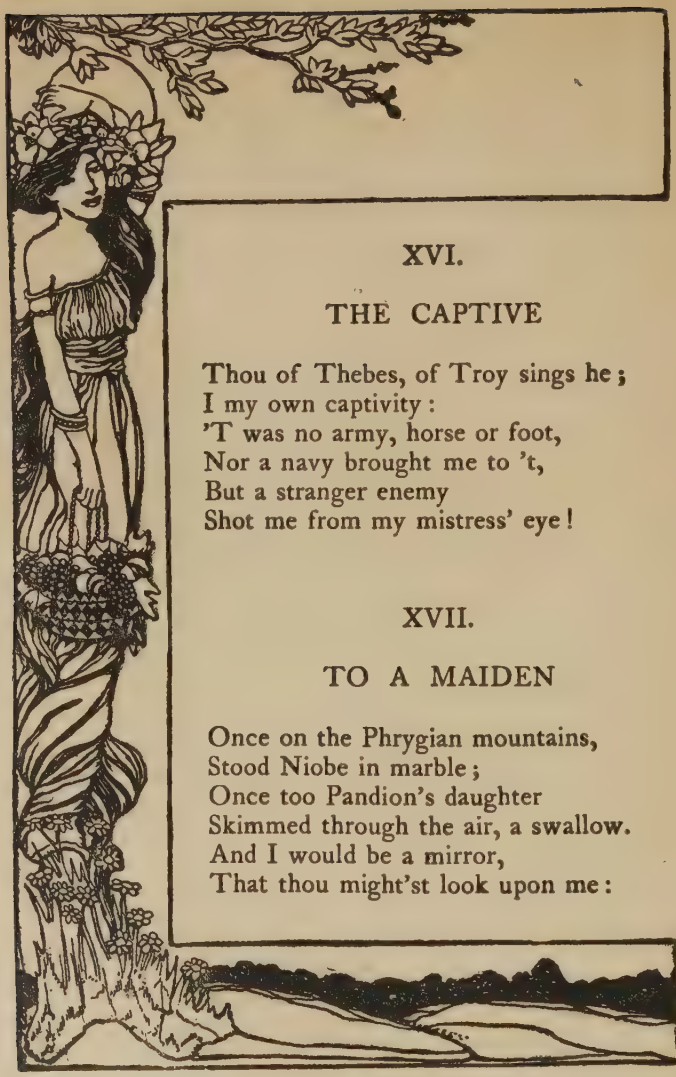
THE AGED LOVER

The women tell me every day
That all my bloom has passed away.
"Behold," the pretty wantons cry,
"Behold this mirror with a sigh;
The locks upon thy brow are few,
And, like the rest, they 're withering too!"
Whether decline has thinned my hair,
I 'm sure I neither know nor care;
But this I know and this I feel,
As onward to the tomb I steal,
That still as death approaches nearer,
The joys of life are sweeter, dearer;
And had I but an hour to live,
That little hour to bliss I 'd give!

XV.

CONTENT

I not care for Gyges' sway,
Or the Lydian sceptre weigh;
Nor am covetous of gold,
Nor with envy kings behold;
All my care is to prepare
Fragrant unguents for my hair;
Roses for a coronet;
All my care is for to-day;
What 's to-morrow who can say?
Come then, let us drink and dice,
And to Bacchus sacrifice,
Ere death come and take us off,
Crying Hold! thou 'st drunk enough!



XVI.

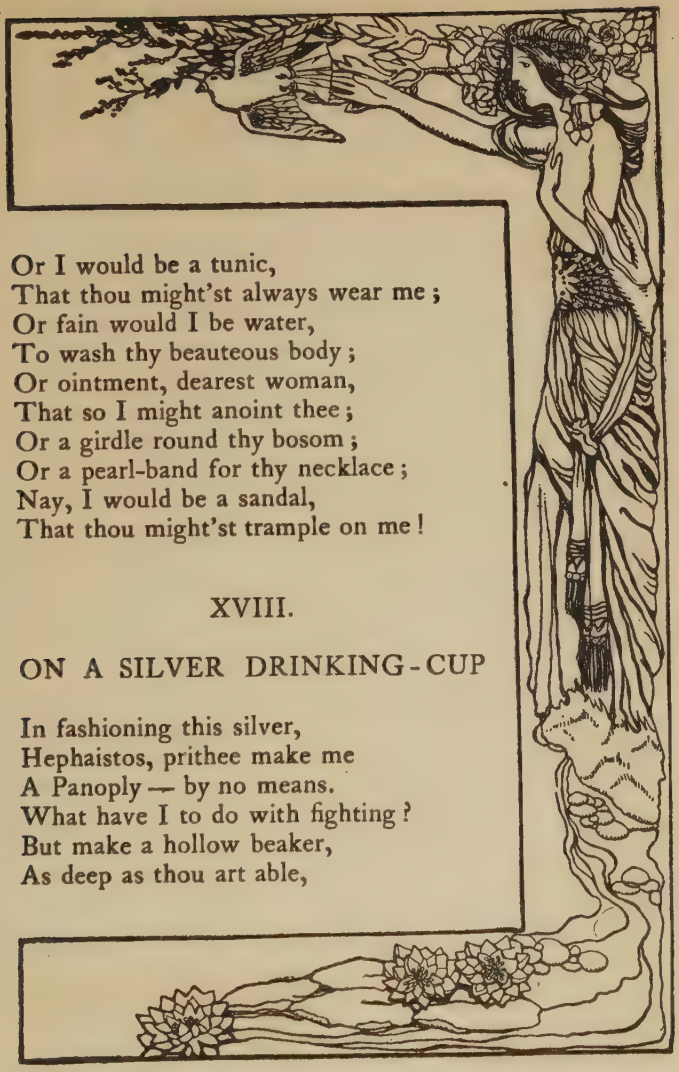
THE CAPTIVE

Thou of Thebes, of Troy sings he;
I my own captivity:
'T was no army, horse or foot,
Nor a navy brought me to 't,
But a stranger enemy
Shot me from my mistress' eye!

XVII.

TO A MAIDEN

Once on the Phrygian mountains,
Stood Niobe in marble;
Once too Pandion's daughter
Skimmed through the air, a swallow.
And I would be a mirror,
That thou might'st look upon me:



Or I would be a tunic,
That thou might'st always wear me;
Or fain would I be water,
To wash thy beauteous body;
Or ointment, dearest woman,
That so I might anoint thee;
Or a girdle round thy bosom;
Or a pearl-band for thy necklace;
Nay, I would be a sandal,
That thou might'st trample on me!

XVIII.

ON A SILVER DRINKING-CUP

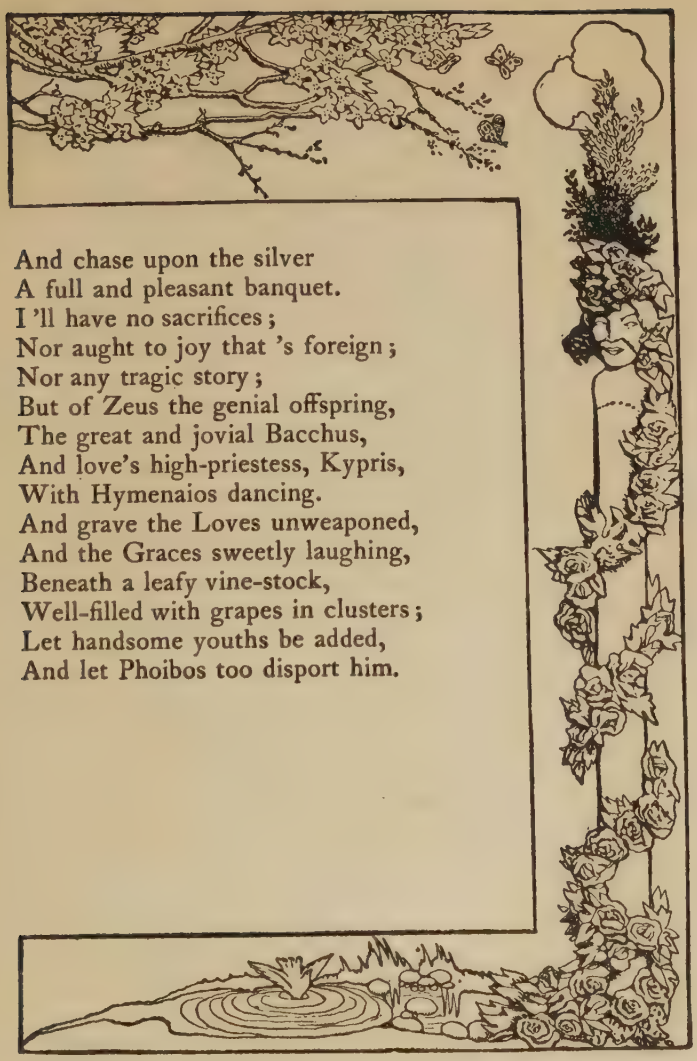
In fashioning this silver,
Hephaistos, prithee make me
A Panoply — by no means.
What have I to do with fighting?
But make a hollow beaker,
As deep as thou art able,

And make me all around it,
Not stars, such as the wagon,
Or Orion the gloomy.
What care I for the Pleiads,
Or the stars of old Boötes,
But fashion me a vine-stock,
With twining grapes upon it,
And Mænads gathering bunches.
And make me too a wine-press,
And Eros and Bathyllos,
In gold, to tread the juice out,
Conjoined with fair Lyaios.

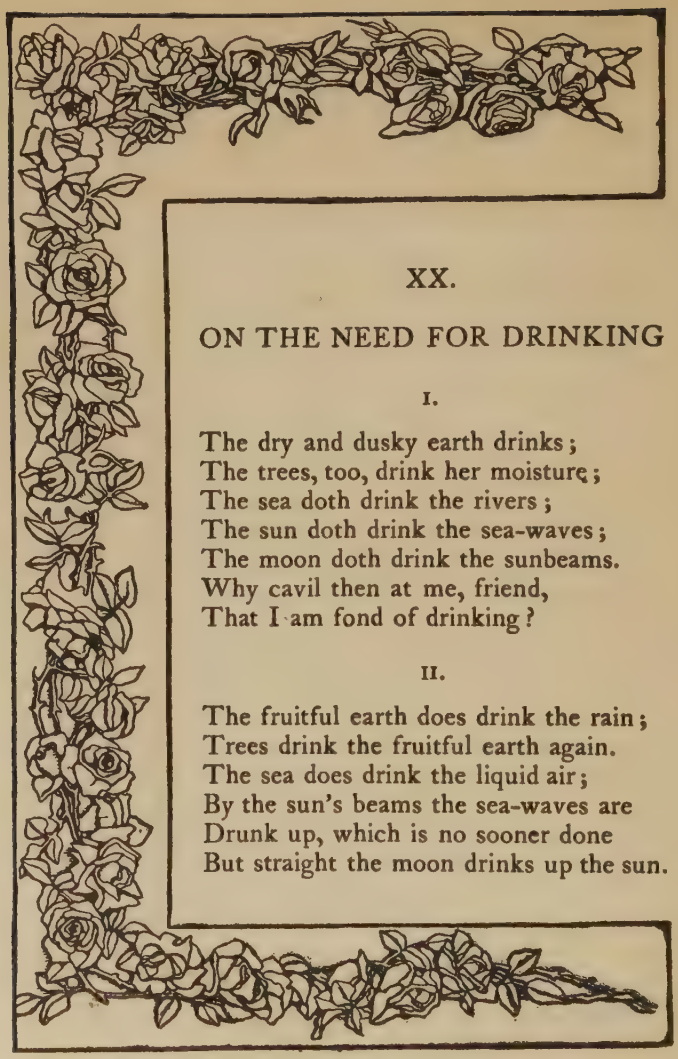
XIX.

ON A SILVER CUP

Oh! skilful artist, work me
A goblet of the spring-time;
The time that brings us roses,
Those prime and dearest treasures.



And chase upon the silver
A full and pleasant banquet.
I 'll have no sacrifices;
Nor aught to joy that 's foreign;
Nor any tragic story;
But of Zeus the genial offspring,
The great and jovial Bacchus,
And love's high-priestess, Kypris,
With Hymenaios dancing.
And grave the Loves unweaponed,
And the Graces sweetly laughing,
Beneath a leafy vine-stock,
Well-filled with grapes in clusters;
Let handsome youths be added,
And let Phoibos too disport him.



XX.

ON THE NEED FOR DRINKING

I.

The dry and dusky earth drinks;
The trees, too, drink her moisture;
The sea doth drink the rivers;
The sun doth drink the sea-waves;
The moon doth drink the sunbeams.
Why cavil then at me, friend,
That I am fond of drinking?

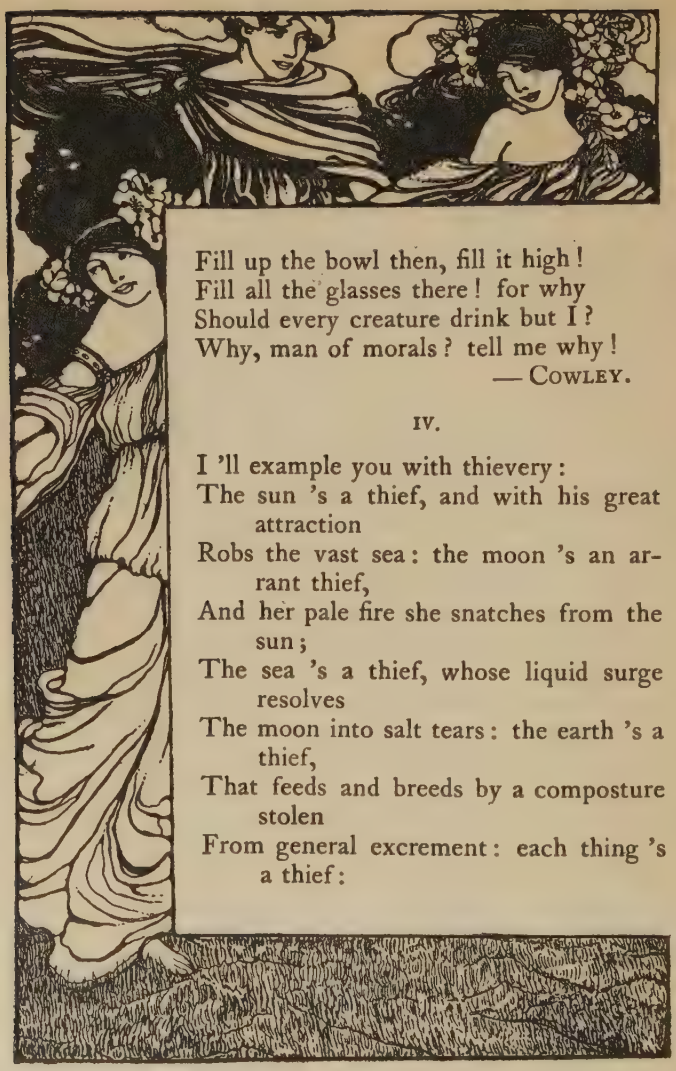
II.

The fruitful earth does drink the rain;
Trees drink the fruitful earth again.
The sea does drink the liquid air;
By the sun's beams the sea-waves are
Drunk up, which is no sooner done
But straight the moon drinks up the sun.

Why then, companions, do you think
I may not with like freedom drink?
— Barton Holyday (1618).

III.

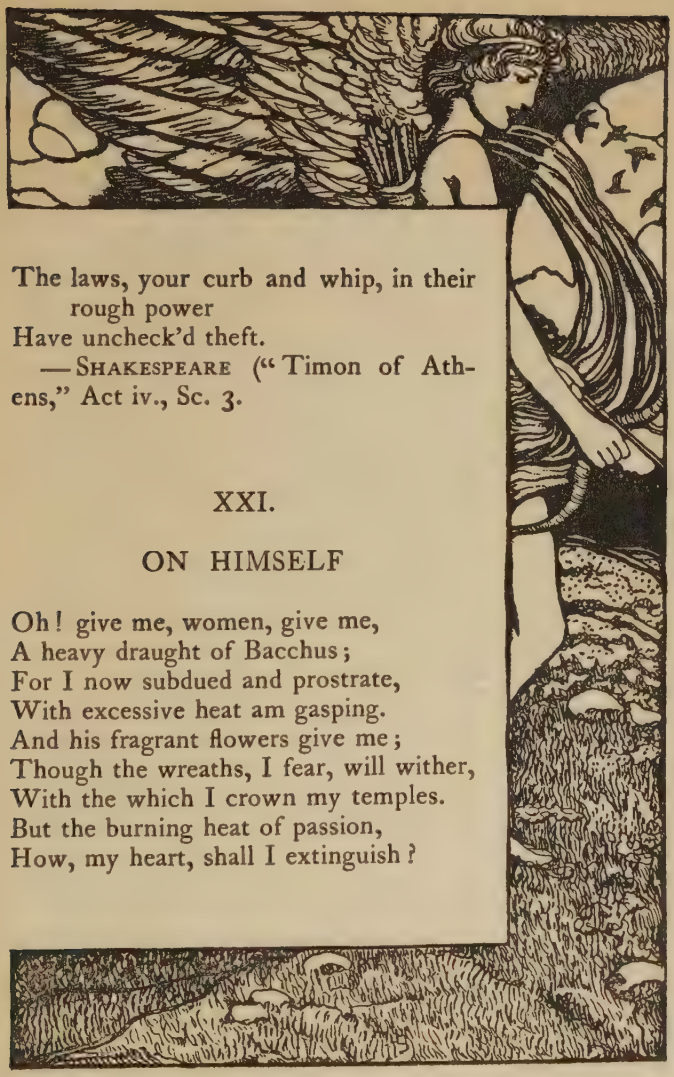
The thirsty earth soaks up the rain,
And drinks and gapes for drink again;
The plants suck in the earth and are
With constant drinking fresh and fair;
The sea itself, which one would think
Should have but little need of drink,
Drinks ten thousand rivers up
So filled that they o'erflow the cup;
The busy sun — and one would guess
By 's drunken fiery face no less —
Drinks up the sea, and when he 'as done
The moon and stars drink up the sun;
They drink and dance by their own light,
They drink and revel all the night.
Nothing in Nature 's sober found,
But an eternal health goes round.



Fill up the bowl then, fill it high!
Fill all the glasses there! for why
Should every creature drink but I?
Why, man of morals? tell me why!
— COWLEY.

IV.

I 'll example you with thievery:
The sun 's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea: the moon 's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun;
The sea 's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears: the earth 's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen
From general excrement: each thing 's a thief:

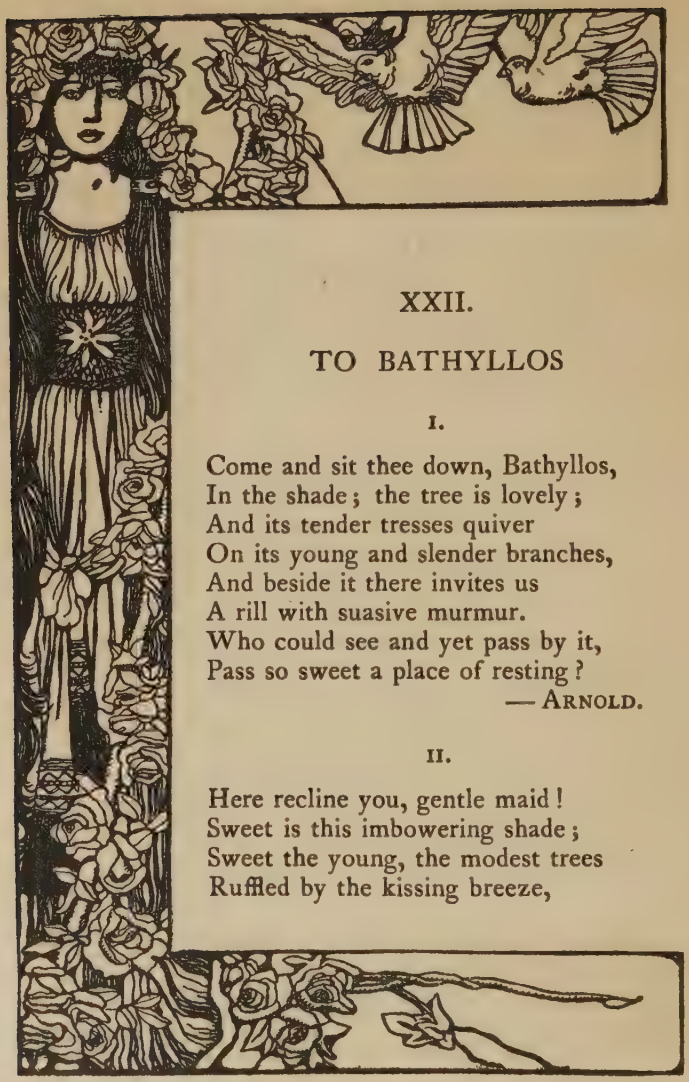


The laws, your curb and whip, in their
rough power
Have uncheck'd theft.
—SHAKESPEARE ("Timon of Athens," Act iv., Sc. 3.

XXI.

ON HIMSELF

Oh! give me, women, give me,
A heavy draught of Bacchus;
For I now subdued and prostrate,
With excessive heat am gasping.
And his fragrant flowers give me;
Though the wreaths, I fear, will wither,
With the which I crown my temples.
But the burning heat of passion,
How, my heart, shall I extinguish?



XXII.

TO BATHYLLOS

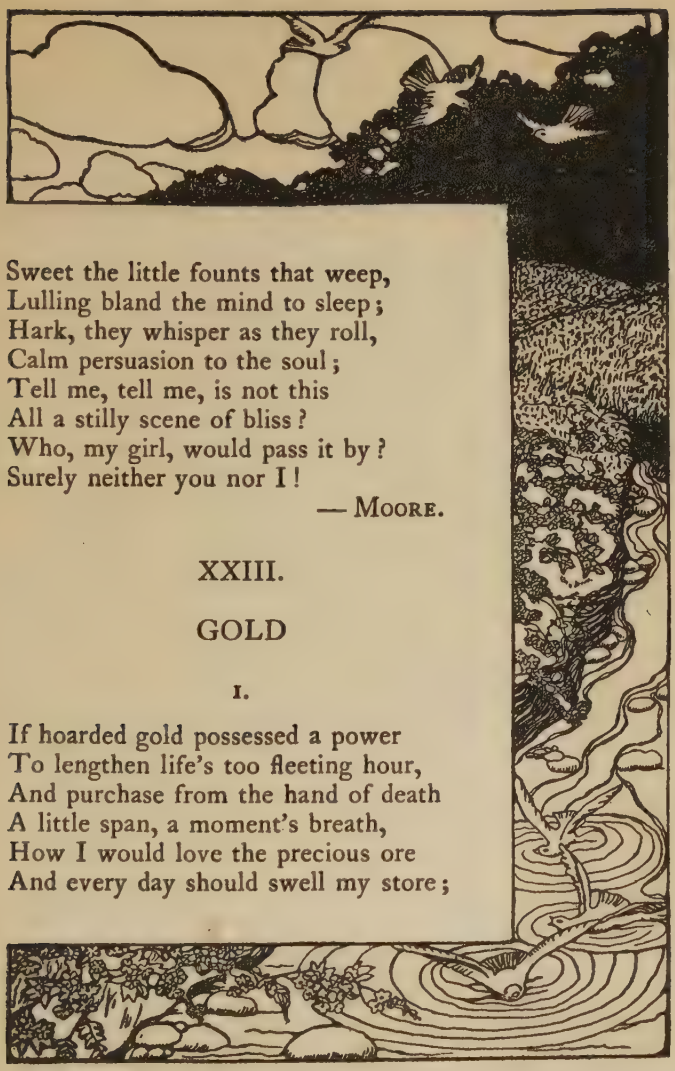
I.

Come and sit thee down, Bathyllos,
In the shade; the tree is lovely;
And its tender tresses quiver
On its young and slender branches,
And beside it there invites us
A rill with suasive murmur.
Who could see and yet pass by it,
Pass so sweet a place of resting?

— ARNOLD.

II.

Here recline you, gentle maid!
Sweet is this imbowering shade;
Sweet the young, the modest trees
Ruffled by the kissing breeze,



Sweet the little founts that weep,
Lulling bland the mind to sleep;
Hark, they whisper as they roll,
Calm persuasion to the soul;
Tell me, tell me, is not this
All a stilly scene of bliss?
Who, my girl, would pass it by?
Surely neither you nor I!

— Moore.

XXIII.

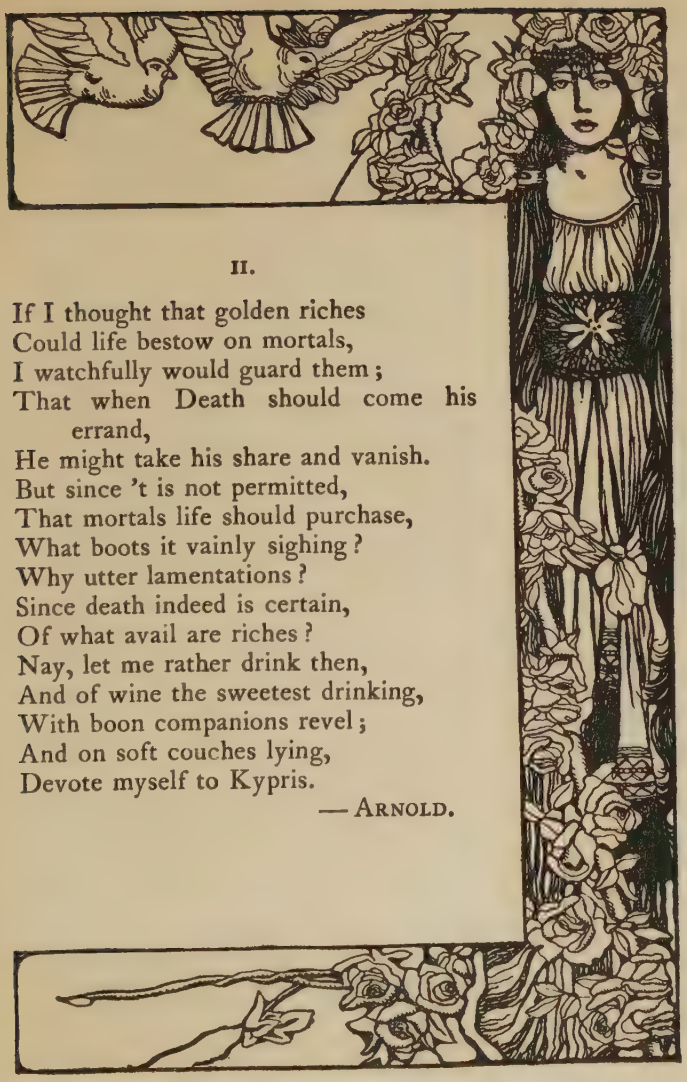
GOLD

I.

If hoarded gold possessed a power
To lengthen life's too fleeting hour,
And purchase from the hand of death
A little span, a moment's breath,
How I would love the precious ore
And every day should swell my store;

That when the Fates would send their
minion,
To waft me off on shadowy pinion,
I might some hours of life obtain,
And bribe him back to hell again.
But, since we ne'er can charm away
The mandate of that awful day,
Why do we vainly weep at fate,
And sigh for life's uncertain date?
The light of gold can ne'er illume
The dreary midnight of the tomb!
And why should I then pant for treas-
ures?
Mine be the brilliant round of pleasures;
The goblet rich, the board of friends,
Whose flowing souls the goblet blends!
Mine be the nymph whose form reposes
Seductive on that bed of roses;
And oh! be mine the soul's excess,
Expiring in her warm caress!

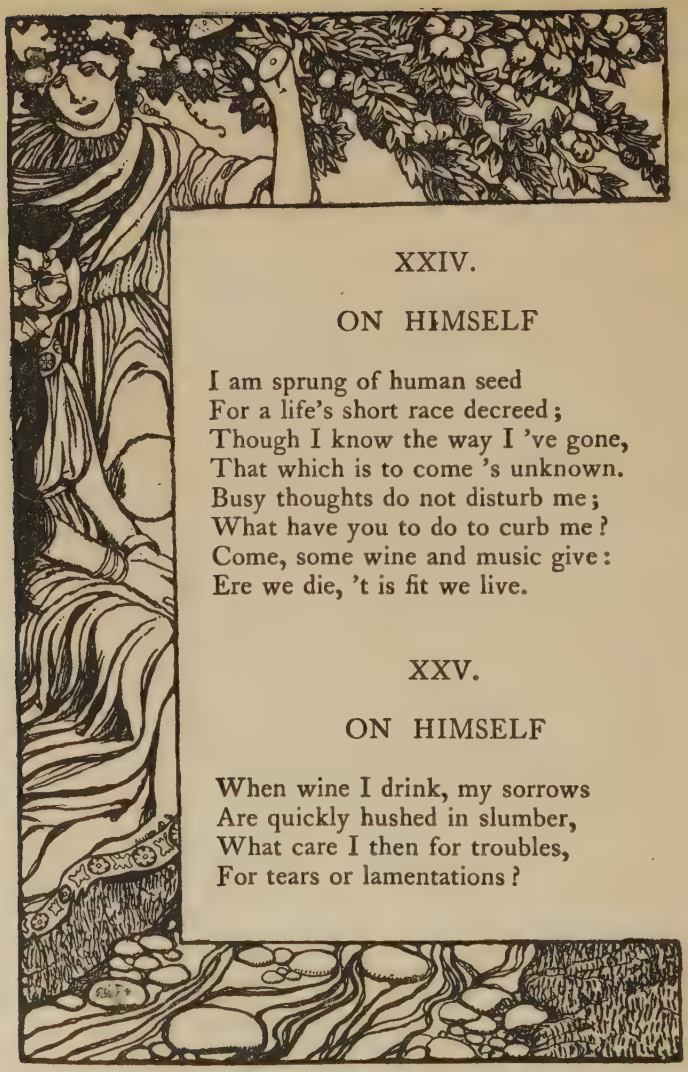
— Moore.



II.

If I thought that golden riches
Could life bestow on mortals,
I watchfully would guard them;
That when Death should come his
errand,
He might take his share and vanish.
But since 't is not permitted,
That mortals life should purchase,
What boots it vainly sighing?
Why utter lamentations?
Since death indeed is certain,
Of what avail are riches?
Nay, let me rather drink then,
And of wine the sweetest drinking,
With boon companions revel;
And on soft couches lying,
Devote myself to Kypris.

— ARNOLD.



XXIV.

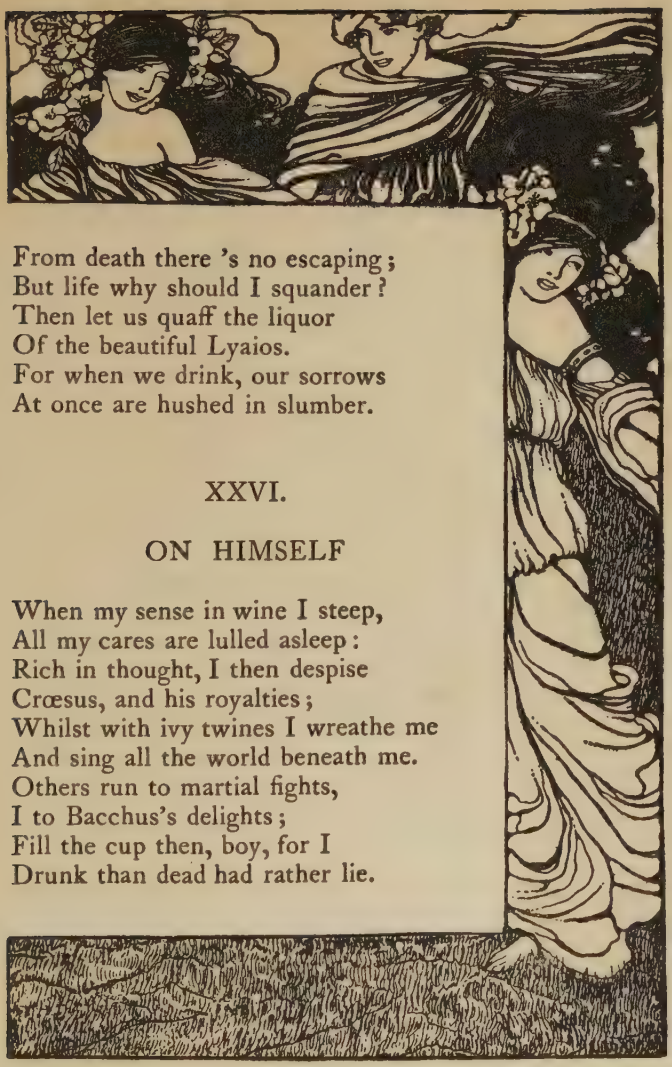
ON HIMSELF

I am sprung of human seed
For a life's short race decreed;
Though I know the way I 've gone,
That which is to come 's unknown.
Busy thoughts do not disturb me;
What have you to do to curb me?
Come, some wine and music give:
Ere we die, 't is fit we live.

XXV.

ON HIMSELF

When wine I drink, my sorrows
Are quickly hushed in slumber,
What care I then for troubles,
For tears or lamentations?

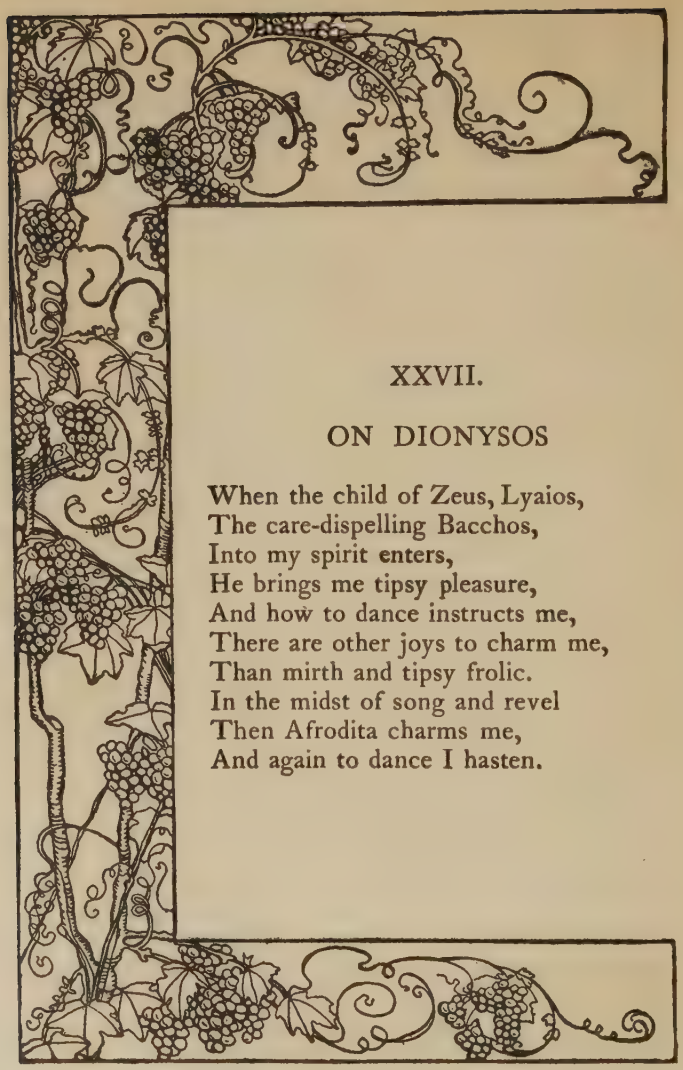


From death there 's no escaping;
But life why should I squander?
Then let us quaff the liquor
Of the beautiful Lyaios.
For when we drink, our sorrows
At once are hushed in slumber.

XXVI.

ON HIMSELF

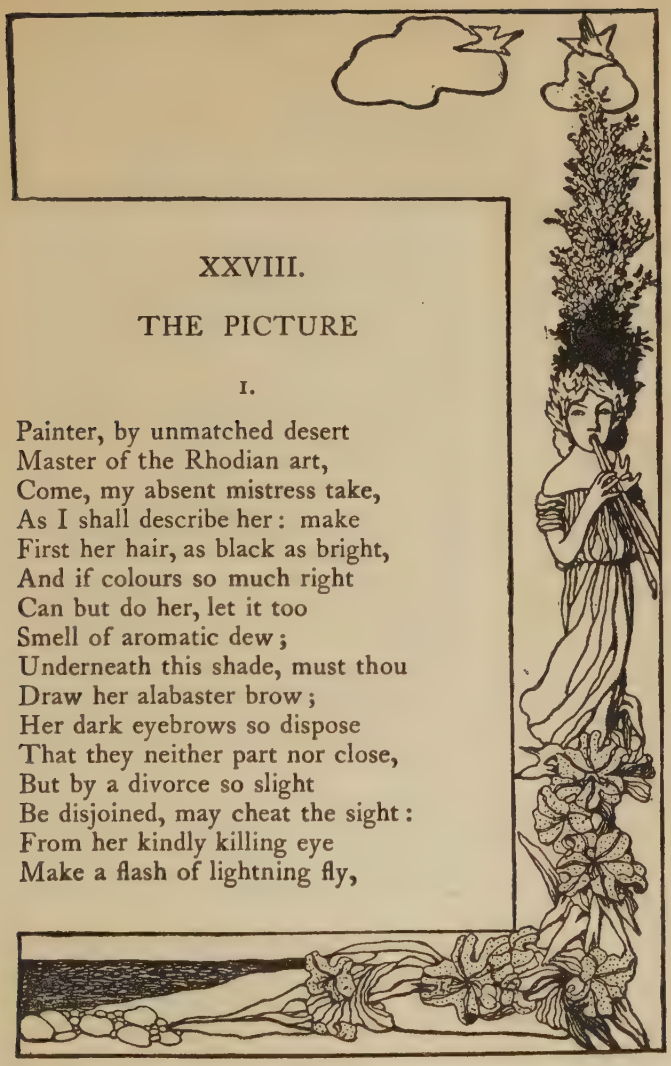
When my sense in wine I steep,
All my cares are lulled asleep:
Rich in thought, I then despise
Crœsus, and his royalties;
Whilst with ivy twines I wreathe me
And sing all the world beneath me.
Others run to martial fights,
I to Bacchus's delights;
Fill the cup then, boy, for I
Drunk than dead had rather lie.



XXVII.

ON DIONYSOS

When the child of Zeus, Lyaios,
The care-dispelling Bacchos,
Into my spirit enters,
He brings me tipsy pleasure,
And how to dance instructs me,
There are other joys to charm me,
Than mirth and tipsy frolic.
In the midst of song and revel
Then Afrodita charms me,
And again to dance I hasten.

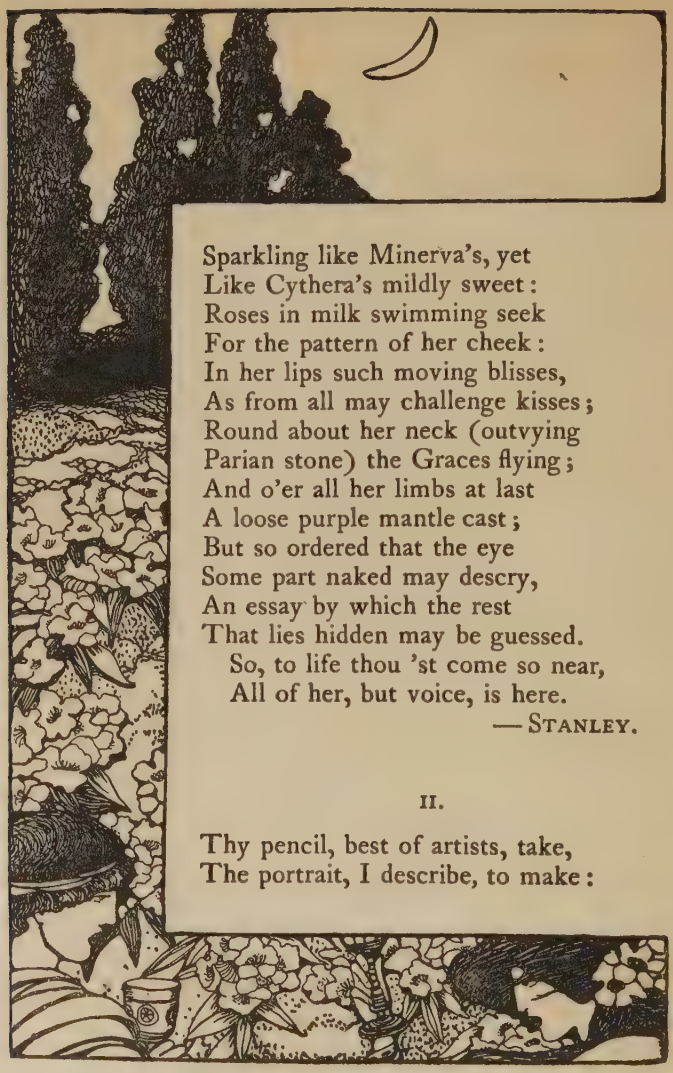


XXVIII.

THE PICTURE

I.

Painter, by unmatched desert
Master of the Rhodian art,
Come, my absent mistress take,
As I shall describe her: make
First her hair, as black as bright,
And if colours so much right
Can but do her, let it too
Smell of aromatic dew;
Underneath this shade, must thou
Draw her alabaster brow;
Her dark eyebrows so dispose
That they neither part nor close,
But by a divorce so slight
Be disjoined, may cheat the sight:
From her kindly killing eye
Make a flash of lightning fly,

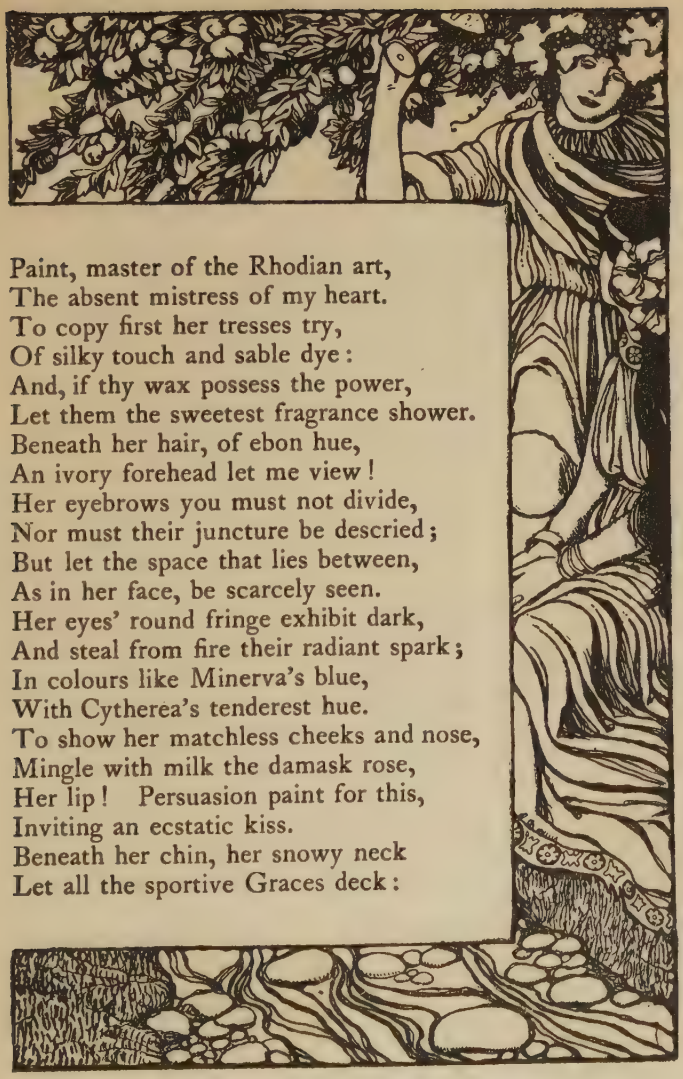


Sparkling like Minerva's, yet
Like Cythera's mildly sweet:
Roses in milk swimming seek
For the pattern of her cheek:
In her lips such moving blisses,
As from all may challenge kisses;
Round about her neck (outvying
Parian stone) the Graces flying;
And o'er all her limbs at last
A loose purple mantle cast;
But so ordered that the eye
Some part naked may descry,
An essay by which the rest
That lies hidden may be guessed.
  So, to life thou 'st come so near,
  All of her, but voice, is here.

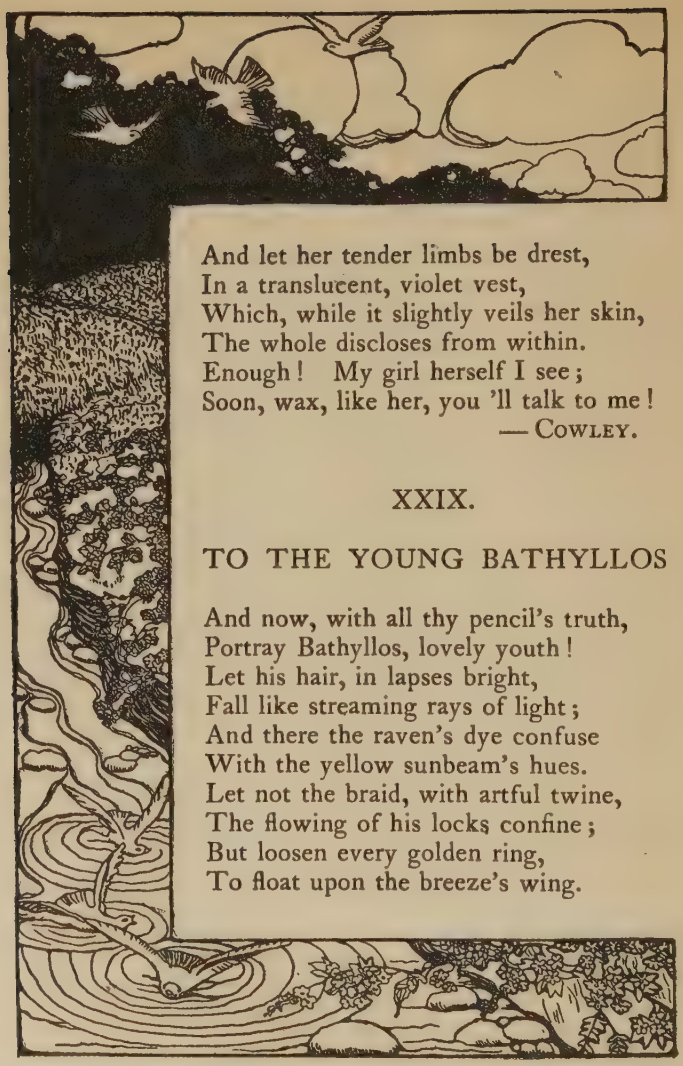
— STANLEY.

II.

Thy pencil, best of artists, take,
The portrait, I describe, to make:



Paint, master of the Rhodian art,
The absent mistress of my heart.
To copy first her tresses try,
Of silky touch and sable dye:
And, if thy wax possess the power,
Let them the sweetest fragrance shower.
Beneath her hair, of ebon hue,
An ivory forehead let me view!
Her eyebrows you must not divide,
Nor must their juncture be descried;
But let the space that lies between,
As in her face, be scarcely seen.
Her eyes' round fringe exhibit dark,
And steal from fire their radiant spark;
In colours like Minerva's blue,
With Cytherea's tenderest hue.
To show her matchless cheeks and nose,
Mingle with milk the damask rose,
Her lip! Persuasion paint for this,
Inviting an ecstatic kiss.
Beneath her chin, her snowy neck
Let all the sportive Graces deck:



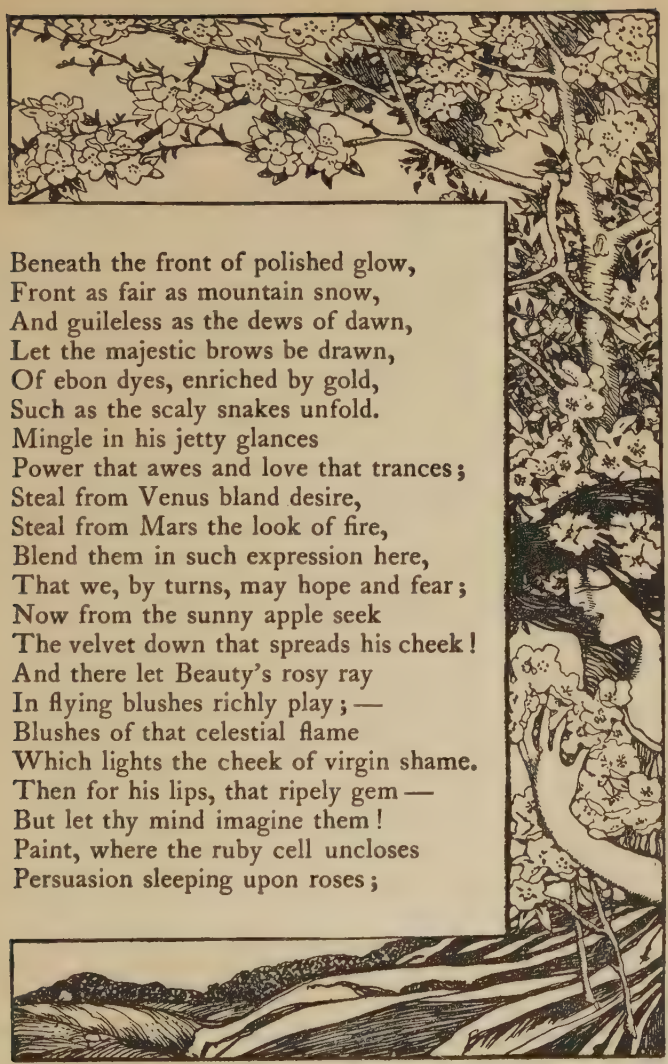
And let her tender limbs be drest,
In a translucent, violet vest,
Which, while it slightly veils her skin,
The whole discloses from within.
Enough! My girl herself I see;
Soon, wax, like her, you 'll talk to me!

— Cowley.

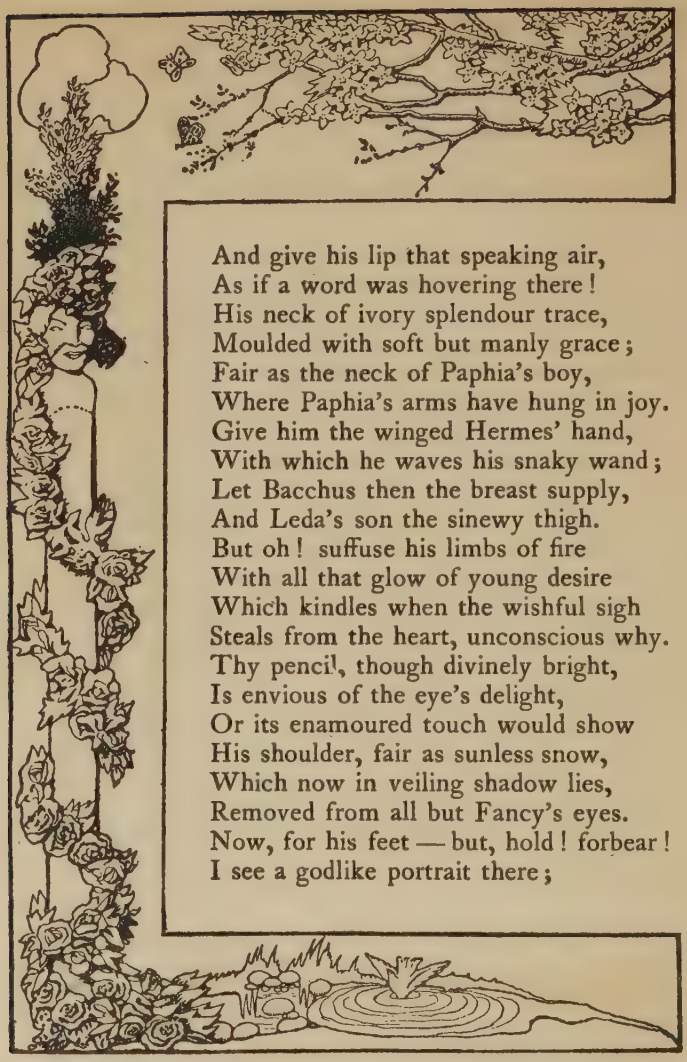
XXIX.

TO THE YOUNG BATHYLLOS

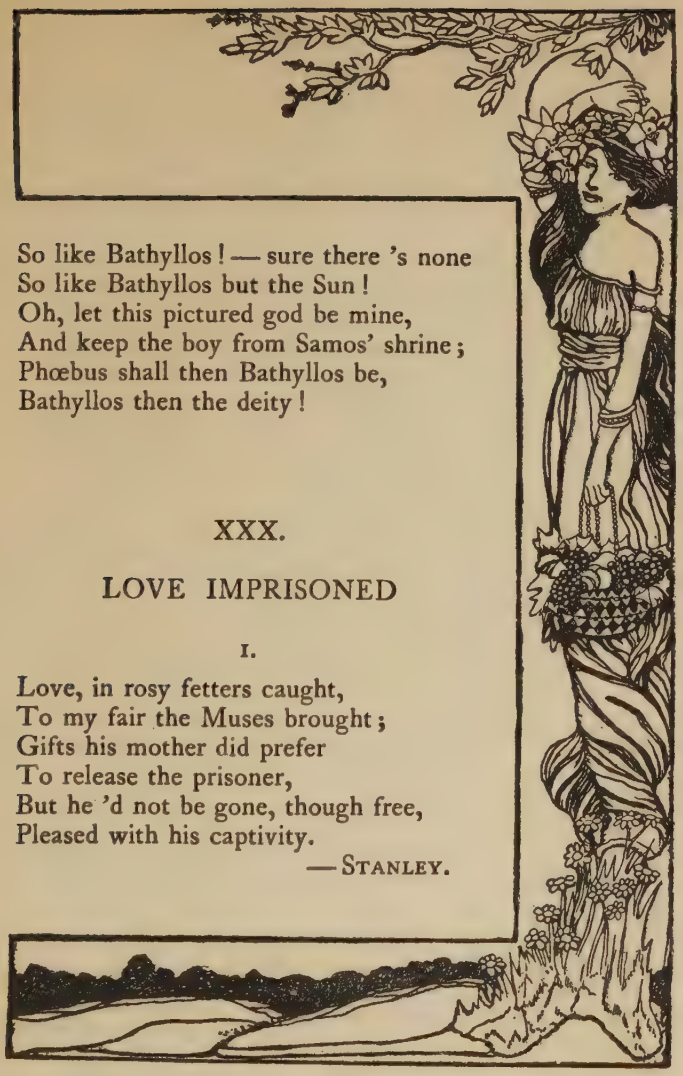
And now, with all thy pencil's truth,
Portray Bathyllos, lovely youth!
Let his hair, in lapses bright,
Fall like streaming rays of light;
And there the raven's dye confuse
With the yellow sunbeam's hues.
Let not the braid, with artful twine,
The flowing of his locks confine;
But loosen every golden ring,
To float upon the breeze's wing.



Beneath the front of polished glow,
Front as fair as mountain snow,
And guileless as the dews of dawn,
Let the majestic brows be drawn,
Of ebon dyes, enriched by gold,
Such as the scaly snakes unfold.
Mingle in his jetty glances
Power that awes and love that trances;
Steal from Venus bland desire,
Steal from Mars the look of fire,
Blend them in such expression here,
That we, by turns, may hope and fear;
Now from the sunny apple seek
The velvet down that spreads his cheek!
And there let Beauty's rosy ray
In flying blushes richly play; —
Blushes of that celestial flame
Which lights the cheek of virgin shame.
Then for his lips, that ripely gem —
But let thy mind imagine them!
Paint, where the ruby cell uncloses
Persuasion sleeping upon roses;



And give his lip that speaking air,
As if a word was hovering there!
His neck of ivory splendour trace,
Moulded with soft but manly grace;
Fair as the neck of Paphia's boy,
Where Paphia's arms have hung in joy.
Give him the winged Hermes' hand,
With which he waves his snaky wand;
Let Bacchus then the breast supply,
And Leda's son the sinewy thigh.
But oh! suffuse his limbs of fire
With all that glow of young desire
Which kindles when the wishful sigh
Steals from the heart, unconscious why.
Thy pencil, though divinely bright,
Is envious of the eye's delight,
Or its enamoured touch would show
His shoulder, fair as sunless snow,
Which now in veiling shadow lies,
Removed from all but Fancy's eyes.
Now, for his feet — but, hold! forbear!
I see a godlike portrait there;



So like Bathyllos! — sure there 's none
So like Bathyllos but the Sun!
Oh, let this pictured god be mine,
And keep the boy from Samos' shrine;
Phœbus shall then Bathyllos be,
Bathyllos then the deity!

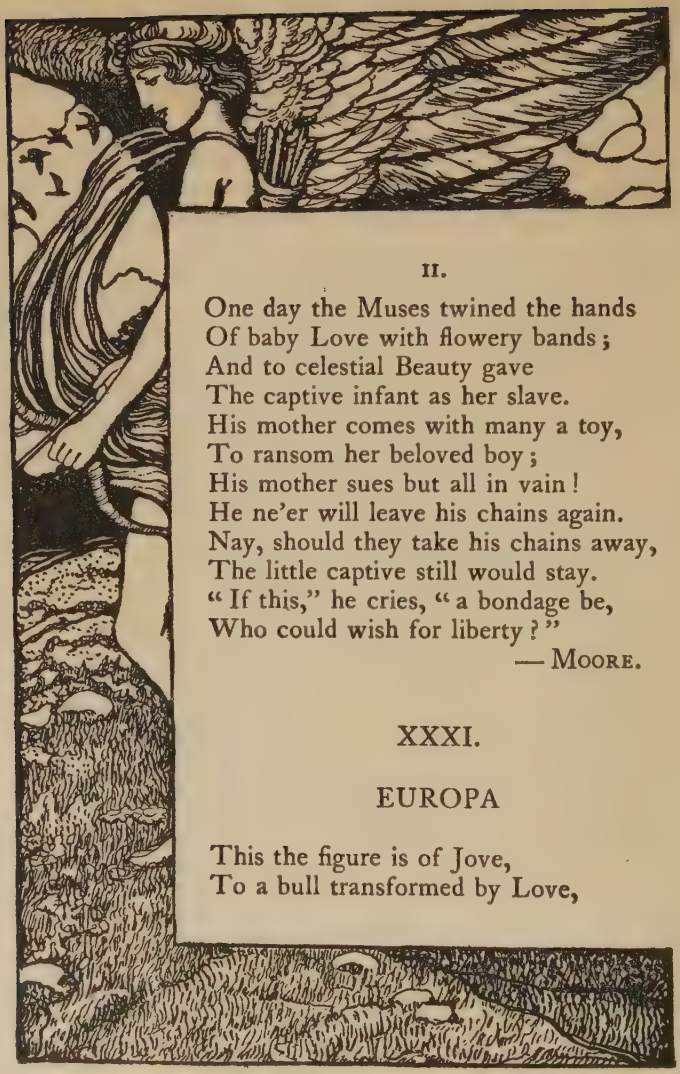
XXX.

LOVE IMPRISONED

I.

Love, in rosy fetters caught,
To my fair the Muses brought;
Gifts his mother did prefer
To release the prisoner,
But he 'd not be gone, though free,
Pleased with his captivity.

— STANLEY.



II.

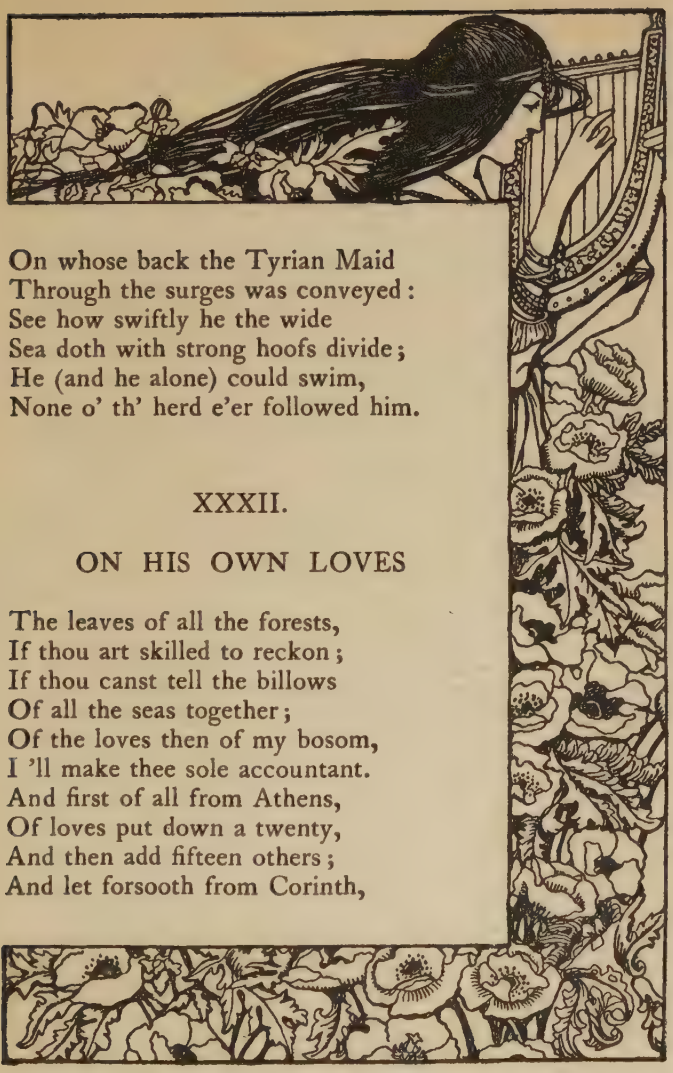
One day the Muses twined the hands
Of baby Love with flowery bands;
And to celestial Beauty gave
The captive infant as her slave.
His mother comes with many a toy,
To ransom her beloved boy;
His mother sues but all in vain!
He ne'er will leave his chains again.
Nay, should they take his chains away,
The little captive still would stay.
"If this," he cries, "a bondage be,
Who could wish for liberty?"

— MOORE.

XXXI.

EUROPA

This the figure is of Jove,
To a bull transformed by Love,

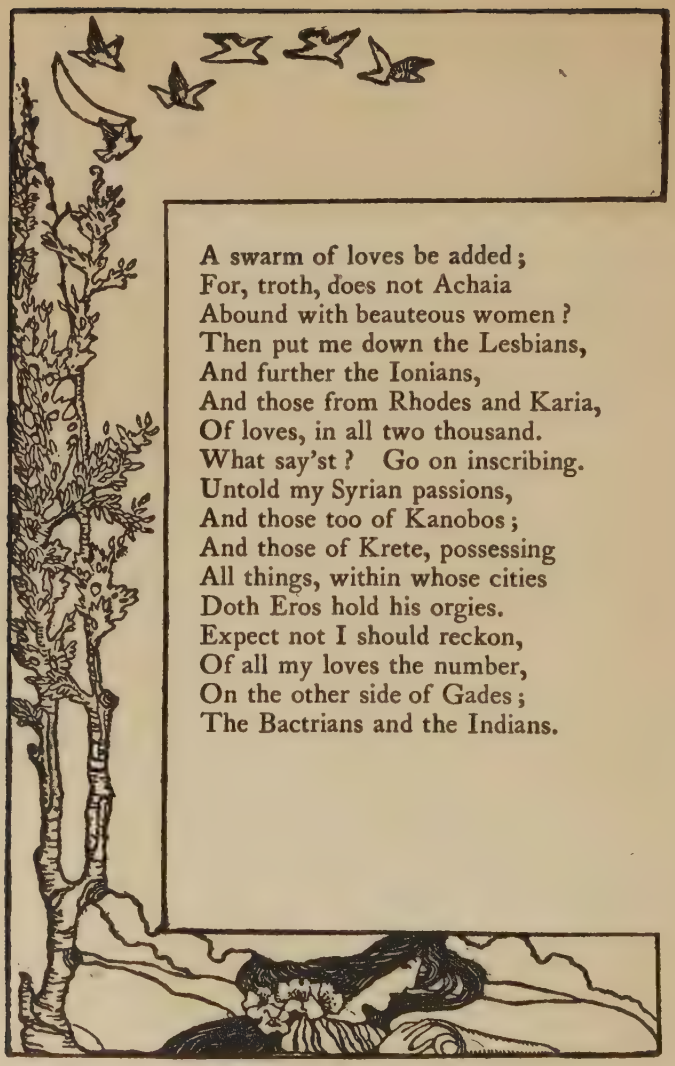


On whose back the Tyrian Maid
Through the surges was conveyed:
See how swiftly he the wide
Sea doth with strong hoofs divide;
He (and he alone) could swim,
None o' th' herd e'er followed him.

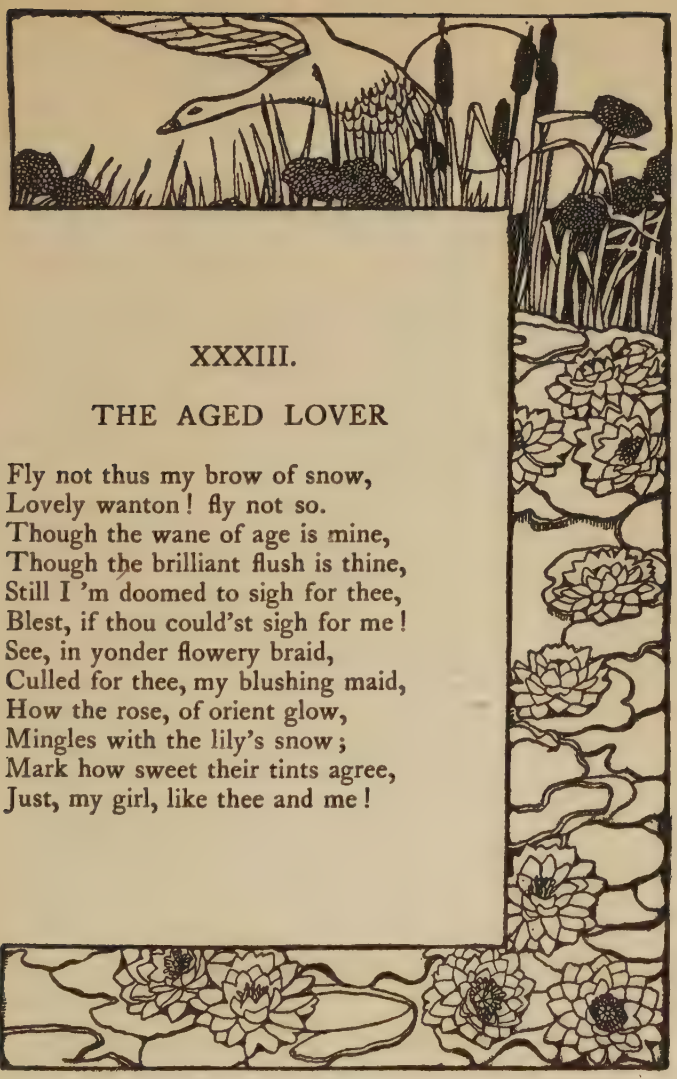
XXXII.

ON HIS OWN LOVES

The leaves of all the forests,
If thou art skilled to reckon;
If thou canst tell the billows
Of all the seas together;
Of the loves then of my bosom,
I 'll make thee sole accountant.
And first of all from Athens,
Of loves put down a twenty,
And then add fifteen others;
And let forsooth from Corinth,



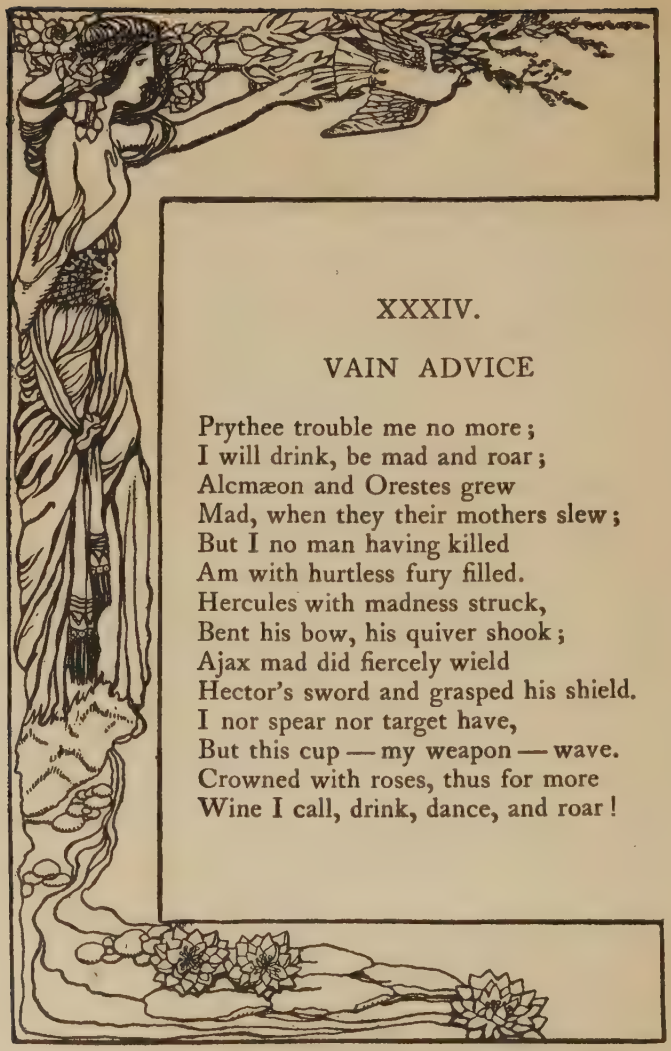
A swarm of loves be added;
For, troth, does not Achaia
Abound with beauteous women?
Then put me down the Lesbians,
And further the Ionians,
And those from Rhodes and Karia,
Of loves, in all two thousand.
What say'st? Go on inscribing.
Untold my Syrian passions,
And those too of Kanobos;
And those of Krete, possessing
All things, within whose cities
Doth Eros hold his orgies.
Expect not I should reckon,
Of all my loves the number,
On the other side of Gades;
The Bactrians and the Indians.



XXXIII.

THE AGED LOVER

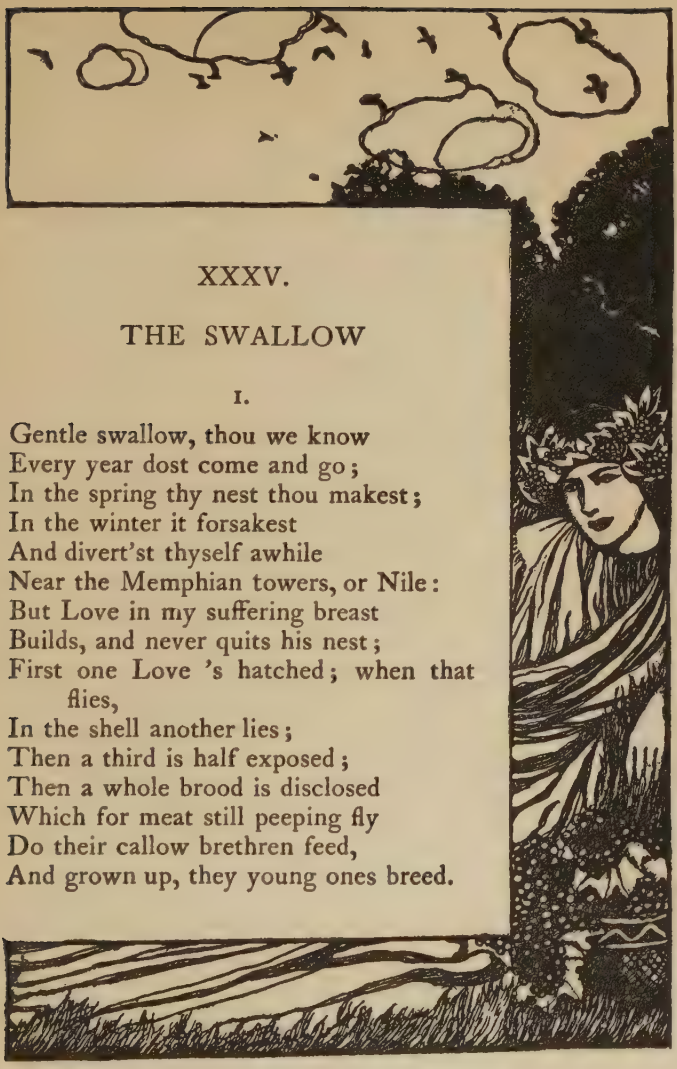
Fly not thus my brow of snow,
Lovely wanton! fly not so.
Though the wane of age is mine,
Though the brilliant flush is thine,
Still I 'm doomed to sigh for thee,
Blest, if thou could'st sigh for me!
See, in yonder flowery braid,
Culled for thee, my blushing maid,
How the rose, of orient glow,
Mingles with the lily's snow;
Mark how sweet their tints agree,
Just, my girl, like thee and me!



XXXIV.

VAIN ADVICE

Prythee trouble me no more;
I will drink, be mad and roar;
Alcmæon and Orestes grew
Mad, when they their mothers slew;
But I no man having killed
Am with hurtless fury filled.
Hercules with madness struck,
Bent his bow, his quiver shook;
Ajax mad did fiercely wield
Hector's sword and grasped his shield.
I nor spear nor target have,
But this cup — my weapon — wave.
Crowned with roses, thus for more
Wine I call, drink, dance, and roar!

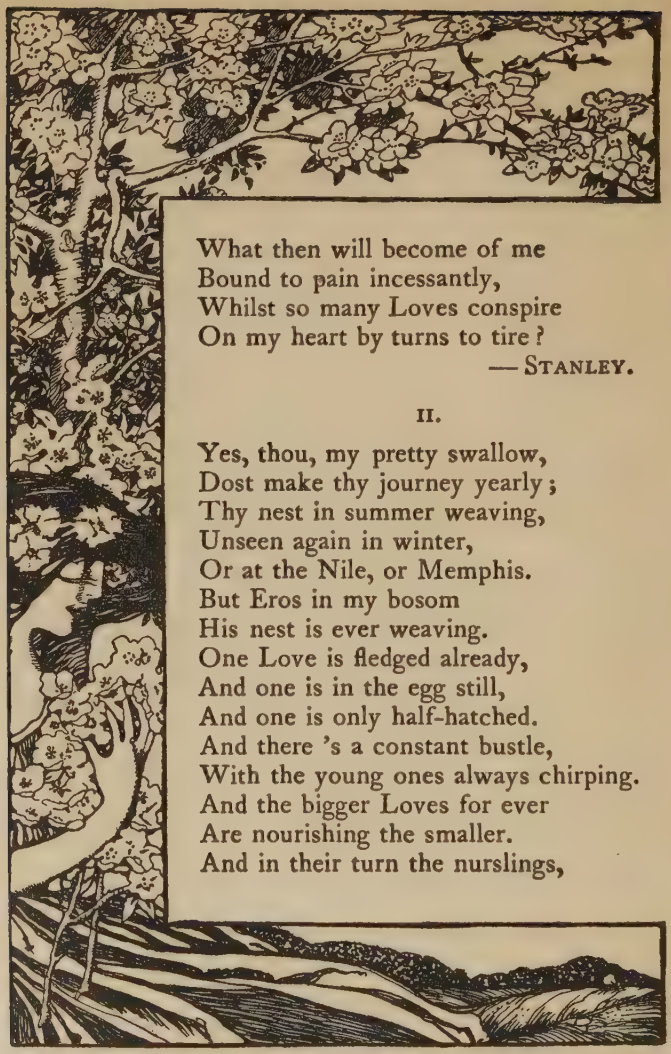


XXXV.

THE SWALLOW

I.

Gentle swallow, thou we know
Every year dost come and go;
In the spring thy nest thou makest;
In the winter it forsakest
And divert'st thyself awhile
Near the Memphian towers, or Nile:
But Love in my suffering breast
Builds, and never quits his nest;
First one Love 's hatched; when that flies,
In the shell another lies;
Then a third is half exposed;
Then a whole brood is disclosed
Which for meat still peeping fly
Do their callow brethren feed,
And grown up, they young ones breed.

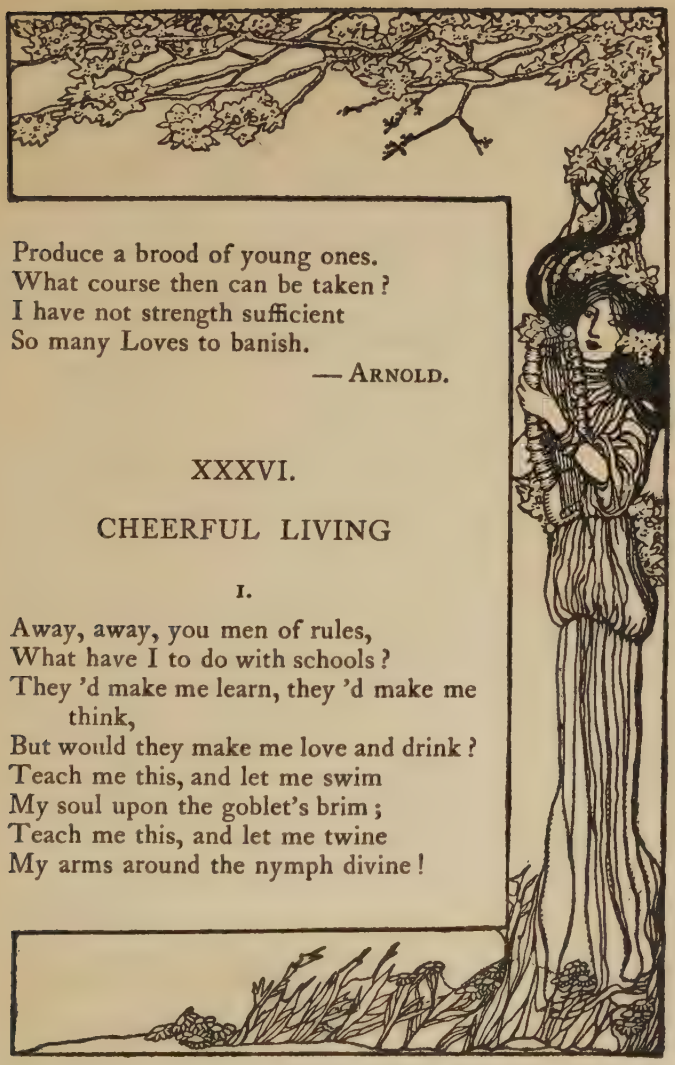


What then will become of me
Bound to pain incessantly,
Whilst so many Loves conspire
On my heart by turns to tire?

— STANLEY.

II.

Yes, thou, my pretty swallow,
Dost make thy journey yearly;
Thy nest in summer weaving,
Unseen again in winter,
Or at the Nile, or Memphis.
But Eros in my bosom
His nest is ever weaving.
One Love is fledged already,
And one is in the egg still,
And one is only half-hatched.
And there 's a constant bustle,
With the young ones always chirping.
And the bigger Loves for ever
Are nourishing the smaller.
And in their turn the nurslings,



Produce a brood of young ones.
What course then can be taken?
I have not strength sufficient
So many Loves to banish.

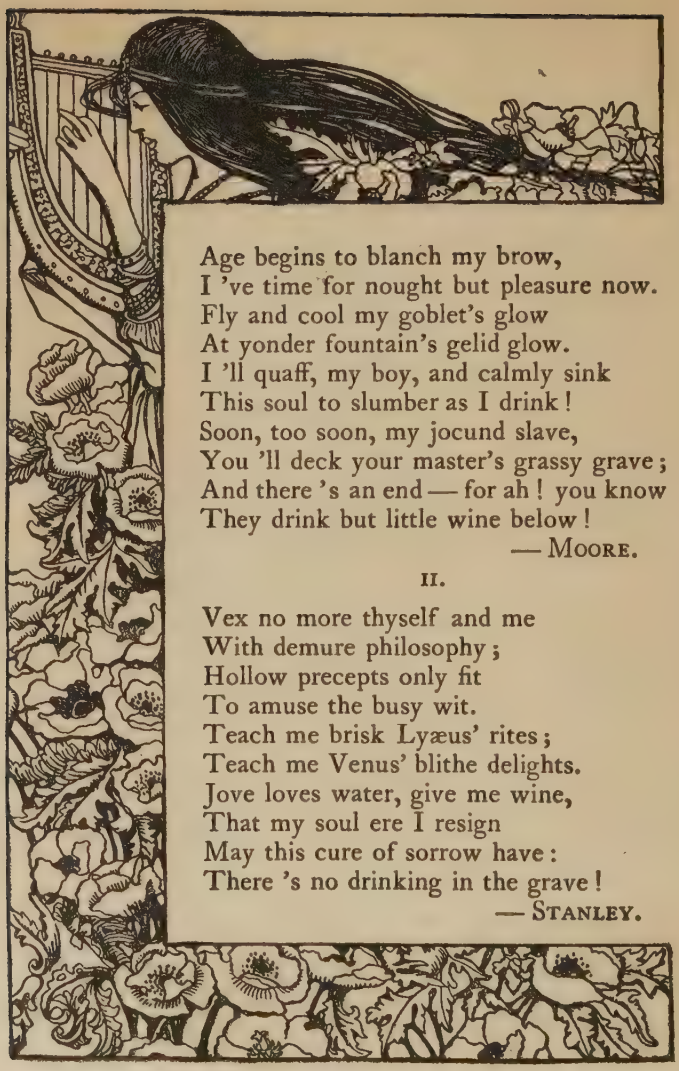
— ARNOLD.

XXXVI.

CHEERFUL LIVING

I.

Away, away, you men of rules,
What have I to do with schools?
They 'd make me learn, they 'd make me
think,
But would they make me love and drink?
Teach me this, and let me swim
My soul upon the goblet's brim;
Teach me this, and let me twine
My arms around the nymph divine!



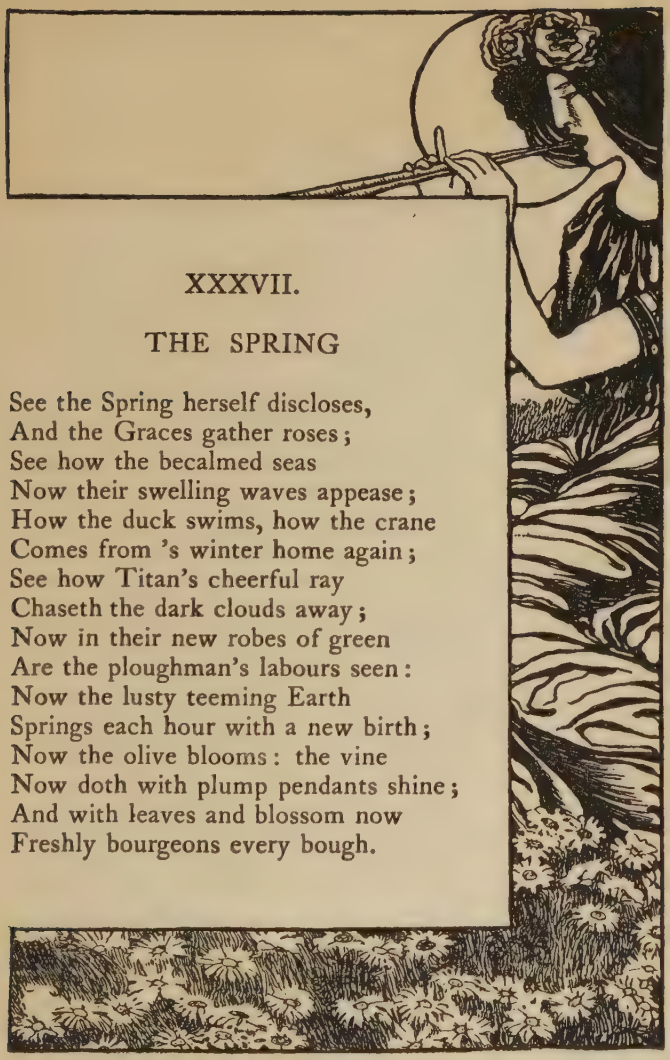
Age begins to blanch my brow,
I 've time for nought but pleasure now.
Fly and cool my goblet's glow
At yonder fountain's gelid glow.
I 'll quaff, my boy, and calmly sink
This soul to slumber as I drink!
Soon, too soon, my jocund slave,
You 'll deck your master's grassy grave;
And there 's an end — for ah! you know
They drink but little wine below!

— MOORE.

II.

Vex no more thyself and me
With demure philosophy;
Hollow precepts only fit
To amuse the busy wit.
Teach me brisk Lyæus' rites;
Teach me Venus' blithe delights.
Jove loves water, give me wine,
That my soul ere I resign
May this cure of sorrow have:
There 's no drinking in the grave!

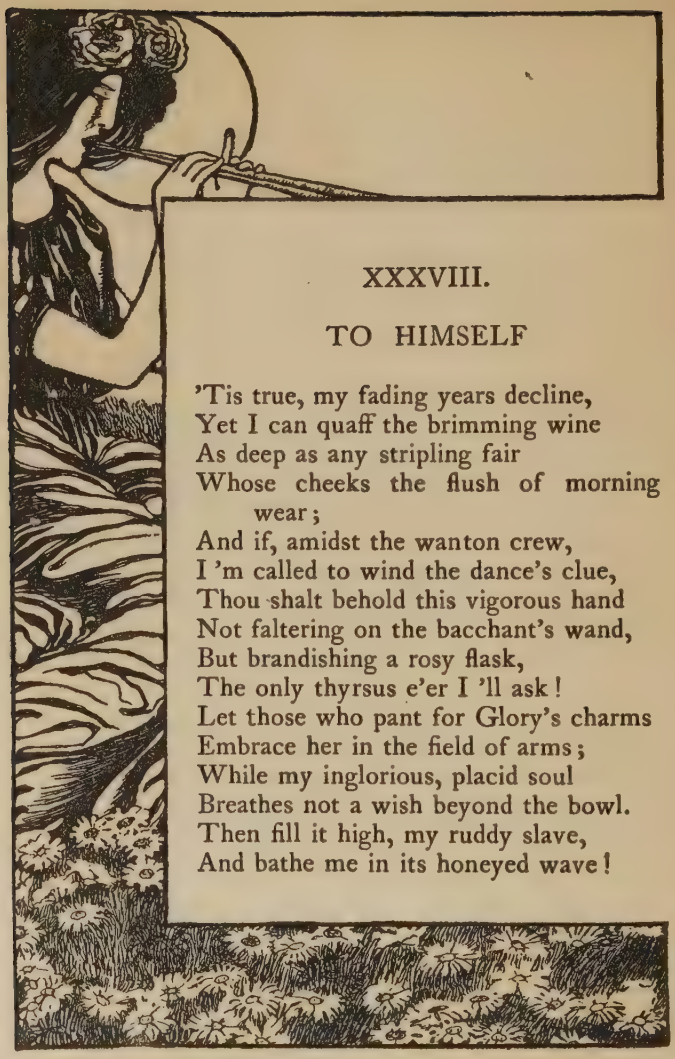
— STANLEY.



XXXVII.

THE SPRING

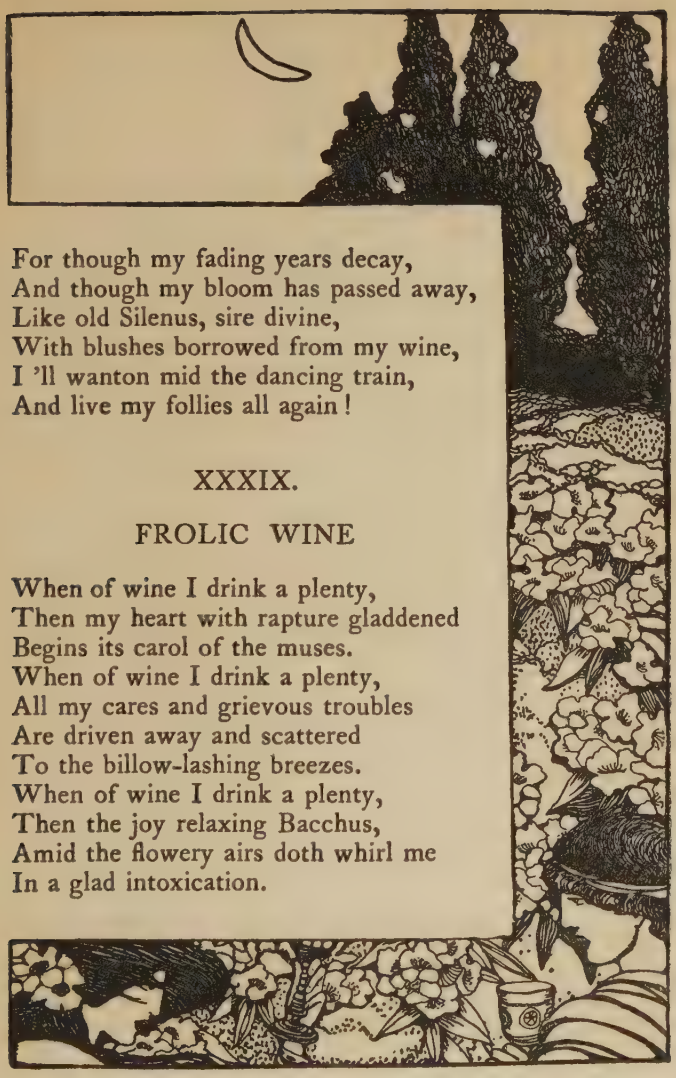
See the Spring herself discloses,
And the Graces gather roses;
See how the becalmed seas
Now their swelling waves appease;
How the duck swims, how the crane
Comes from 's winter home again;
See how Titan's cheerful ray
Chaseth the dark clouds away;
Now in their new robes of green
Are the ploughman's labours seen:
Now the lusty teeming Earth
Springs each hour with a new birth;
Now the olive blooms: the vine
Now doth with plump pendants shine;
And with leaves and blossom now
Freshly bourgeons every bough.



XXXVIII.

TO HIMSELF

'Tis true, my fading years decline,
Yet I can quaff the brimming wine
As deep as any stripling fair
Whose cheeks the flush of morning
wear;
And if, amidst the wanton crew,
I 'm called to wind the dance's clue,
Thou shalt behold this vigorous hand
Not faltering on the bacchant's wand,
But brandishing a rosy flask,
The only thyrsus e'er I 'll ask!
Let those who pant for Glory's charms
Embrace her in the field of arms;
While my inglorious, placid soul
Breathes not a wish beyond the bowl.
Then fill it high, my ruddy slave,
And bathe me in its honeyed wave!

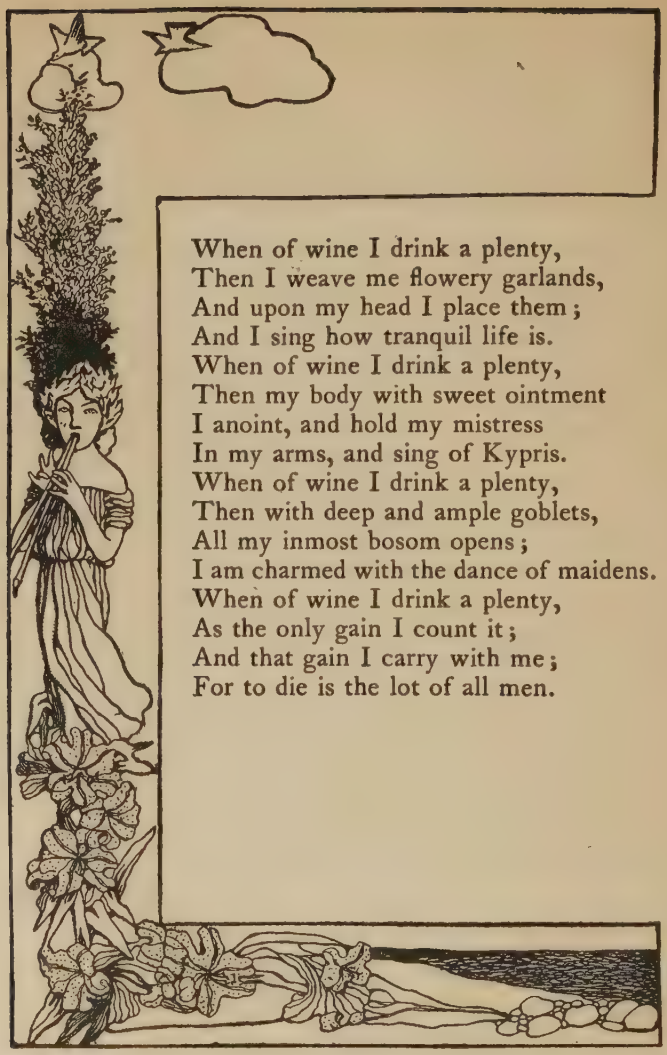


For though my fading years decay,
And though my bloom has passed away,
Like old Silenus, sire divine,
With blushes borrowed from my wine,
I 'll wanton mid the dancing train,
And live my follies all again!

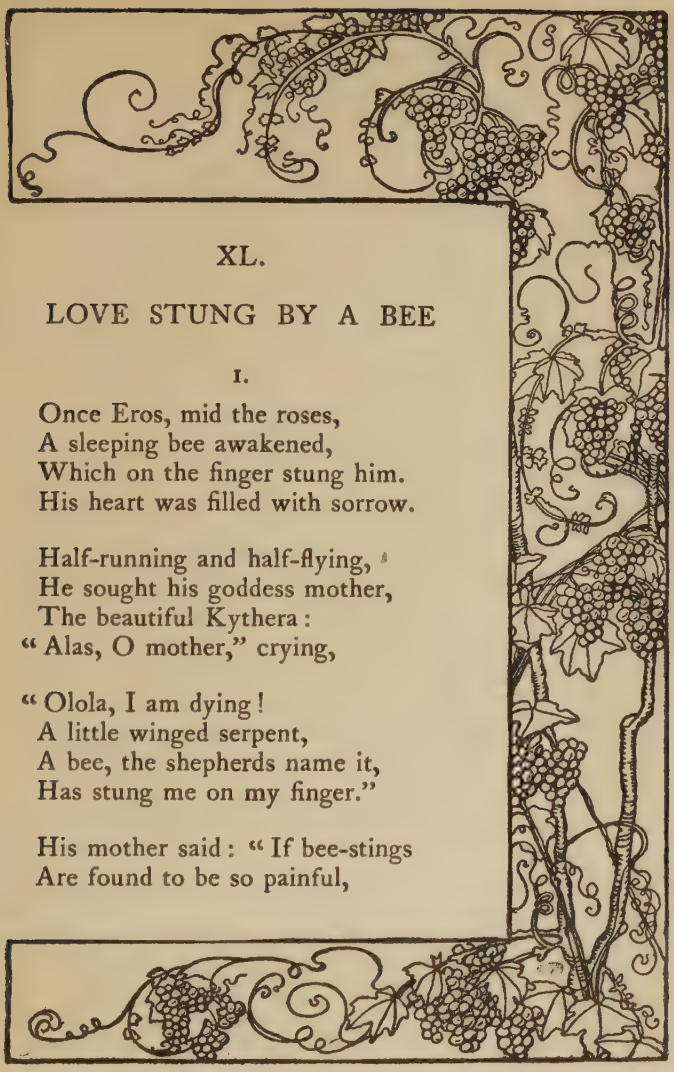
XXXIX.

FROLIC WINE

When of wine I drink a plenty,
Then my heart with rapture gladdened
Begins its carol of the muses.
When of wine I drink a plenty,
All my cares and grievous troubles
Are driven away and scattered
To the billow-lashing breezes.
When of wine I drink a plenty,
Then the joy relaxing Bacchus,
Amid the flowery airs doth whirl me
In a glad intoxication.



When of wine I drink a plenty,
Then I weave me flowery garlands,
And upon my head I place them;
And I sing how tranquil life is.
When of wine I drink a plenty,
Then my body with sweet ointment
I anoint, and hold my mistress
In my arms, and sing of Kypris.
When of wine I drink a plenty,
Then with deep and ample goblets,
All my inmost bosom opens;
I am charmed with the dance of maidens.
When of wine I drink a plenty,
As the only gain I count it;
And that gain I carry with me;
For to die is the lot of all men.



XL.

LOVE STUNG BY A BEE

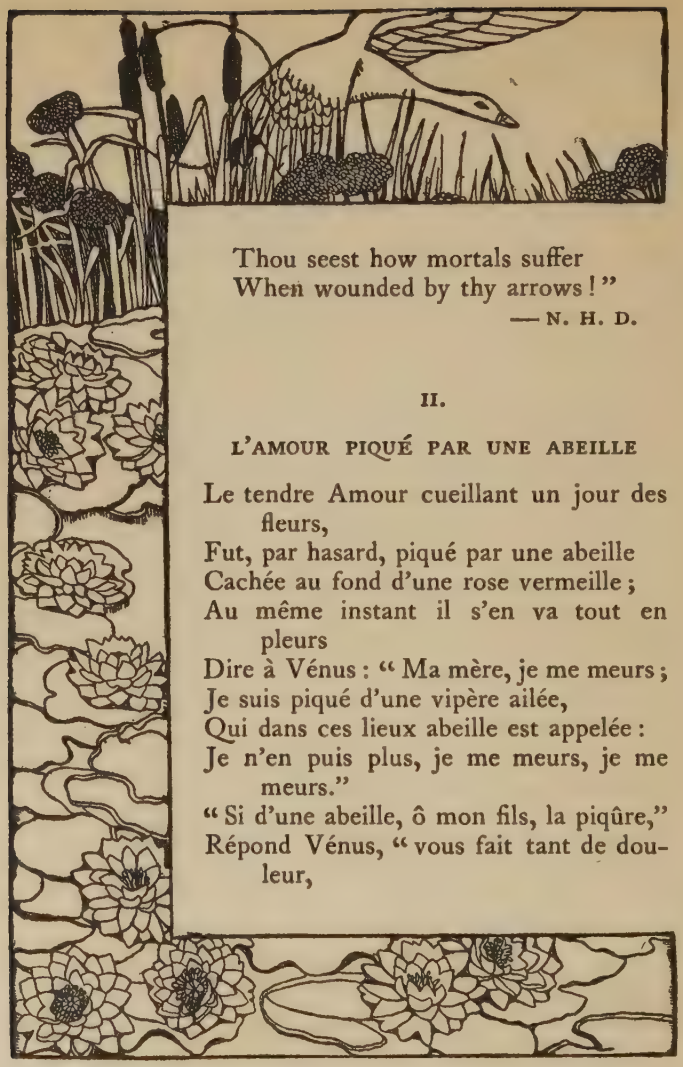
I.

Once Eros, mid the roses,
A sleeping bee awakened,
Which on the finger stung him.
His heart was filled with sorrow.

Half-running and half-flying,
He sought his goddess mother,
The beautiful Kythera:
"Alas, O mother," crying,

"Olola, I am dying!
A little winged serpent,
A bee, the shepherds name it,
Has stung me on my finger."

His mother said: "If bee-stings
Are found to be so painful,



Thou seest how mortals suffer
When wounded by thy arrows!"

— N. H. D.

II.

L'AMOUR PIQUÉ PAR UNE ABEILLE

Le tendre Amour cueillant un jour des fleurs,
Fut, par hasard, piqué par une abeille
Cachée au fond d'une rose vermeille;
Au même instant il s'en va tout en pleurs
Dire à Vénus: "Ma mère, je me meurs;
Je suis piqué d'une vipère ailée,
Qui dans ces lieux abeille est appelée:
Je n'en puis plus, je me meurs, je me meurs."
"Si d'une abeille, ô mon fils, la piqûre,"
Répond Vénus, "vous fait tant de douleur,

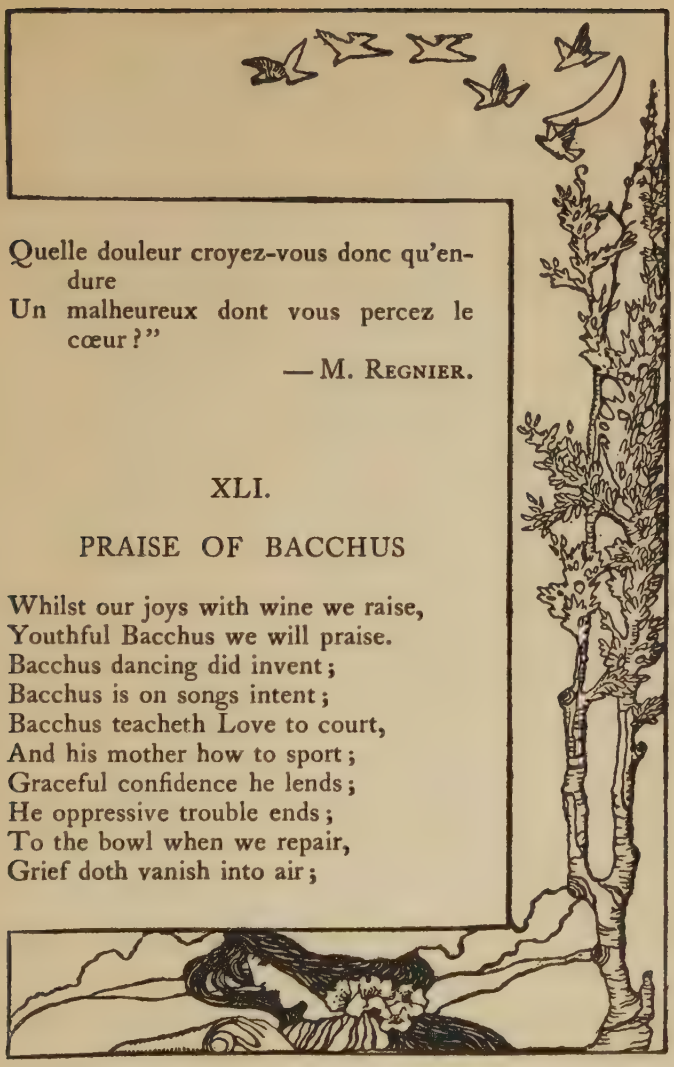
Quelle douleur croyez-vous donc qu'endure
Un malheureux dont vous percez le cœur?"

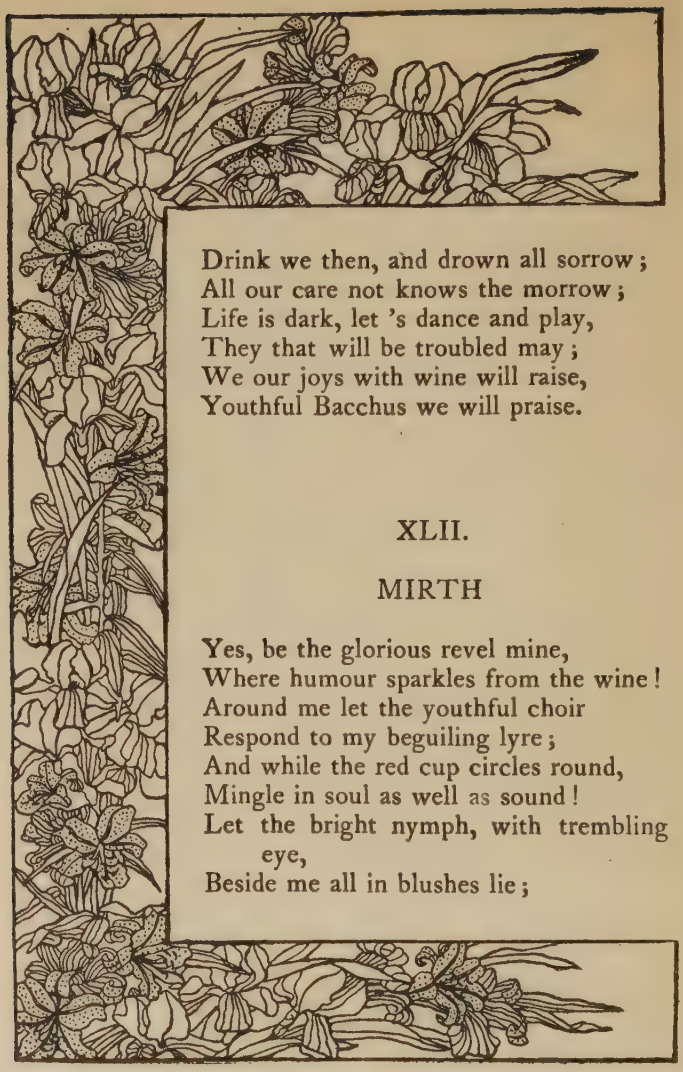
— M. Regnier.

XLI.

PRAISE OF BACCHUS

Whilst our joys with wine we raise,
Youthful Bacchus we will praise.
Bacchus dancing did invent;
Bacchus is on songs intent;
Bacchus teacheth Love to court,
And his mother how to sport;
Graceful confidence he lends;
He oppressive trouble ends;
To the bowl when we repair,
Grief doth vanish into air;





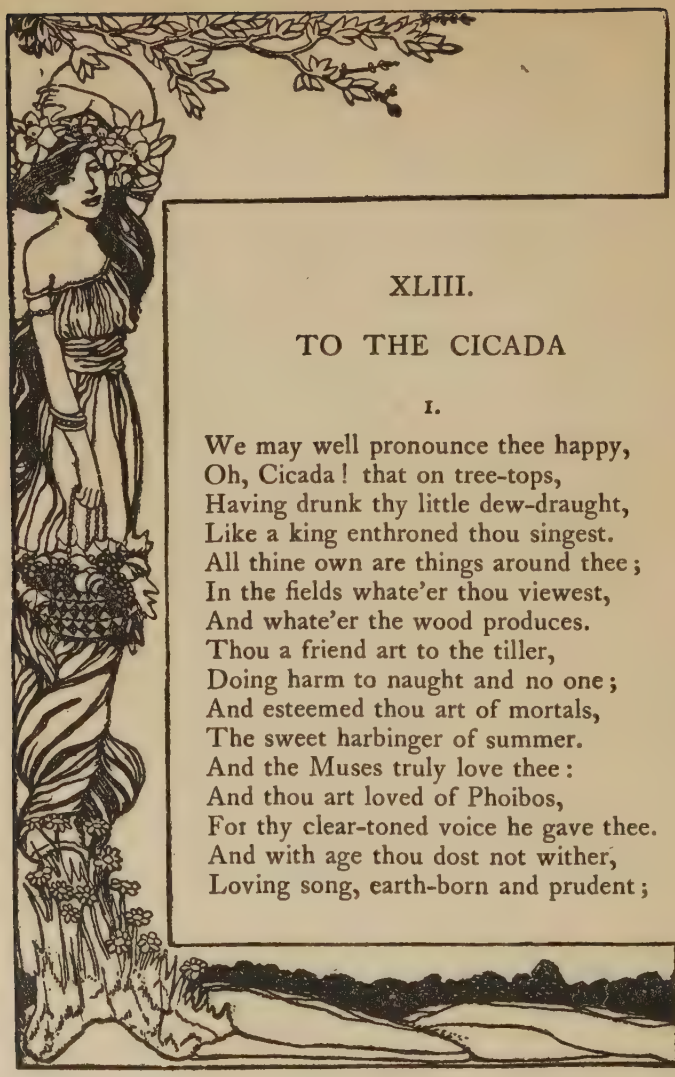
Drink we then, and drown all sorrow;
All our care not knows the morrow;
Life is dark, let 's dance and play,
They that will be troubled may;
We our joys with wine will raise,
Youthful Bacchus we will praise.

XLII.

MIRTH

Yes, be the glorious revel mine,
Where humour sparkles from the wine!
Around me let the youthful choir
Respond to my beguiling lyre;
And while the red cup circles round,
Mingle in soul as well as sound!
Let the bright nymph, with trembling eye,
Beside me all in blushes lie;

And while she weaves a frontlet fair
Of hyacinth to deck my hair,
Oh! let me snatch her sidelong kisses,
And that shall be my bliss of blisses!
My soul, to festive feeling true,
One pang of envy never knew;
And little has it learned to dread
The gall that Envy's tongue can shed.
Away! I hate the slanderous dart
Which steals to wound the unwary
heart;
And oh! I hate, with all my soul,
Discordant clamours o'er the bowl,
Where every cordial heart should be,
Attuned to peace and harmony.
Come, let us hear the soul of song
Expire the silver heart along:
And through the dance's ringlet move,
With maidens mellowing into love;
Thus simply happy, thus at peace,
Sure such a life should never cease!

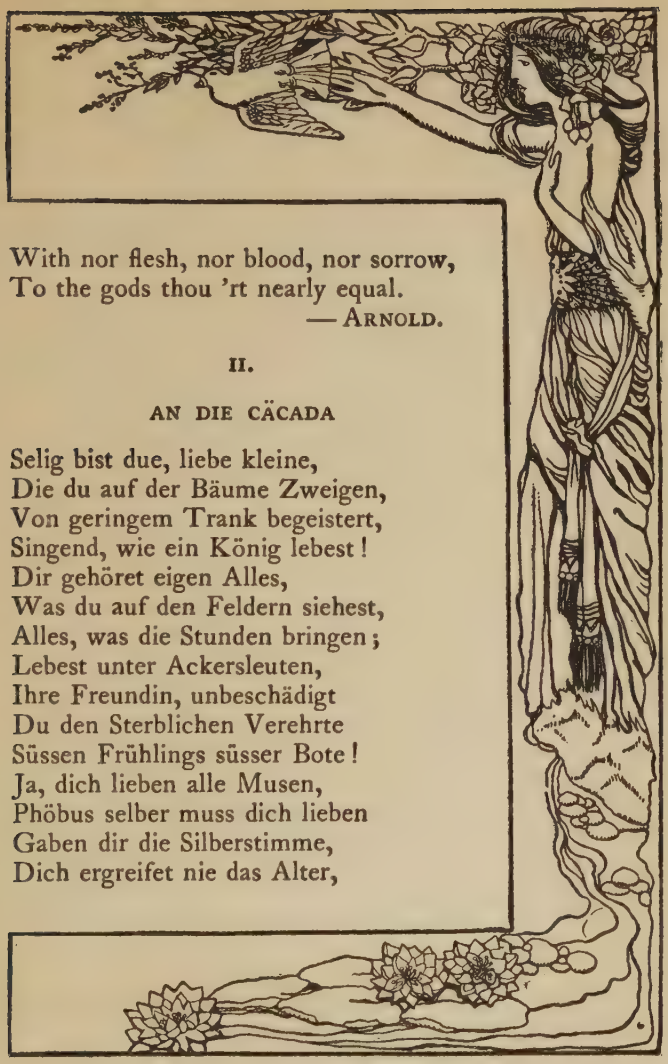


XLIII.

TO THE CICADA

I.

We may well pronounce thee happy,
Oh, Cicada! that on tree-tops,
Having drunk thy little dew-draught,
Like a king enthroned thou singest.
All thine own are things around thee;
In the fields whate'er thou viewest,
And whate'er the wood produces.
Thou a friend art to the tiller,
Doing harm to naught and no one;
And esteemed thou art of mortals,
The sweet harbinger of summer.
And the Muses truly love thee:
And thou art loved of Phoibos,
For thy clear-toned voice he gave thee.
And with age thou dost not wither,
Loving song, earth-born and prudent;



With nor flesh, nor blood, nor sorrow,
To the gods thou 'rt nearly equal.
— ARNOLD.

II.

AN DIE CÄCADA

Selig bist due, liebe kleine,
Die du auf der Bäume Zweigen,
Von geringem Trank begeistert,
Singend, wie ein König lebest!
Dir gehöret eigen Alles,
Was du auf den Feldern siehest,
Alles, was die Stunden bringen;
Lebest unter Ackersleuten,
Ihre Freundin, unbeschädigt
Du den Sterblichen Verehrte
Süssen Frühlings süsser Bote!
Ja, dich lieben alle Musen,
Phöbus selber muss dich lieben
Gaben dir die Silberstimme,
Dich ergreifet nie das Alter,

Weise, zarte, Dichterfreundin,
Ohne Fleisch und Blut Geborne,
Leidenlose Erdentochter,
Fast den Göttern zu vergleichen.

— GOETHE.

XLIV.

A DREAM

I.

I dreamt that I was running
With wings upon my shoulders;
And that Eros, having lead-weights
On his pretty little ankles,
Ran after me and caught me.
Say, what might this dream betoken?
As for me, I think that having
In so many loves been tangled,
And from all escaped in safety,
By this new one I am fettered.

— ARNOLD.

II.

As I late in slumber lay,
Winged methought I ran away,
But Love — his feet clogged with lead —
As thus up and down I fled,
Following caught me instantly:
What may this strange dream imply?
What but this? — that in my heart
Tho' a thousand Loves had part,
I shall now — their snares declined —
To this only be confined!

XLV.

THE DARTS OF EROS

Once the husband of Kythera,
At his Lemnian forges working,
Took some steel, and 'gan to fashion
For the Loves their pointed arrows.

And then Kypris took some honey,
And she tipt the points with sweetness;
But by Eros gall was mingled.
From the war-field then came Ares,
And his heavy spear he brandished
At the darts of Eros mocking.
But said Eros: "This is heavy;
If thou try, so wilt thou find it."
And the god received the arrow;
And Kythera smiled to see it.
Then said Ares, sighing: — "Truly
It is heavy; take it from me."
But said Eros: "Better keep it."

XLVI.

GOLD

Not to love indeed is painful;
And to love is also painful;
But the painfullest of all is
For a lover to be slighted.

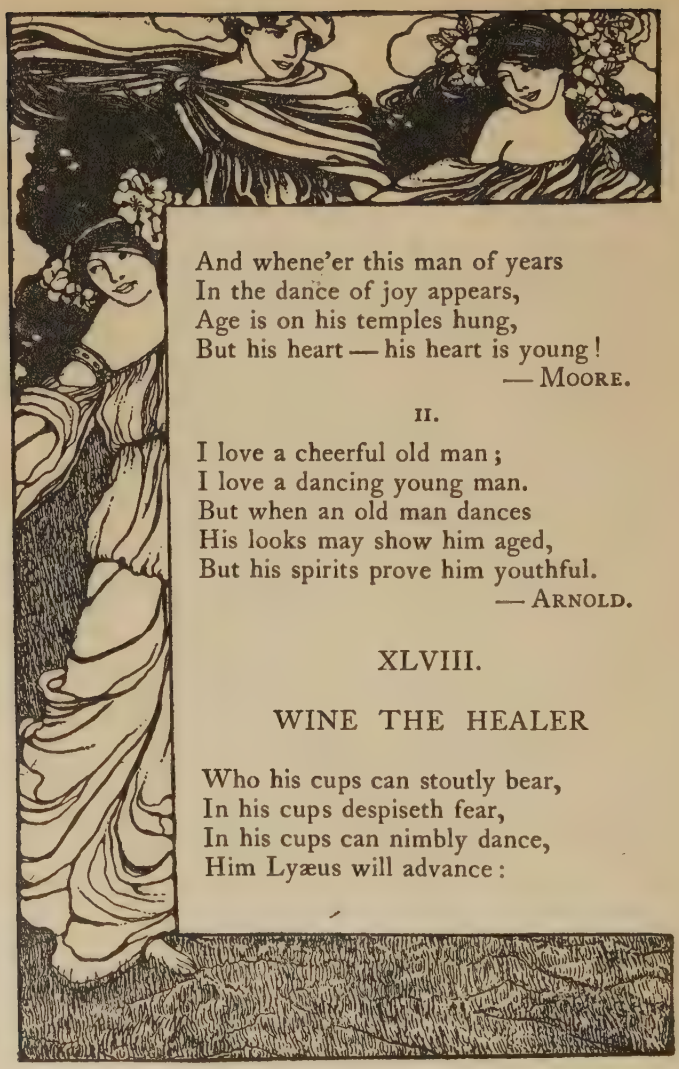
But with Eros birth avails not;
And scorned are worth and wisdom,
And wealth alone regarded.
May he for ever perish
Who loved the first for money.
Through this there is no brother;
Through this there are no parents;
Through this are war and slaughter.
But the worst is that we lovers
Through this are doomed to perish.

XLVII.

ON A GAY OLD MAN

1.

How I love the festive boy,
Tripping with the dance of joy!
How I love the mellow sage,
Smiling through the veil of age!



And whene'er this man of years
In the dance of joy appears,
Age is on his temples hung,
But his heart — his heart is young!
— MOORE.

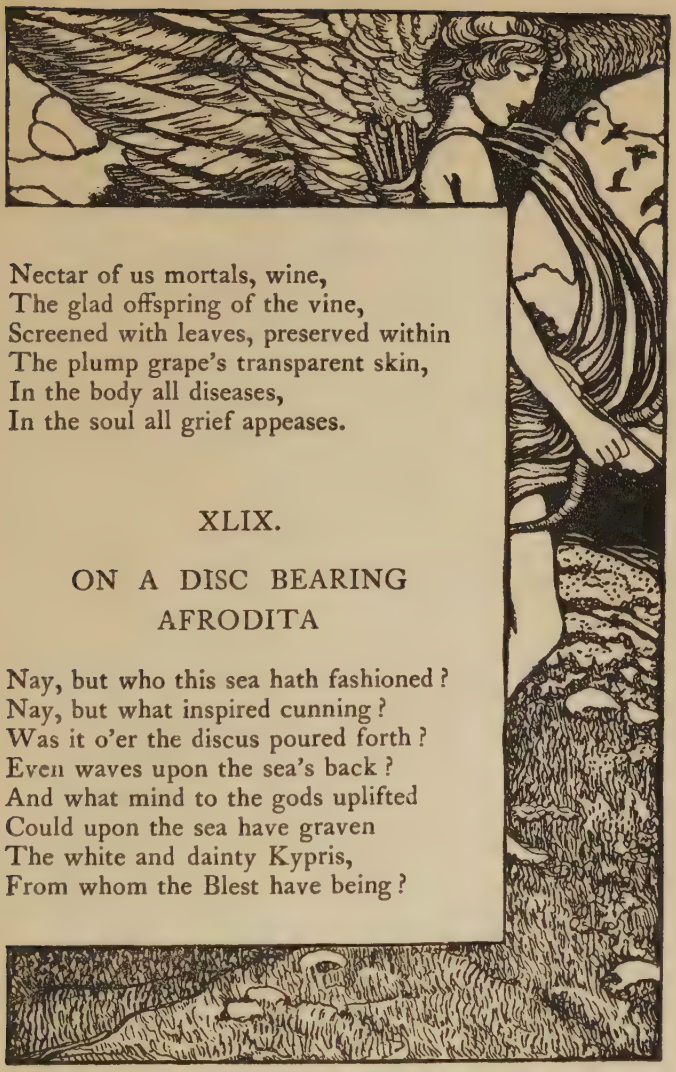
II.

I love a cheerful old man;
I love a dancing young man.
But when an old man dances
His looks may show him aged,
But his spirits prove him youthful.
— ARNOLD.

XLVIII.

WINE THE HEALER

Who his cups can stoutly bear,
In his cups despiseth fear,
In his cups can nimbly dance,
Him Lyæus will advance:

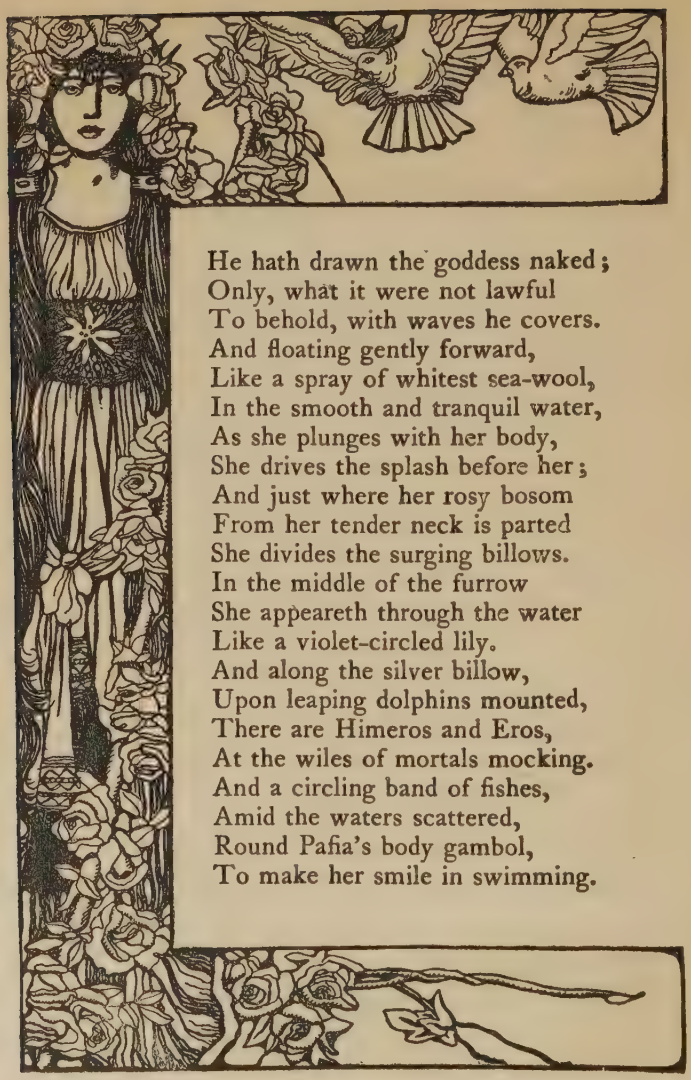


Nectar of us mortals, wine,
The glad offspring of the vine,
Screened with leaves, preserved within
The plump grape's transparent skin,
In the body all diseases,
In the soul all grief appeases.

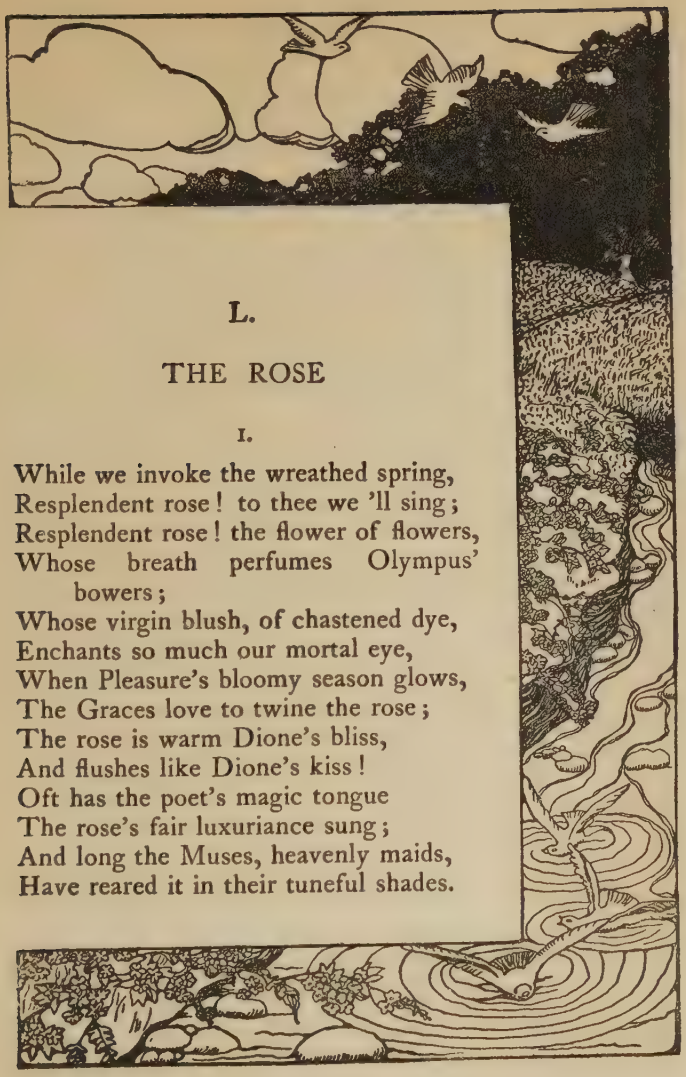
XLIX.

ON A DISC BEARING AFRODITA

Nay, but who this sea hath fashioned?
Nay, but what inspired cunning?
Was it o'er the discus poured forth?
Even waves upon the sea's back?
And what mind to the gods uplifted
Could upon the sea have graven
The white and dainty Kypris,
From whom the Blest have being?



He hath drawn the goddess naked;
Only, what it were not lawful
To behold, with waves he covers.
And floating gently forward,
Like a spray of whitest sea-wool,
In the smooth and tranquil water,
As she plunges with her body,
She drives the splash before her;
And just where her rosy bosom
From her tender neck is parted
She divides the surging billows.
In the middle of the furrow
She appeareth through the water
Like a violet-circled lily.
And along the silver billow,
Upon leaping dolphins mounted,
There are Himeros and Eros,
At the wiles of mortals mocking.
And a circling band of fishes,
Amid the waters scattered,
Round Pafia's body gambol,
To make her smile in swimming.

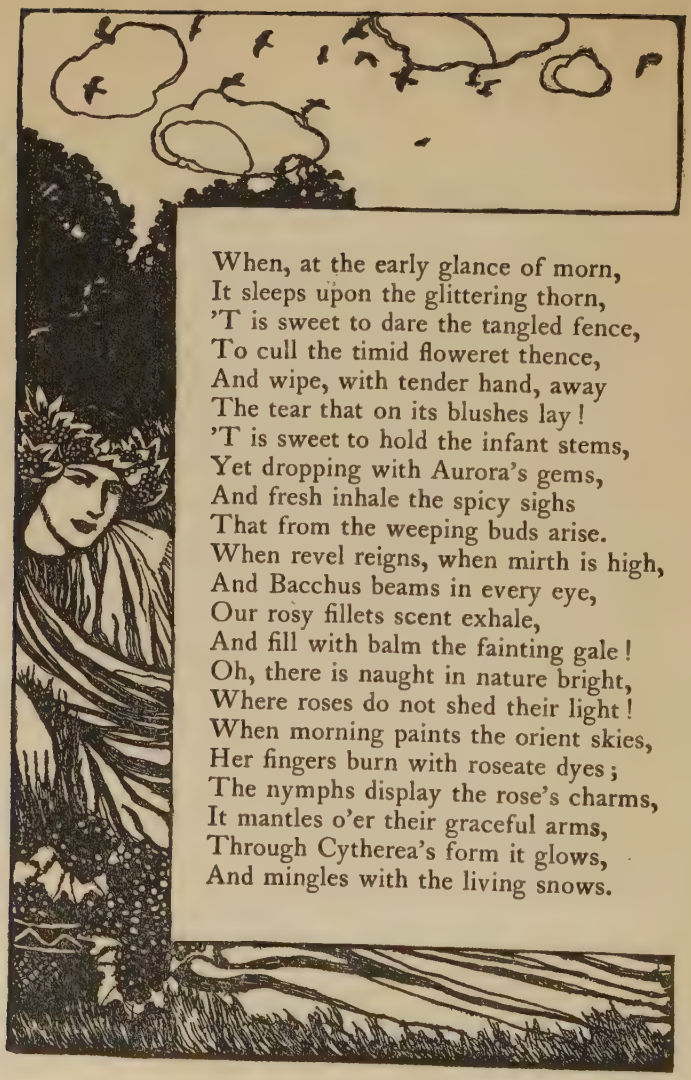


L.

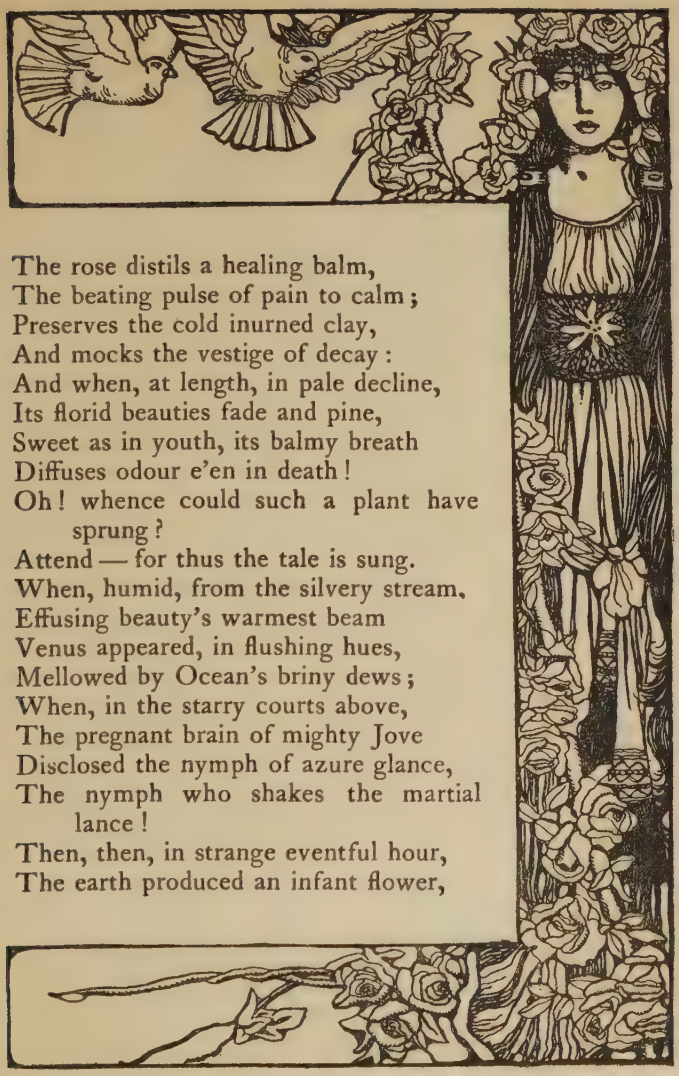
THE ROSE

I.

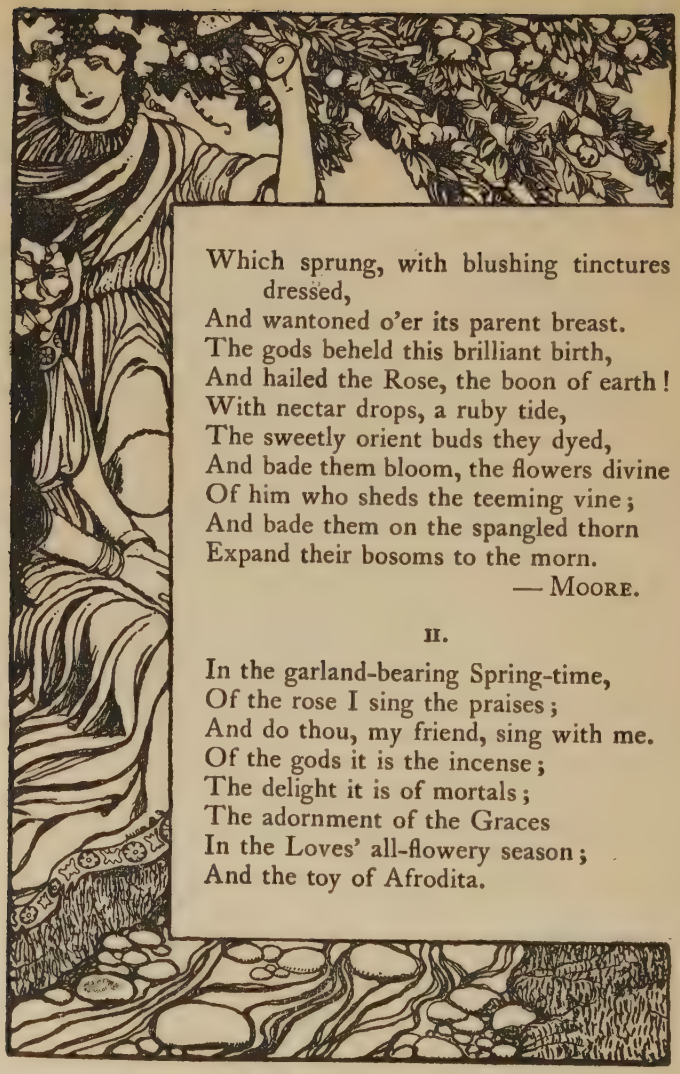
While we invoke the wreathed spring,
Resplendent rose! to thee we 'll sing;
Resplendent rose! the flower of flowers,
Whose breath perfumes Olympus' bowers;
Whose virgin blush, of chastened dye,
Enchants so much our mortal eye,
When Pleasure's bloomy season glows,
The Graces love to twine the rose;
The rose is warm Dione's bliss,
And flushes like Dione's kiss!
Oft has the poet's magic tongue
The rose's fair luxuriance sung;
And long the Muses, heavenly maids,
Have reared it in their tuneful shades.



When, at the early glance of morn,
It sleeps upon the glittering thorn,
'T is sweet to dare the tangled fence,
To cull the timid floweret thence,
And wipe, with tender hand, away
The tear that on its blushes lay!
'T is sweet to hold the infant stems,
Yet dropping with Aurora's gems,
And fresh inhale the spicy sighs
That from the weeping buds arise.
When revel reigns, when mirth is high,
And Bacchus beams in every eye,
Our rosy fillets scent exhale,
And fill with balm the fainting gale!
Oh, there is naught in nature bright,
Where roses do not shed their light!
When morning paints the orient skies,
Her fingers burn with roseate dyes;
The nymphs display the rose's charms,
It mantles o'er their graceful arms,
Through Cytherea's form it glows,
And mingles with the living snows.



The rose distils a healing balm,
The beating pulse of pain to calm;
Preserves the cold inurned clay,
And mocks the vestige of decay:
And when, at length, in pale decline,
Its florid beauties fade and pine,
Sweet as in youth, its balmy breath
Diffuses odour e'en in death!
Oh! whence could such a plant have sprung?
Attend — for thus the tale is sung.
When, humid, from the silvery stream,
Effusing beauty's warmest beam
Venus appeared, in flushing hues,
Mellowed by Ocean's briny dews;
When, in the starry courts above,
The pregnant brain of mighty Jove
Disclosed the nymph of azure glance,
The nymph who shakes the martial lance!
Then, then, in strange eventful hour,
The earth produced an infant flower,

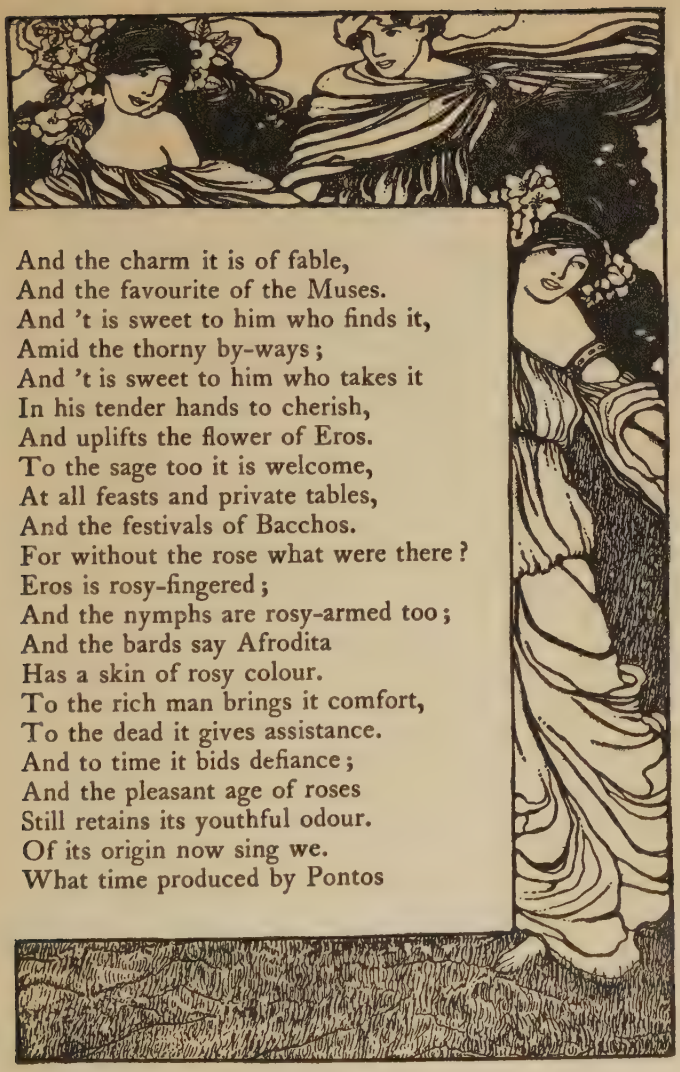


Which sprung, with blushing tinctures
dressed,
And wantoned o'er its parent breast.
The gods beheld this brilliant birth,
And hailed the Rose, the boon of earth!
With nectar drops, a ruby tide,
The sweetly orient buds they dyed,
And bade them bloom, the flowers divine
Of him who sheds the teeming vine;
And bade them on the spangled thorn
Expand their bosoms to the morn.

— Moore.

II.

In the garland-bearing Spring-time,
Of the rose I sing the praises;
And do thou, my friend, sing with me.
Of the gods it is the incense;
The delight it is of mortals;
The adornment of the Graces
In the Loves' all-flowery season;
And the toy of Afrodita.



And the charm it is of fable,
And the favourite of the Muses.
And 't is sweet to him who finds it,
Amid the thorny by-ways;
And 't is sweet to him who takes it
In his tender hands to cherish,
And uplifts the flower of Eros.
To the sage too it is welcome,
At all feasts and private tables,
And the festivals of Bacchos.
For without the rose what were there?
Eros is rosy-fingered;
And the nymphs are rosy-armed too;
And the bards say Afrodita
Has a skin of rosy colour.
To the rich man brings it comfort,
To the dead it gives assistance.
And to time it bids defiance;
And the pleasant age of roses
Still retains its youthful odour.
Of its origin now sing we.
What time produced by Pontos

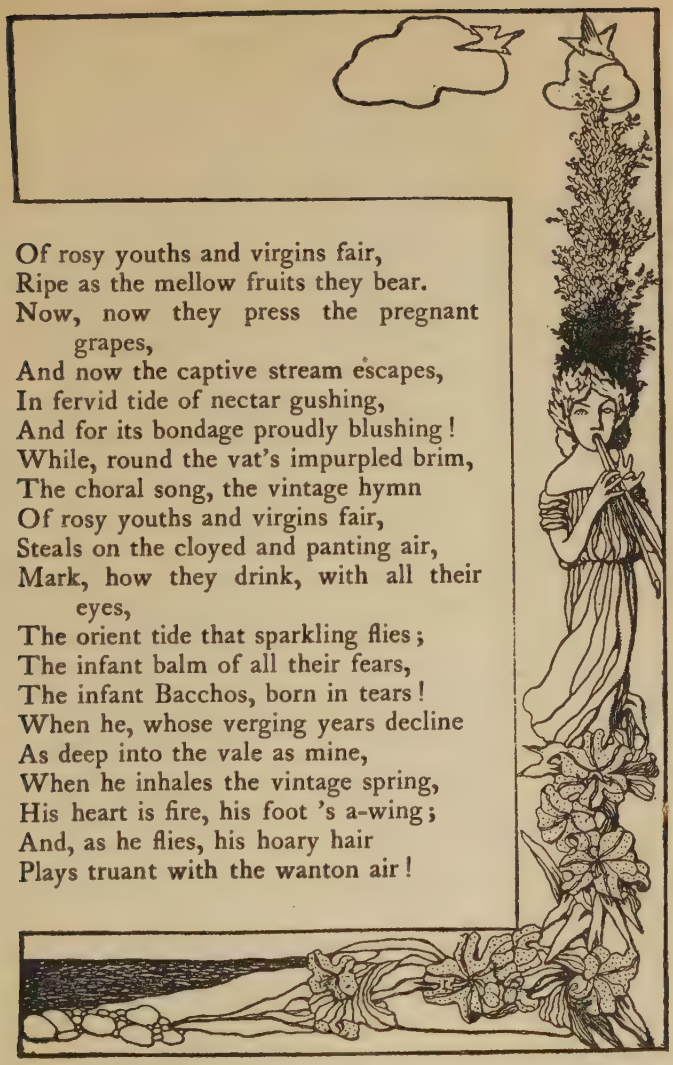
Was the dew-besprent Kythera
From the foam of azure billows;
And the war-exciting Pallas
From his head when Zeus gave birth to,
And startled all Olympos;
With a crop of wondrous roses,
Then the earth spontaneous sprouted,
A many-tinted marvel.
And the host of blest Immortals,
To perfect the rose imbued it
With their nectar, and they bade it
On the thorn-bush grow, the honoured
And immortal plant of Bacchos.

— ARNOLD.

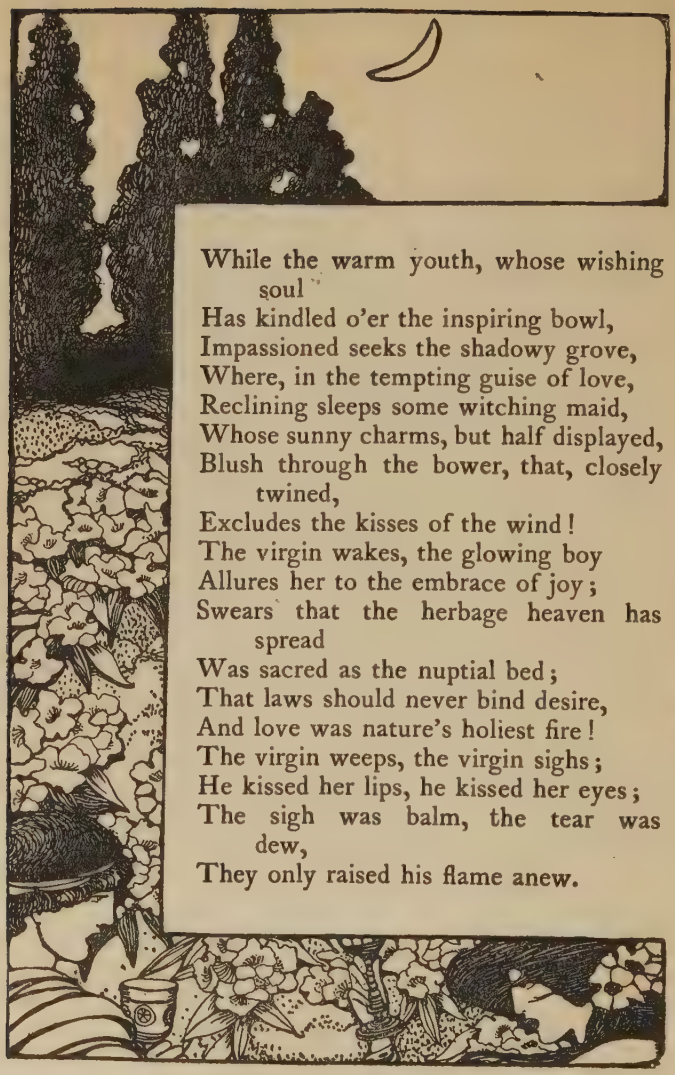
LI.

THE VINTAGE

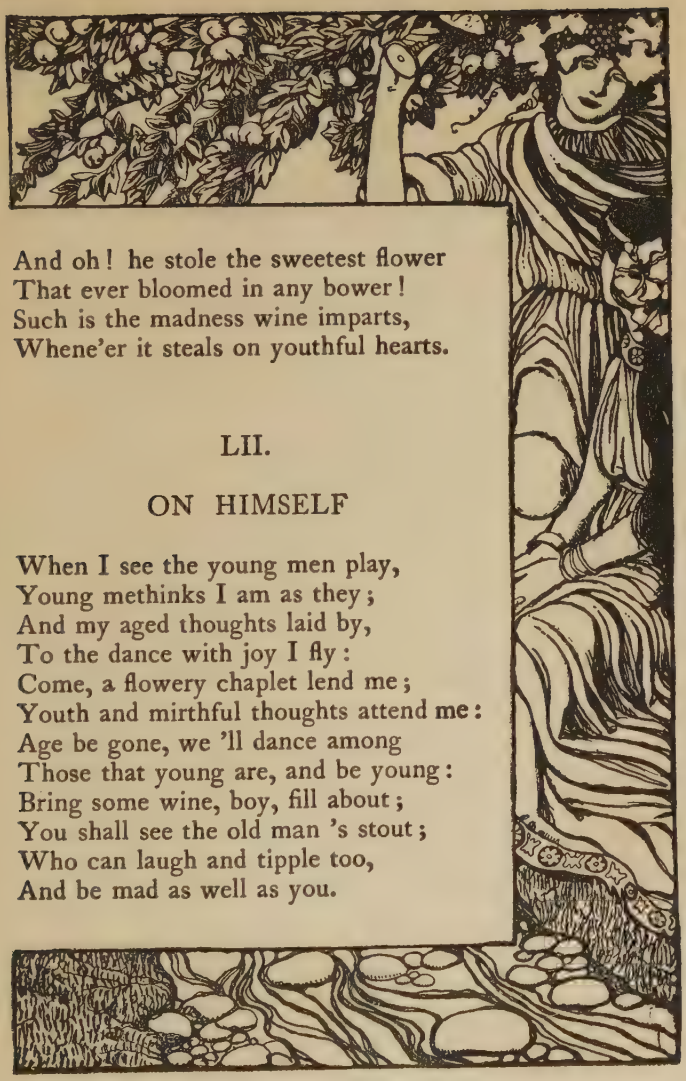
Sabled by the solar beam,
Not the fiery clusters teem,
In osier baskets, borne along
By all the festal vintage throng



Of rosy youths and virgins fair,
Ripe as the mellow fruits they bear.
Now, now they press the pregnant grapes,
And now the captive stream escapes,
In fervid tide of nectar gushing,
And for its bondage proudly blushing!
While, round the vat's impurpled brim,
The choral song, the vintage hymn
Of rosy youths and virgins fair,
Steals on the cloyed and panting air,
Mark, how they drink, with all their eyes,
The orient tide that sparkling flies;
The infant balm of all their fears,
The infant Bacchos, born in tears!
When he, whose verging years decline
As deep into the vale as mine,
When he inhales the vintage spring,
His heart is fire, his foot 's a-wing;
And, as he flies, his hoary hair
Plays truant with the wanton air!



While the warm youth, whose wishing soul
Has kindled o'er the inspiring bowl,
Impassioned seeks the shadowy grove,
Where, in the tempting guise of love,
Reclining sleeps some witching maid,
Whose sunny charms, but half displayed,
Blush through the bower, that, closely twined,
Excludes the kisses of the wind!
The virgin wakes, the glowing boy
Allures her to the embrace of joy;
Swears that the herbage heaven has spread
Was sacred as the nuptial bed;
That laws should never bind desire,
And love was nature's holiest fire!
The virgin weeps, the virgin sighs;
He kissed her lips, he kissed her eyes;
The sigh was balm, the tear was dew,
They only raised his flame anew.

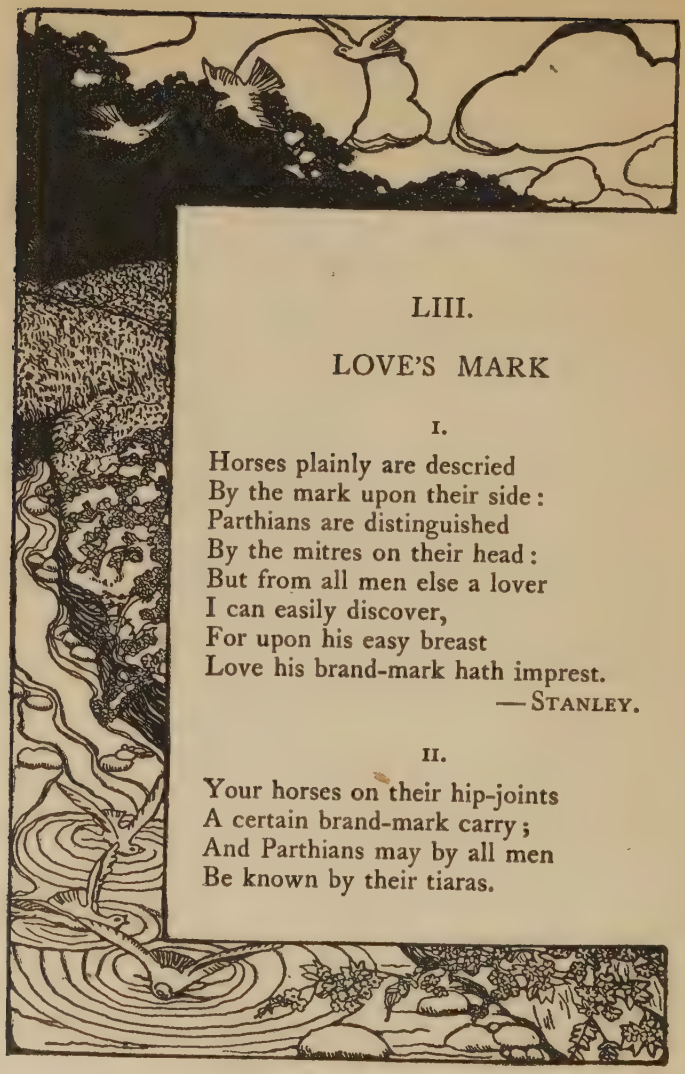


And oh! he stole the sweetest flower
That ever bloomed in any bower!
Such is the madness wine imparts,
Whene'er it steals on youthful hearts.

LII.

ON HIMSELF

When I see the young men play,
Young methinks I am as they;
And my aged thoughts laid by,
To the dance with joy I fly:
Come, a flowery chaplet lend me;
Youth and mirthful thoughts attend me:
Age be gone, we 'll dance among
Those that young are, and be young:
Bring some wine, boy, fill about;
You shall see the old man 's stout;
Who can laugh and tipple too,
And be mad as well as you.



LIII.

LOVE'S MARK

I.

Horses plainly are descried
By the mark upon their side:
Parthians are distinguished
By the mitres on their head:
But from all men else a lover
I can easily discover,
For upon his easy breast
Love his brand-mark hath imprest.

—STANLEY.

II.

Your horses on their hip-joints
A certain brand-mark carry;
And Parthians may by all men
Be known by their tiaras.

So I when I see lovers
At once can recognise them,
For a subtle mark they carry
Of all their inward feelings.

— ARNOLD.

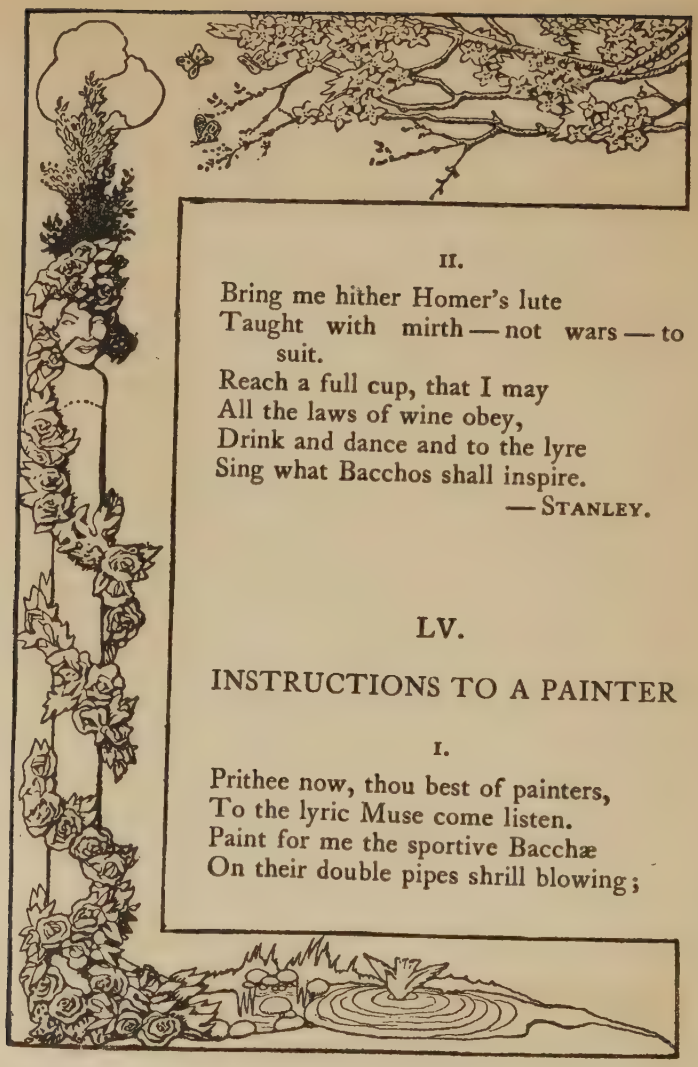
LIV.

THE LYRE OF HOMER

I.

Give me the lyre of Homer,
But without its chord of battle.
And the regulation goblets
Bring with the laws together,
That tipsily I may gambol;
Yet still with moderation.
To the lyre so gaily singing
I 'll join the festive carol.

— ARNOLD.



II.

Bring me hither Homer's lute
Taught with mirth — not wars — to suit.
Reach a full cup, that I may
All the laws of wine obey,
Drink and dance and to the lyre
Sing what Bacchos shall inspire.

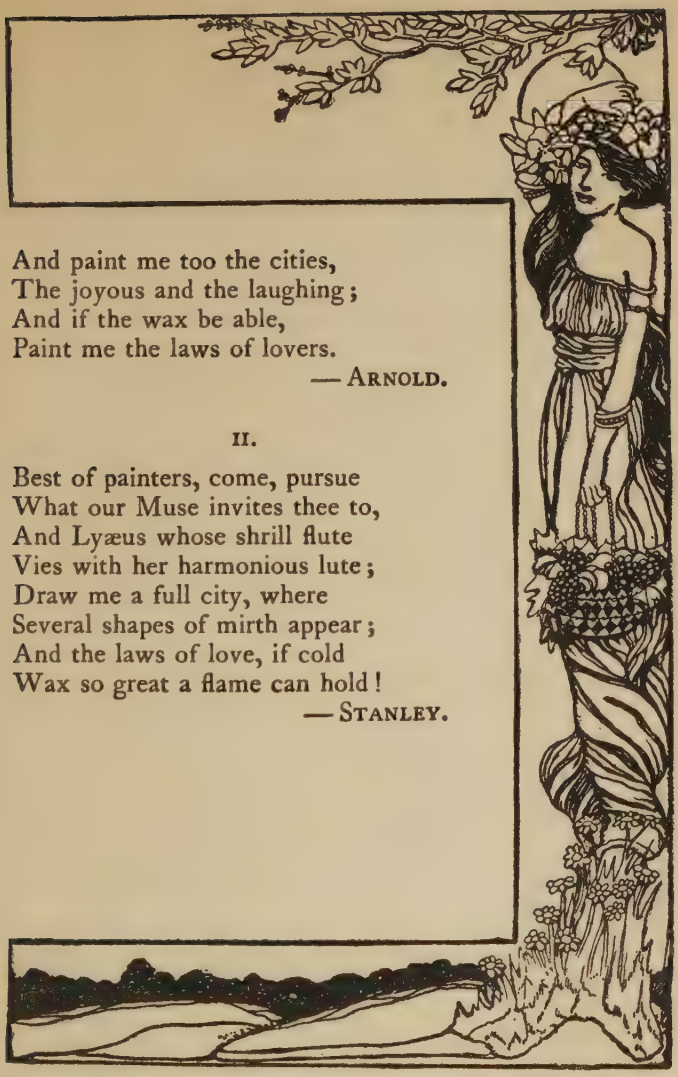
— STANLEY.

LV.

INSTRUCTIONS TO A PAINTER

I.

Prithee now, thou best of painters,
To the lyric Muse come listen.
Paint for me the sportive Bacchæ
On their double pipes shrill blowing;



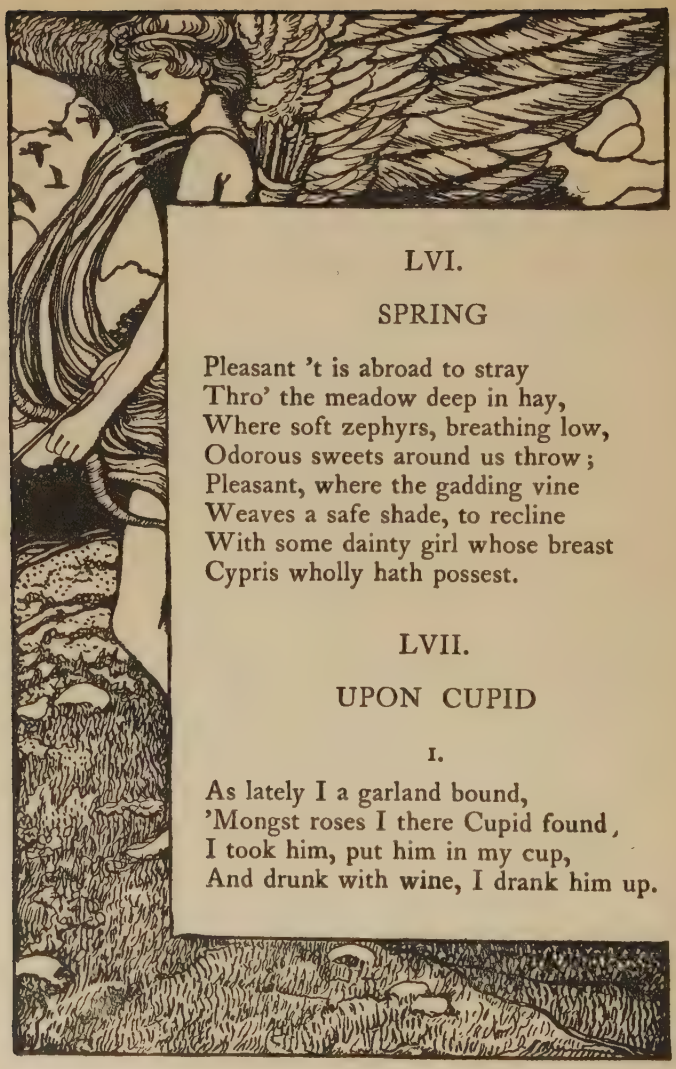
And paint me too the cities,
The joyous and the laughing;
And if the wax be able,
Paint me the laws of lovers.

— ARNOLD.

II.

Best of painters, come, pursue
What our Muse invites thee to,
And Lyæus whose shrill flute
Vies with her harmonious lute;
Draw me a full city, where
Several shapes of mirth appear;
And the laws of love, if cold
Wax so great a flame can hold!

— STANLEY.



LVI.

SPRING

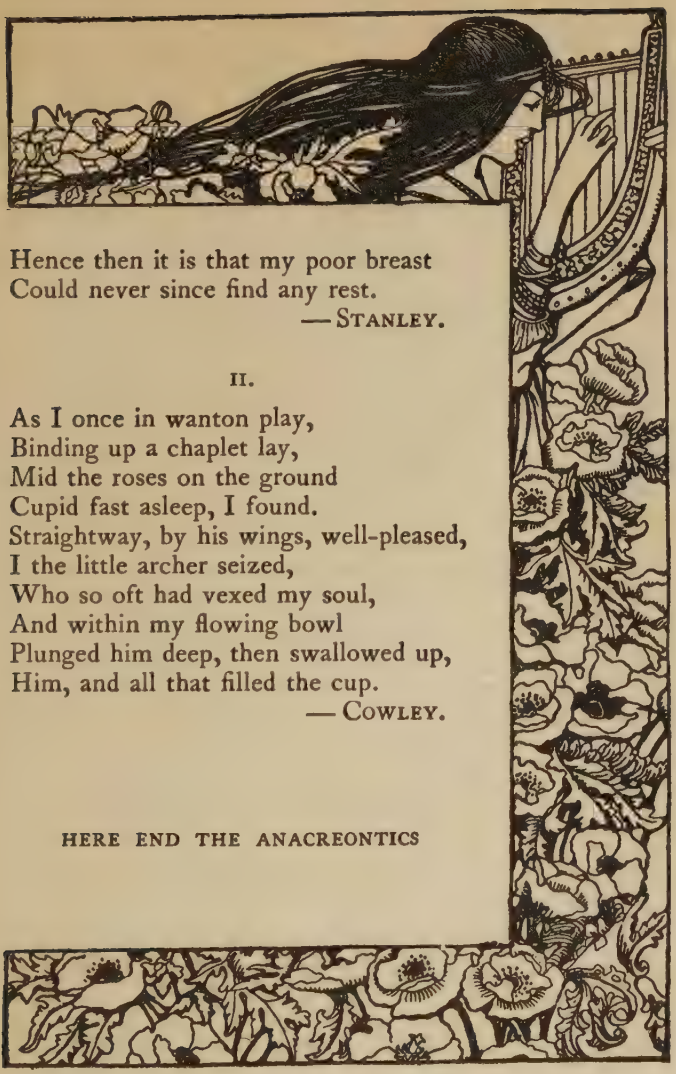
Pleasant 't is abroad to stray
Thro' the meadow deep in hay,
Where soft zephyrs, breathing low,
Odorous sweets around us throw;
Pleasant, where the gadding vine
Weaves a safe shade, to recline
With some dainty girl whose breast
Cypris wholly hath possest.

LVII.

UPON CUPID

I.

As lately I a garland bound,
'Mongst roses I there Cupid found,
I took him, put him in my cup,
And drunk with wine, I drank him up.

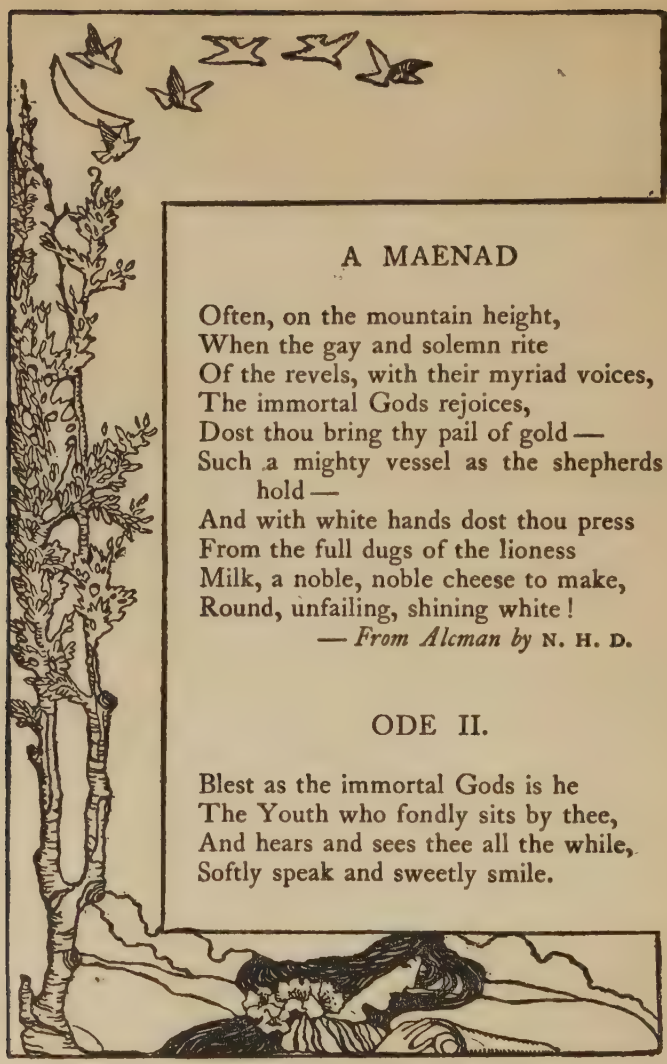


Hence then it is that my poor breast
Could never since find any rest.
— STANLEY.

II.

As I once in wanton play,
Binding up a chaplet lay,
Mid the roses on the ground
Cupid fast asleep, I found.
Straightway, by his wings, well-pleased,
I the little archer seized,
Who so oft had vexed my soul,
And within my flowing bowl
Plunged him deep, then swallowed up,
Him, and all that filled the cup.
— COWLEY.

HERE END THE ANACREONTICS



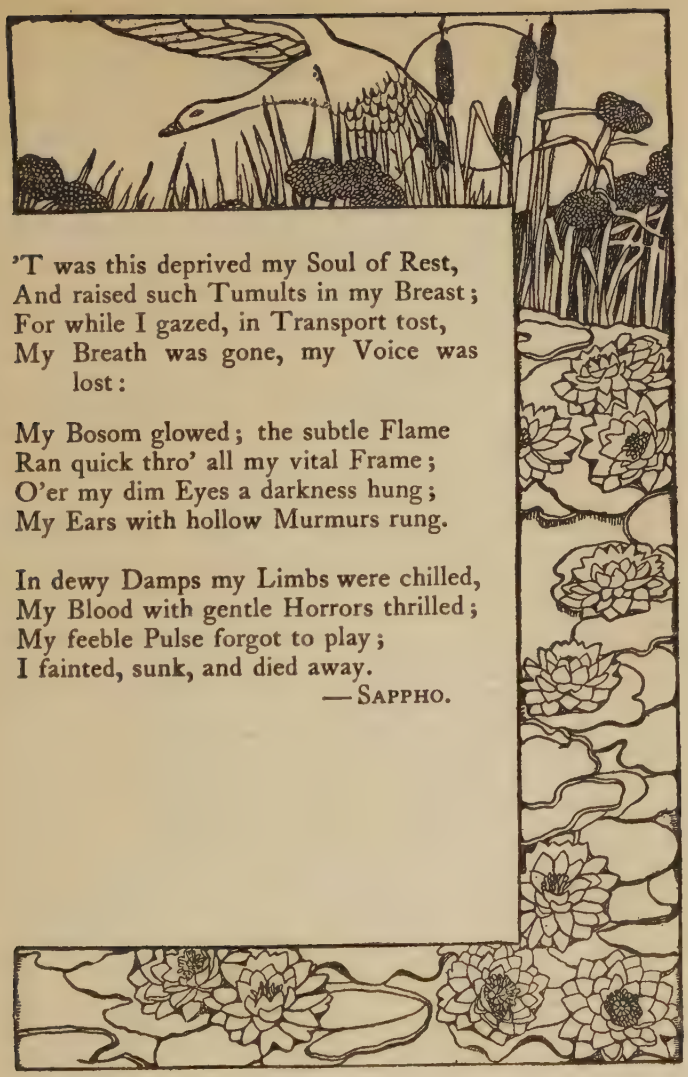
A MAENAD

Often, on the mountain height,
When the gay and solemn rite
Of the revels, with their myriad voices,
The immortal Gods rejoices,
Dost thou bring thy pail of gold —
Such a mighty vessel as the shepherds
hold —
And with white hands dost thou press
From the full dugs of the lioness
Milk, a noble, noble cheese to make,
Round, unfailing, shining white!

— *From Alcman by* N. H. D.

ODE II.

Blest as the immortal Gods is he
The Youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while,
Softly speak and sweetly smile.

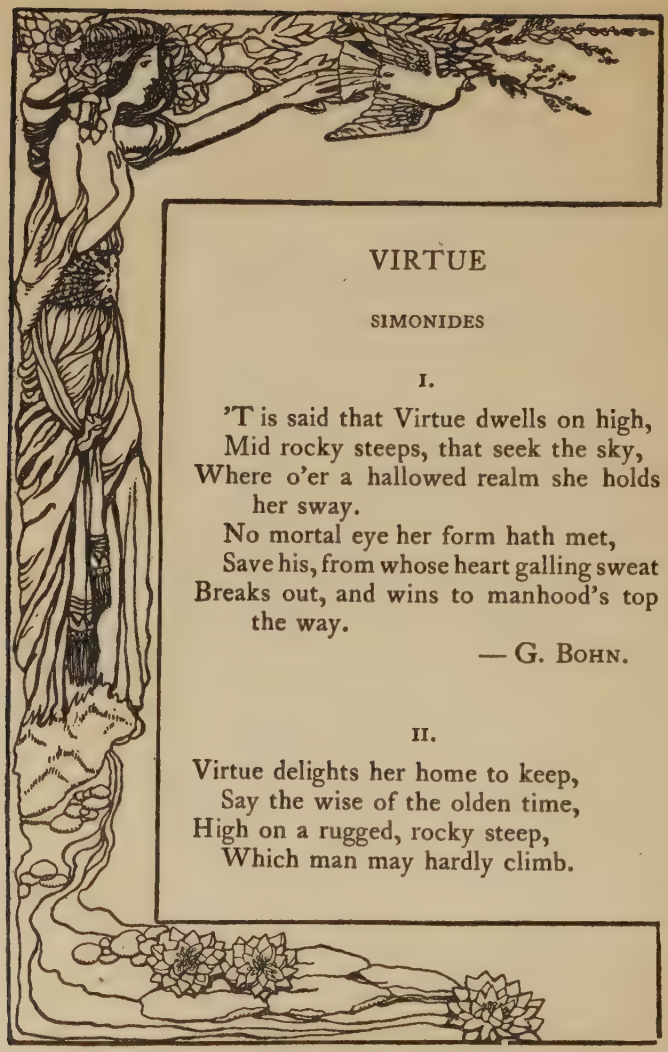


'T was this deprived my Soul of Rest,
And raised such Tumults in my Breast;
For while I gazed, in Transport tost,
My Breath was gone, my Voice was lost:

My Bosom glowed; the subtle Flame
Ran quick thro' all my vital Frame;
O'er my dim Eyes a darkness hung;
My Ears with hollow Murmurs rung.

In dewy Damps my Limbs were chilled,
My Blood with gentle Horrors thrilled;
My feeble Pulse forgot to play;
I fainted, sunk, and died away.

—SAPPHO.



VIRTUE

SIMONIDES

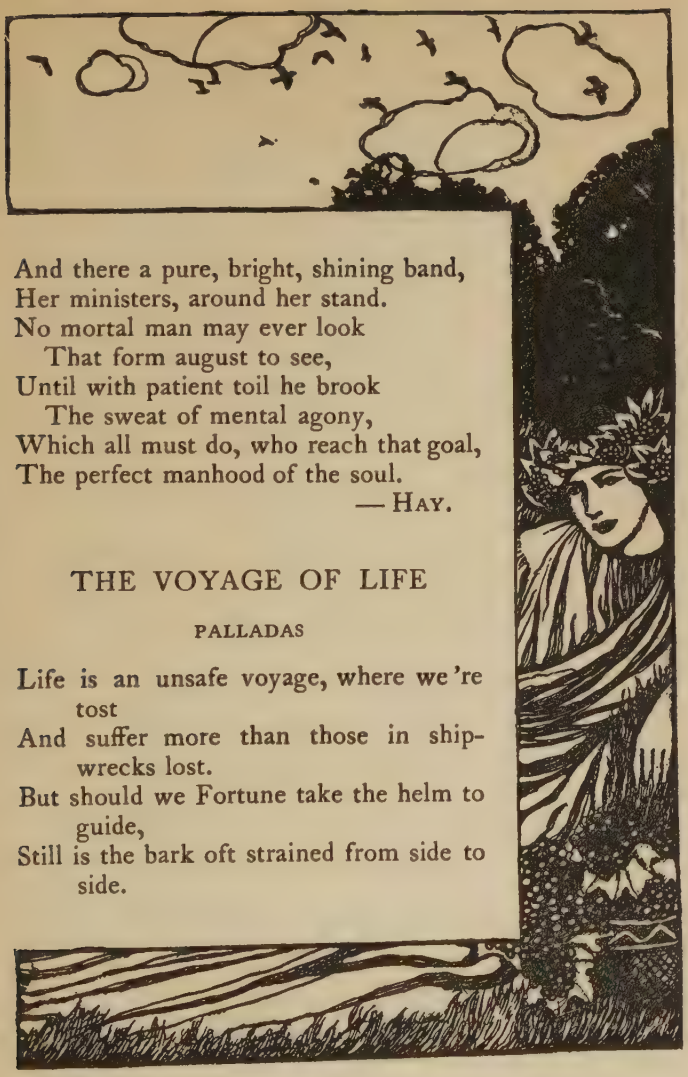
I.

'T is said that Virtue dwells on high,
Mid rocky steeps, that seek the sky,
Where o'er a hallowed realm she holds her sway.
No mortal eye her form hath met,
Save his, from whose heart galling sweat
Breaks out, and wins to manhood's top the way.

— G. Bohn.

II.

Virtue delights her home to keep,
Say the wise of the olden time,
High on a rugged, rocky steep,
Which man may hardly climb.



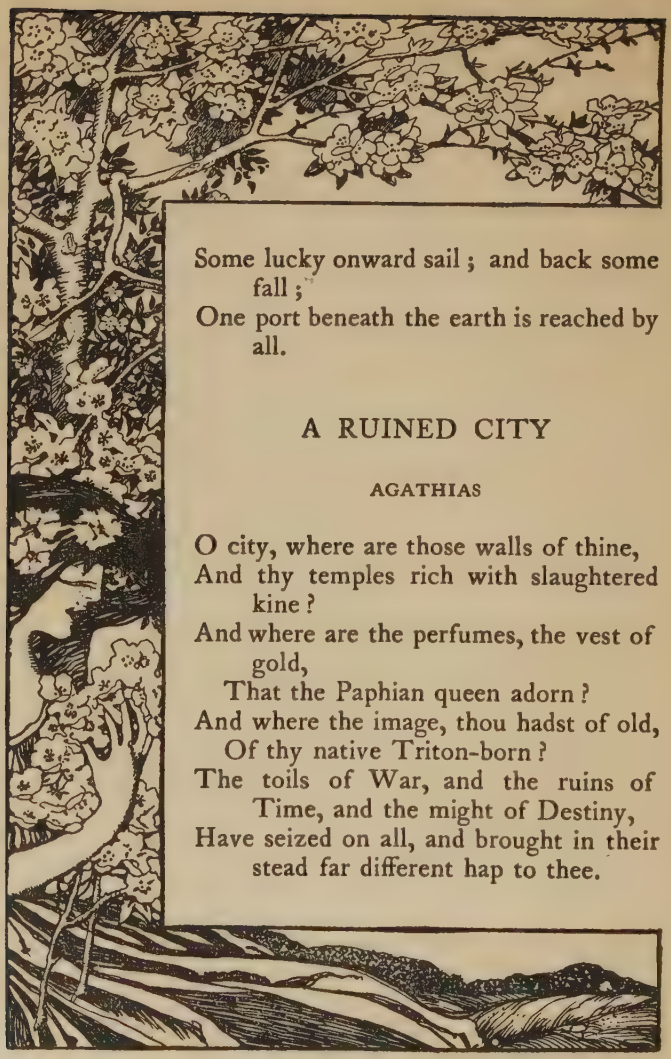
And there a pure, bright, shining band,
Her ministers, around her stand.
No mortal man may ever look
  That form august to see,
Until with patient toil he brook
  The sweat of mental agony,
Which all must do, who reach that goal,
The perfect manhood of the soul.

— HAY.

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE

PALLADAS

Life is an unsafe voyage, where we 're tost
And suffer more than those in ship-wrecks lost.
But should we Fortune take the helm to guide,
Still is the bark oft strained from side to side.



Some lucky onward sail; and back some fall;
One port beneath the earth is reached by all.

A RUINED CITY

AGATHIAS

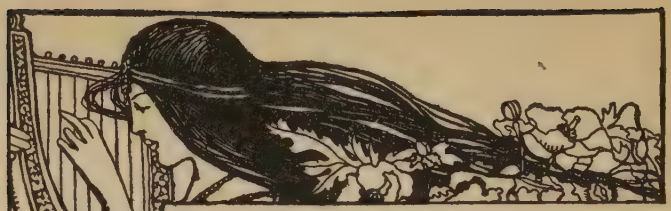
O city, where are those walls of thine,
And thy temples rich with slaughtered kine?
And where are the perfumes, the vest of gold,
That the Paphian queen adorn?
And where the image, thou hadst of old,
Of thy native Triton-born?
The toils of War, and the ruins of Time, and the might of Destiny,
Have seized on all, and brought in their stead far different hap to thee.

Thus far bitter Envy hath conquered thee.
But alone survives thy name;
And envy itself shall conquered be;
For it cannot hide thy fame.

THE DIVINE SPARK

ASCLEPIADES

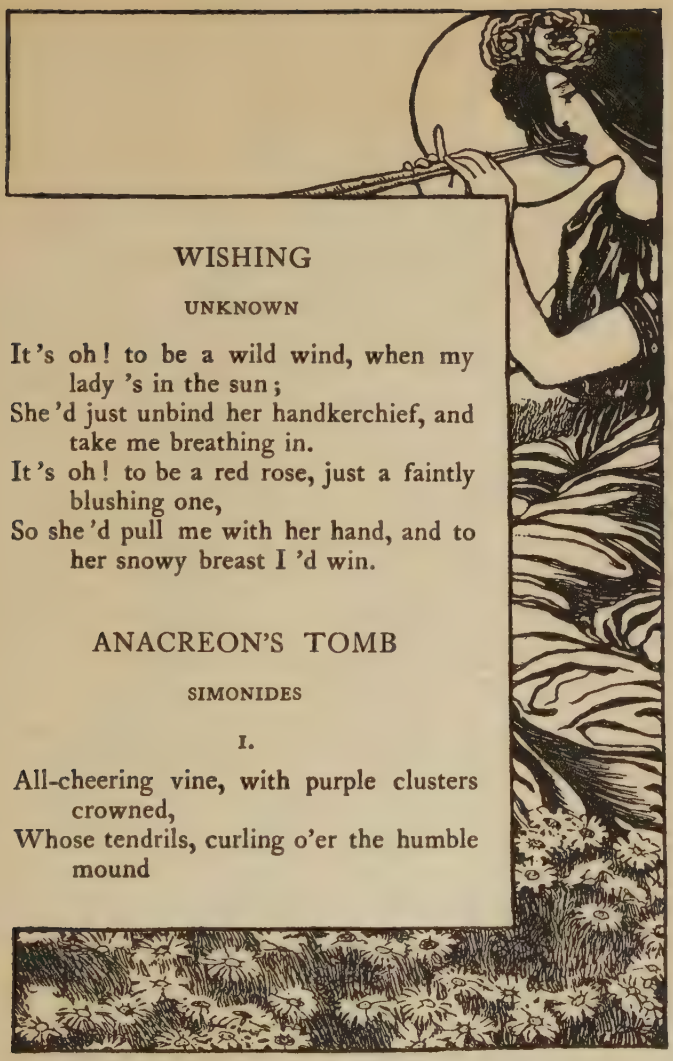
Young Didymé, in her youth and beauty's glory,
Taught me to love her, I kindled at love's fire;
Now love's sky grows dark, and old, and weary of life's story,
Still the dying light of love inflames my love's desire!



THE PLANE AND THE VINE

ANTIPATER OF SIDON

See yonder blushing vine-tree grows,
  And clasps a dry and withered plane,
And round its youthful tendrils throws,
  A shelter from the wind and rain.
That sapless trunk in former time
  Gave covert from the noon-tide blaze,
And taught the infant shoot to climb,
  That now the pious debt repays.
E'en so, kind powers, a partner give
  To share in my prosperity,
Hang on my strength, while yet I live,
  And do me honour, when I die.



WISHING

UNKNOWN

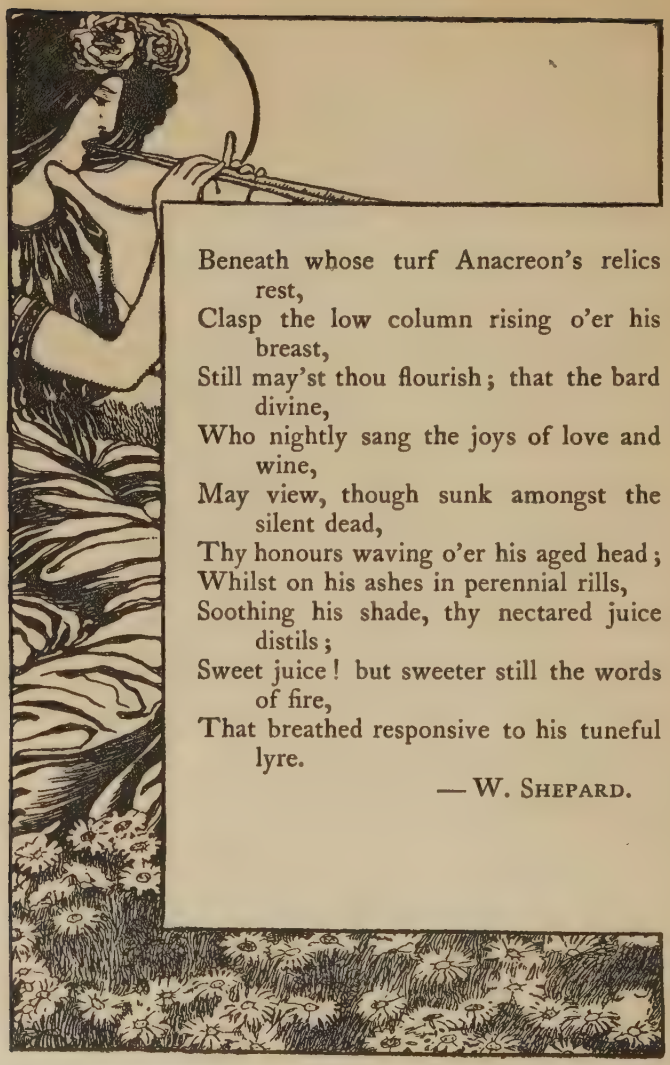
It 's oh! to be a wild wind, when my lady 's in the sun;
She 'd just unbind her handkerchief, and take me breathing in.
It 's oh! to be a red rose, just a faintly blushing one,
So she 'd pull me with her hand, and to her snowy breast I 'd win.

ANACREON'S TOMB

SIMONIDES

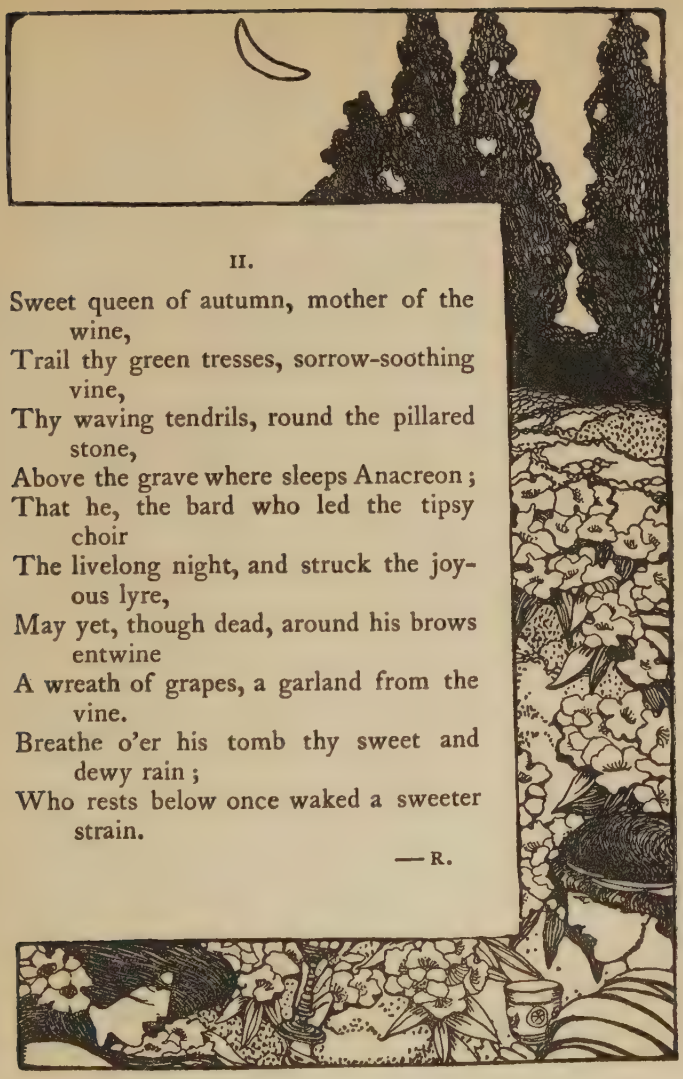
I.

All-cheering vine, with purple clusters crowned,
Whose tendrils, curling o'er the humble mound



Beneath whose turf Anacreon's relics rest,
Clasp the low column rising o'er his breast,
Still may'st thou flourish; that the bard divine,
Who nightly sang the joys of love and wine,
May view, though sunk amongst the silent dead,
Thy honours waving o'er his aged head;
Whilst on his ashes in perennial rills,
Soothing his shade, thy nectared juice distils;
Sweet juice! but sweeter still the words of fire,
That breathed responsive to his tuneful lyre.

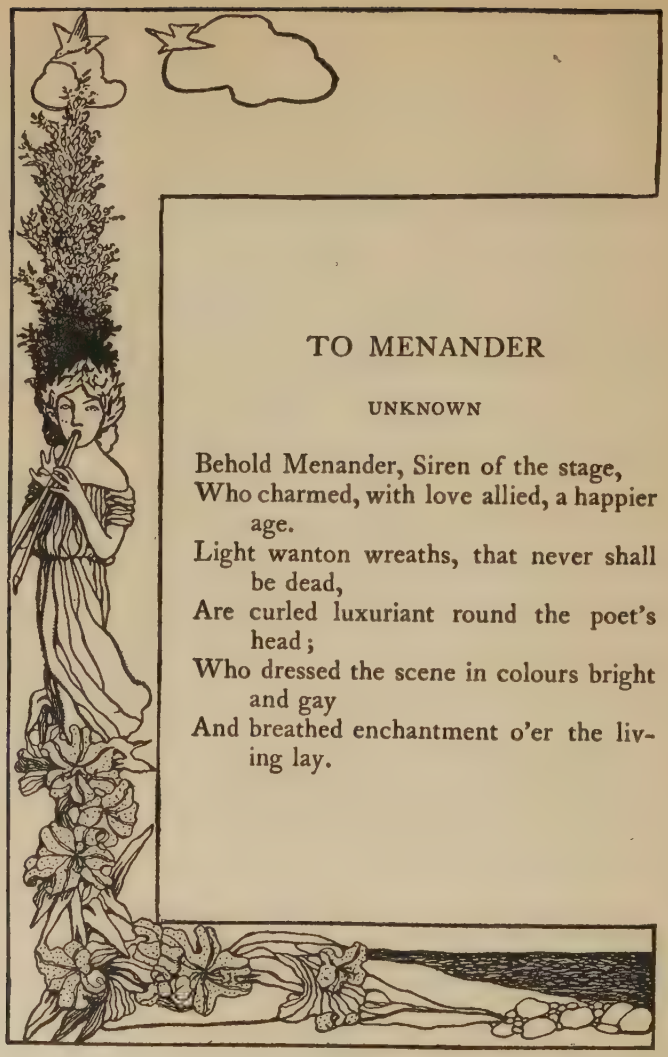
— W. Shepard.



II.

Sweet queen of autumn, mother of the wine,
Trail thy green tresses, sorrow-soothing vine,
Thy waving tendrils, round the pillared stone,
Above the grave where sleeps Anacreon;
That he, the bard who led the tipsy choir
The livelong night, and struck the joyous lyre,
May yet, though dead, around his brows entwine
A wreath of grapes, a garland from the vine.
Breathe o'er his tomb thy sweet and dewy rain;
Who rests below once waked a sweeter strain.

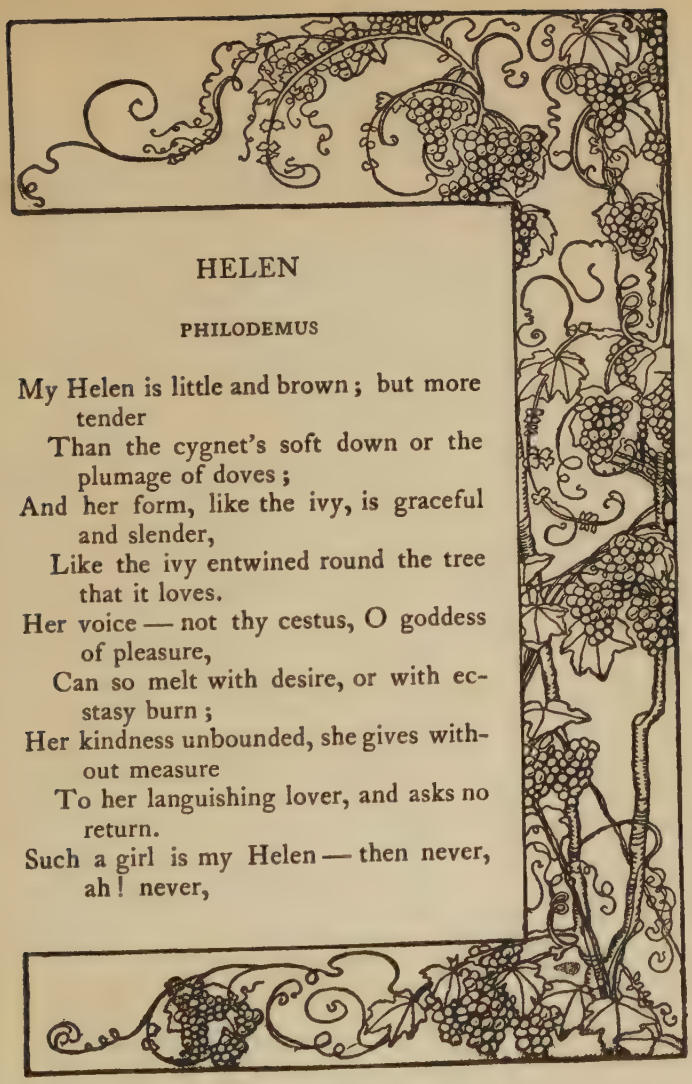
—R.



TO MENANDER

UNKNOWN

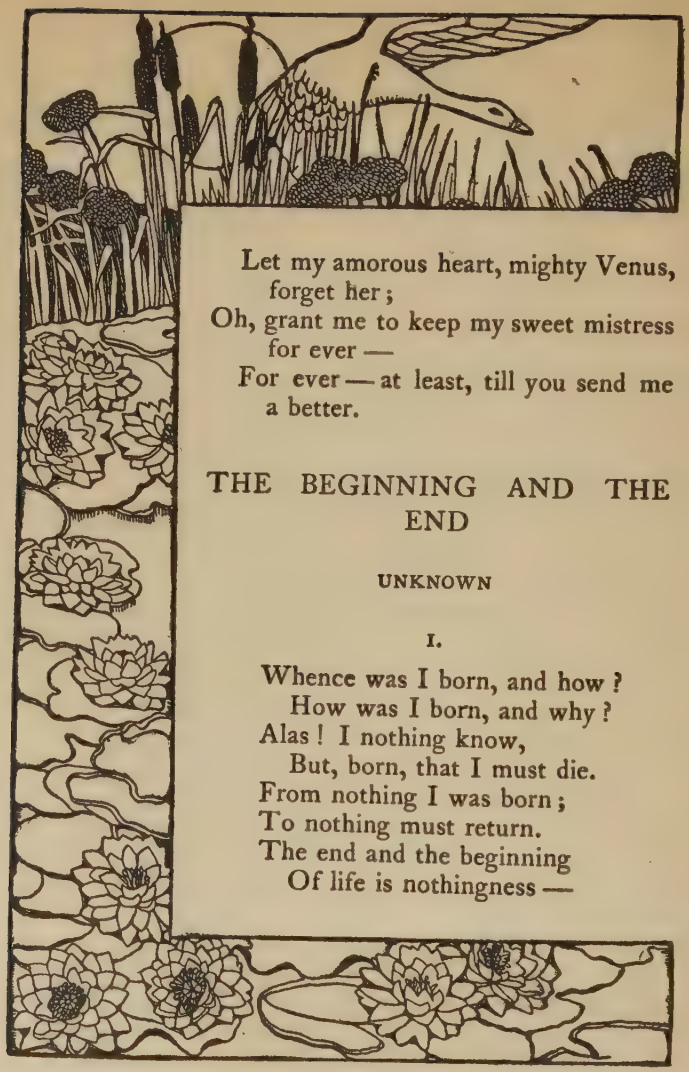
Behold Menander, Siren of the stage,
Who charmed, with love allied, a happier age.
Light wanton wreaths, that never shall be dead,
Are curled luxuriant round the poet's head;
Who dressed the scene in colours bright and gay
And breathed enchantment o'er the living lay.



HELEN

PHILODEMUS

My Helen is little and brown; but more tender
Than the cygnet's soft down or the plumage of doves;
And her form, like the ivy, is graceful and slender,
Like the ivy entwined round the tree that it loves.
Her voice — not thy cestus, O goddess of pleasure,
Can so melt with desire, or with ecstasy burn;
Her kindness unbounded, she gives without measure
To her languishing lover, and asks no return.
Such a girl is my Helen — then never, ah! never,



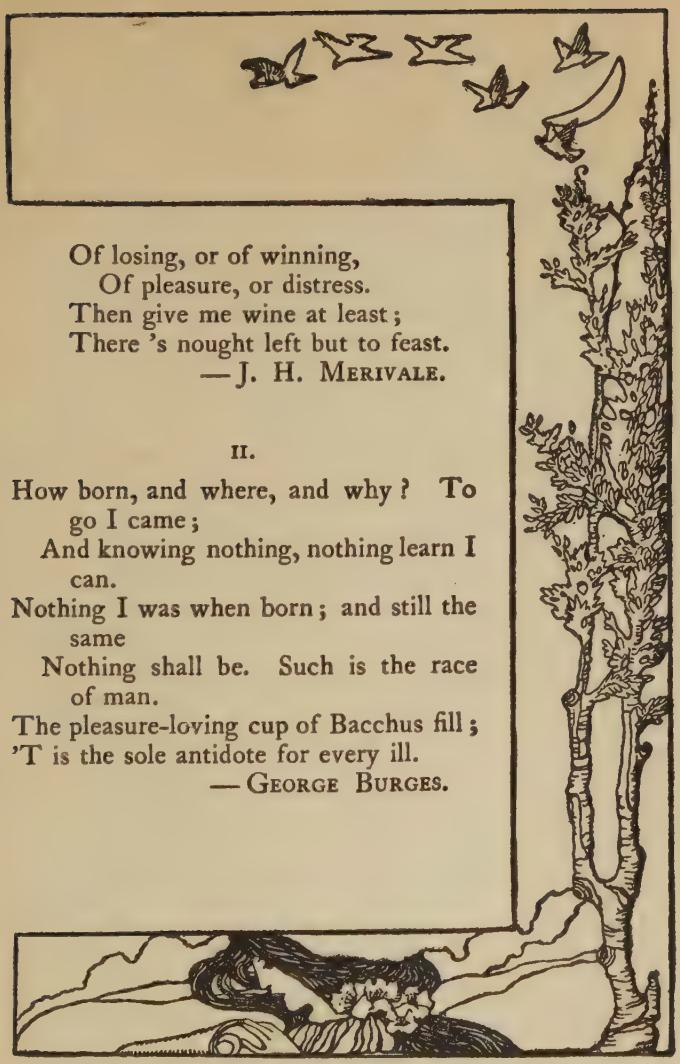
Let my amorous heart, mighty Venus,
forget her;
Oh, grant me to keep my sweet mistress
for ever —
For ever — at least, till you send me
a better.

THE BEGINNING AND THE END

UNKNOWN

I.

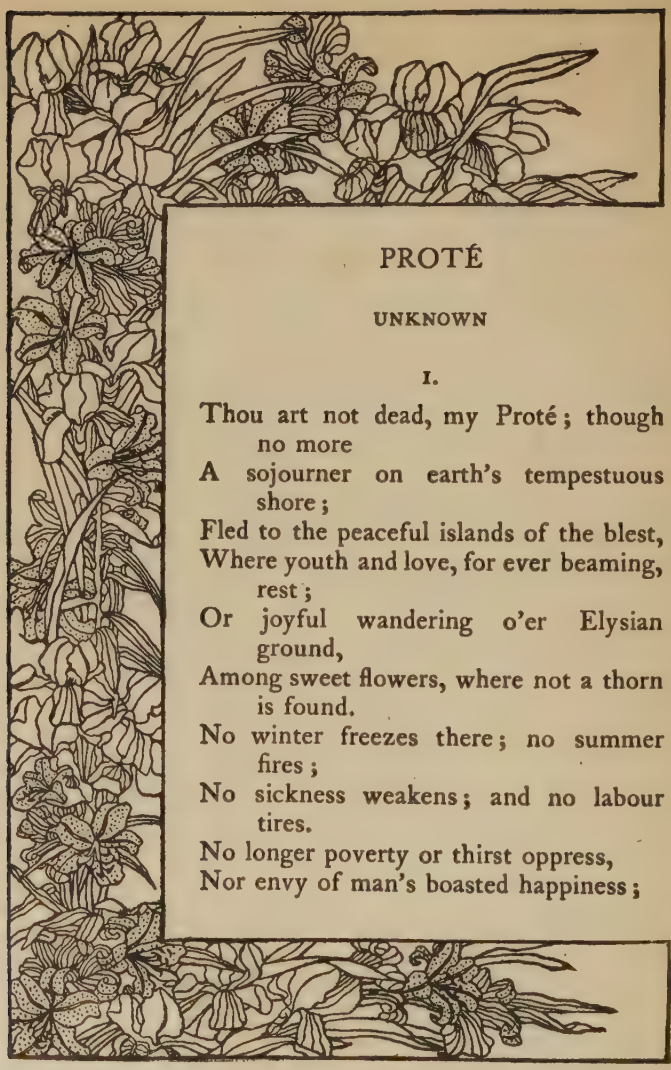
Whence was I born, and how?
How was I born, and why?
Alas! I nothing know,
But, born, that I must die.
From nothing I was born;
To nothing must return.
The end and the beginning
Of life is nothingness —



Of losing, or of winning,
  Of pleasure, or distress.
Then give me wine at least;
There 's nought left but to feast.
— J. H. Merivale.

II.

How born, and where, and why? To go I came;
And knowing nothing, nothing learn I can.
Nothing I was when born; and still the same
Nothing shall be. Such is the race of man.
The pleasure-loving cup of Bacchus fill;
'T is the sole antidote for every ill.
— George Burges.

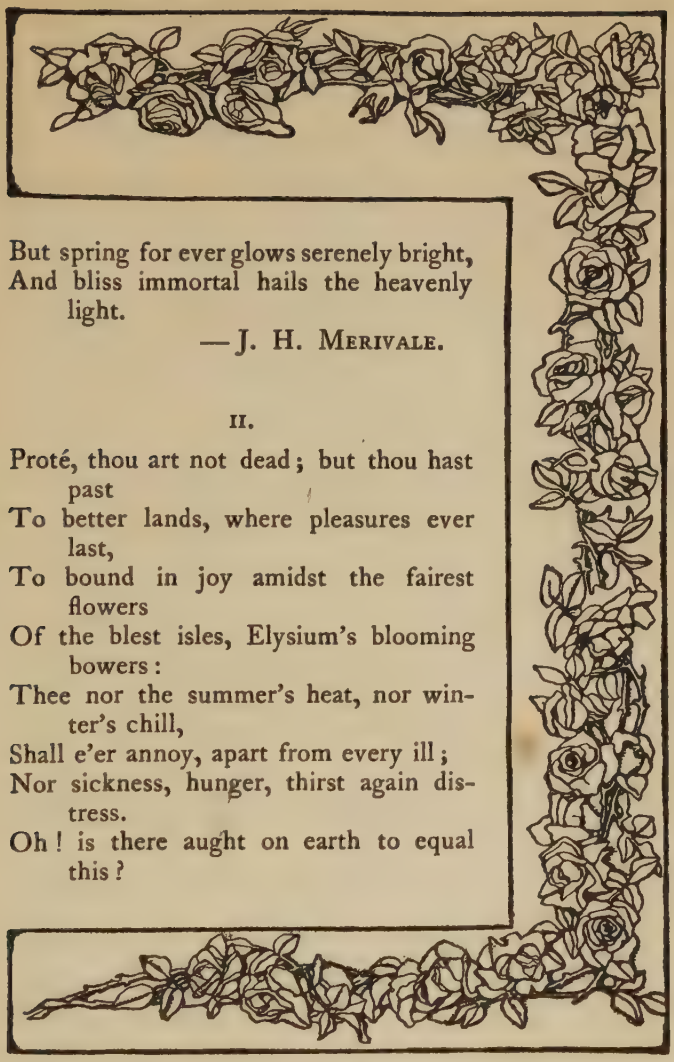


PROTÉ

UNKNOWN

I.

Thou art not dead, my Proté; though no more
A sojourner on earth's tempestuous shore;
Fled to the peaceful islands of the blest,
Where youth and love, for ever beaming, rest;
Or joyful wandering o'er Elysian ground,
Among sweet flowers, where not a thorn is found.
No winter freezes there; no summer fires;
No sickness weakens; and no labour tires.
No longer poverty or thirst oppress,
Nor envy of man's boasted happiness;

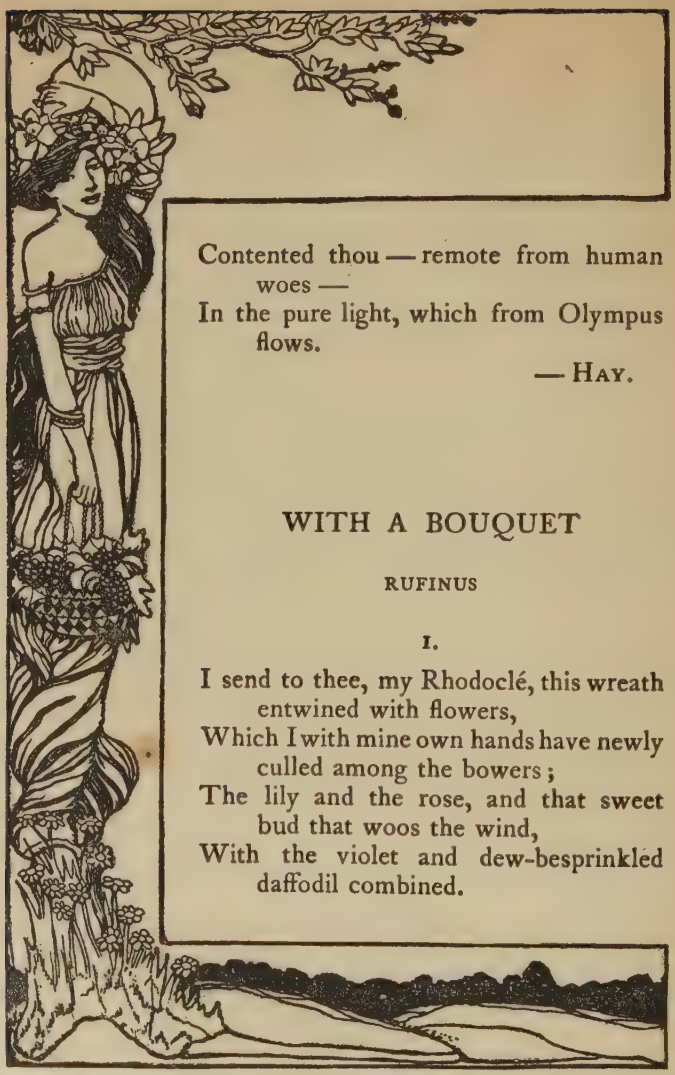


But spring for ever glows serenely bright,
And bliss immortal hails the heavenly light.

—J. H. Merivale.

II.

Proté, thou art not dead; but thou hast past
To better lands, where pleasures ever last,
To bound in joy amidst the fairest flowers
Of the blest isles, Elysium's blooming bowers:
Thee nor the summer's heat, nor winter's chill,
Shall e'er annoy, apart from every ill;
Nor sickness, hunger, thirst again distress.
Oh! is there aught on earth to equal this?



Contented thou — remote from human woes —
In the pure light, which from Olympus flows.

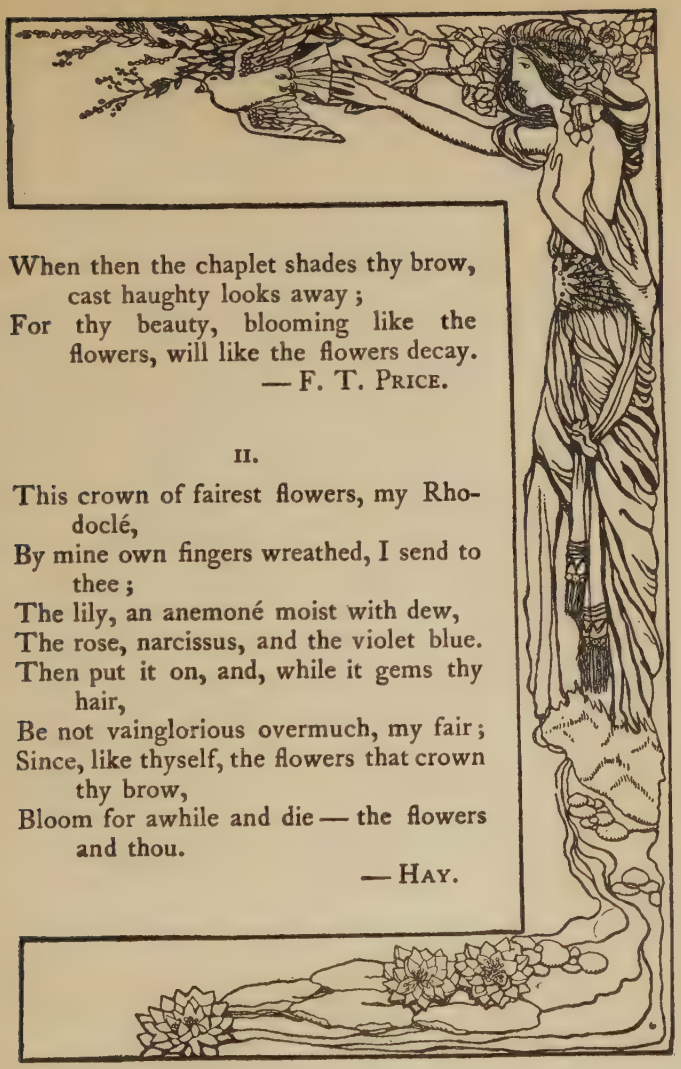
— HAY.

WITH A BOUQUET

RUFINUS

I.

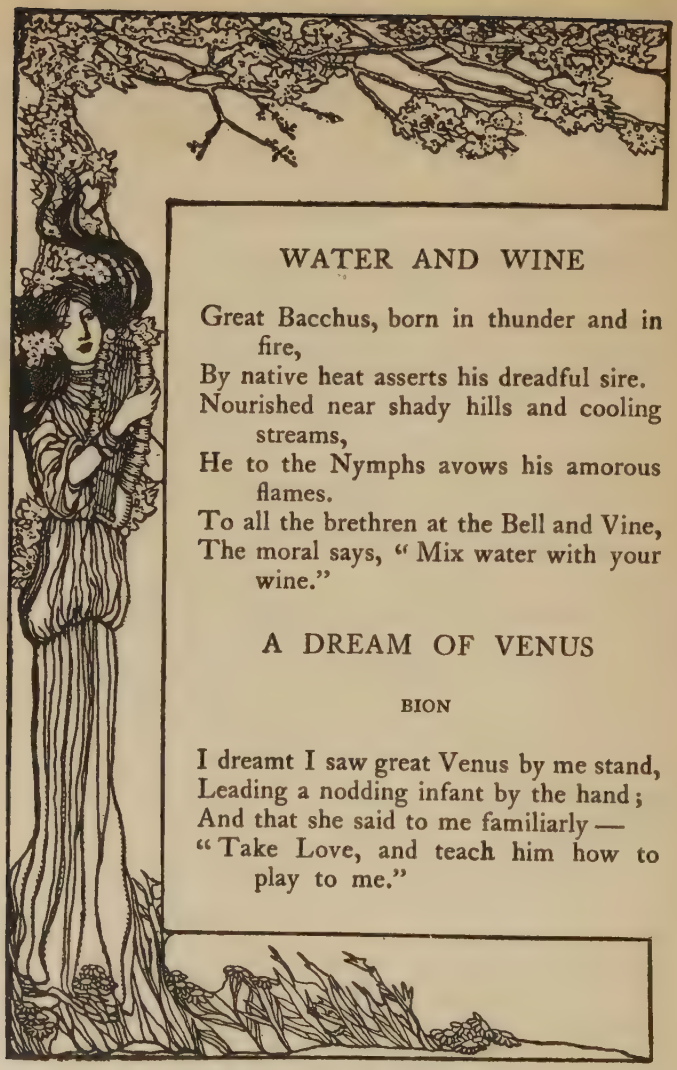
I send to thee, my Rhodoclé, this wreath entwined with flowers,
Which I with mine own hands have newly culled among the bowers;
The lily and the rose, and that sweet bud that woos the wind,
With the violet and dew-besprinkled daffodil combined.



When then the chaplet shades thy brow,
cast haughty looks away;
For thy beauty, blooming like the
flowers, will like the flowers decay.
— F. T. Price.

II.

This crown of fairest flowers, my Rhodoclé,
By mine own fingers wreathed, I send to
thee;
The lily, an anemoné moist with dew,
The rose, narcissus, and the violet blue.
Then put it on, and, while it gems thy
hair,
Be not vainglorious overmuch, my fair;
Since, like thyself, the flowers that crown
thy brow,
Bloom for awhile and die — the flowers
and thou.
— Hay.



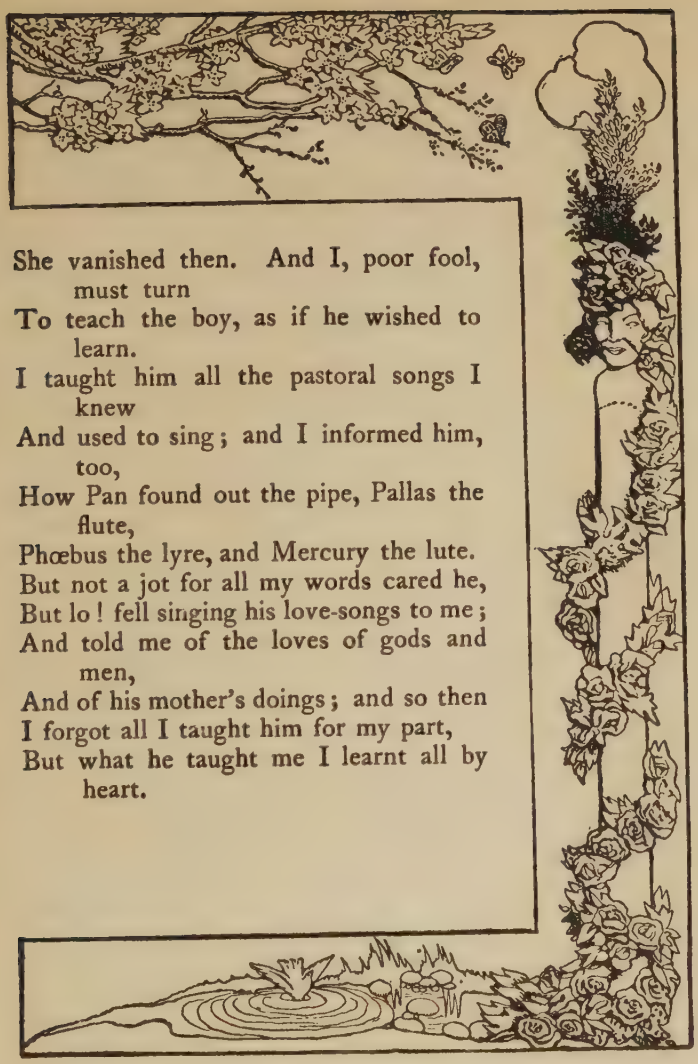
WATER AND WINE

Great Bacchus, born in thunder and in fire,
By native heat asserts his dreadful sire.
Nourished near shady hills and cooling streams,
He to the Nymphs avows his amorous flames.
To all the brethren at the Bell and Vine,
The moral says, "Mix water with your wine."

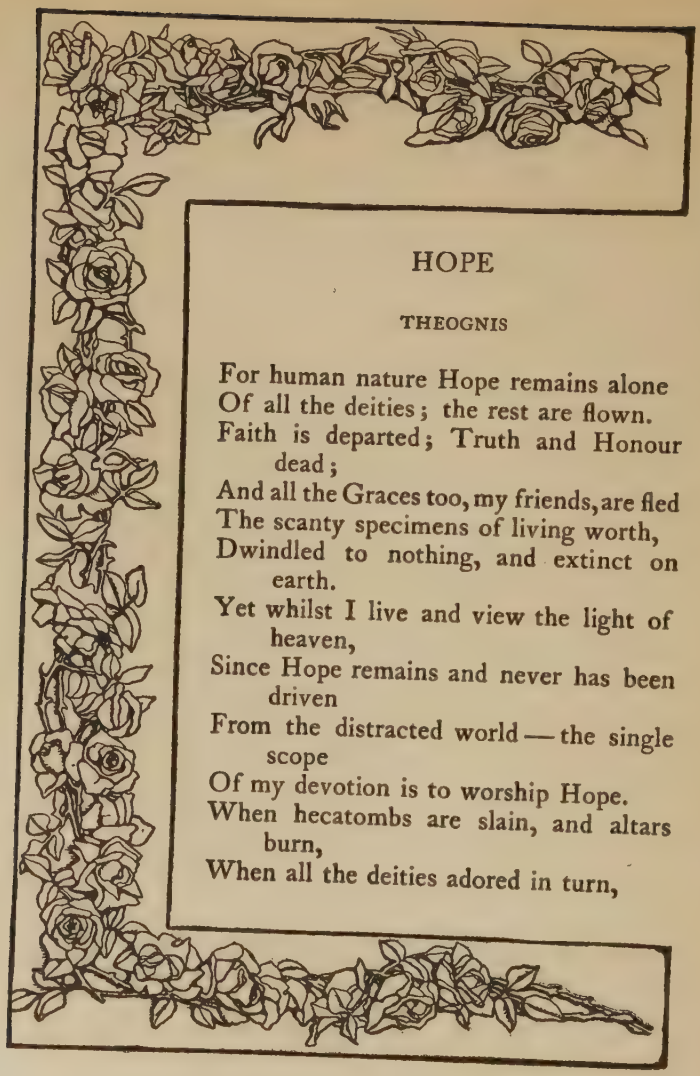
A DREAM OF VENUS

BION

I dreamt I saw great Venus by me stand,
Leading a nodding infant by the hand;
And that she said to me familiarly —
"Take Love, and teach him how to play to me."



She vanished then. And I, poor fool, must turn
To teach the boy, as if he wished to learn.
I taught him all the pastoral songs I knew
And used to sing; and I informed him, too,
How Pan found out the pipe, Pallas the flute,
Phœbus the lyre, and Mercury the lute.
But not a jot for all my words cared he,
But lo! fell singing his love-songs to me;
And told me of the loves of gods and men,
And of his mother's doings; and so then
I forgot all I taught him for my part,
But what he taught me I learnt all by heart.



HOPE

THEOGNIS

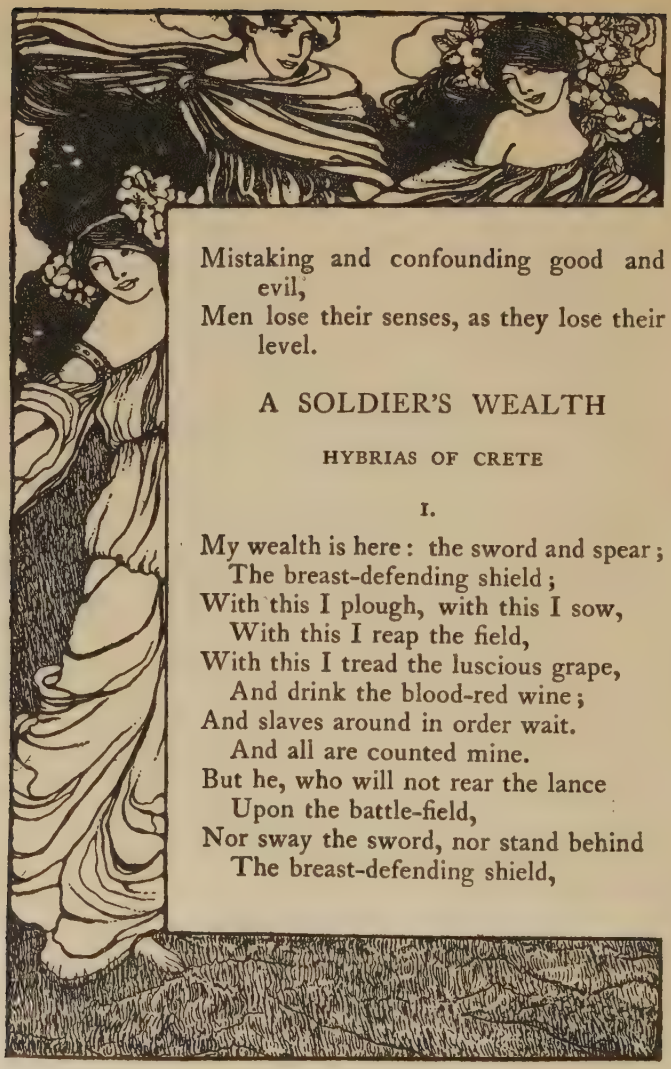
For human nature Hope remains alone
Of all the deities; the rest are flown.
Faith is departed; Truth and Honour dead;
And all the Graces too, my friends, are fled
The scanty specimens of living worth,
Dwindled to nothing, and extinct on earth.
Yet whilst I live and view the light of heaven,
Since Hope remains and never has been driven
From the distracted world — the single scope
Of my devotion is to worship Hope.
When hecatombs are slain, and altars burn,
When all the deities adored in turn,

Let Hope be present; and with Hope, my friend,
Let every sacrifice commence and end.
Yes, Insolence, Injustice, every crime,
Rapine and Wrong, may prosper for a time;
Yet shall they travel on to swift decay,
Who tread the crooked path and hollow way.

HASTE MAKES WASTE

THEOGNIS

Schemes unadvisable and out of reason
Are best adjourned. Wait for a proper season.
Time and a fair conjuncture govern all.
Hasty ambition hurries to a fall;
A fall predestined and ordained by heaven.
By a judicial blindness madly driven,



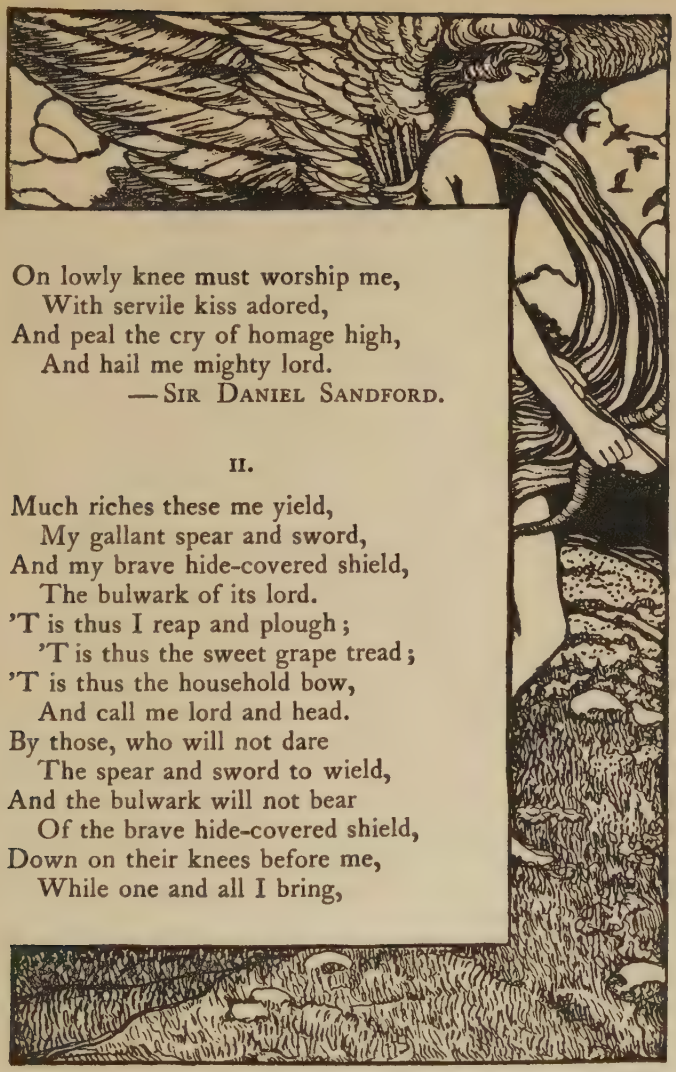
Mistaking and confounding good and
evil,
Men lose their senses, as they lose their
level.

A SOLDIER'S WEALTH

HYBRIAS OF CRETE

I.

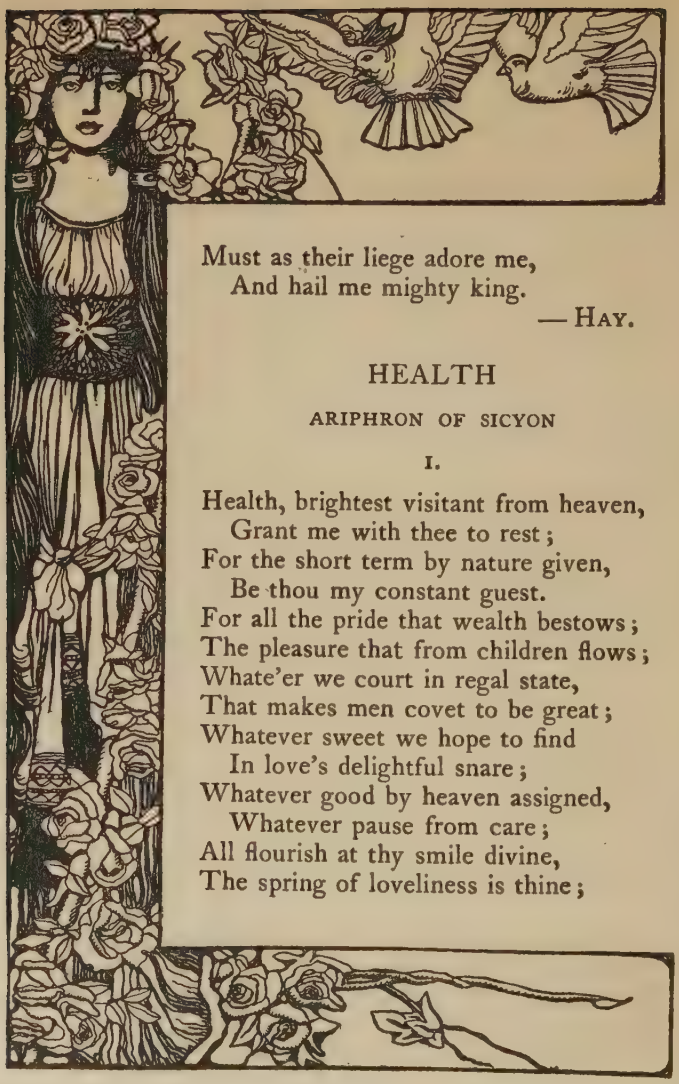
My wealth is here: the sword and spear;
The breast-defending shield;
With this I plough, with this I sow,
With this I reap the field,
With this I tread the luscious grape,
And drink the blood-red wine;
And slaves around in order wait.
And all are counted mine.
But he, who will not rear the lance
Upon the battle-field,
Nor sway the sword, nor stand behind
The breast-defending shield,



On lowly knee must worship me,
  With servile kiss adored,
And peal the cry of homage high,
  And hail me mighty lord.
  —Sir Daniel Sandford.

II.

Much riches these me yield,
  My gallant spear and sword,
And my brave hide-covered shield,
  The bulwark of its lord.
'T is thus I reap and plough;
  'T is thus the sweet grape tread;
'T is thus the household bow,
  And call me lord and head.
By those, who will not dare
  The spear and sword to wield,
And the bulwark will not bear
  Of the brave hide-covered shield,
Down on their knees before me,
  While one and all I bring,



Must as their liege adore me,
  And hail me mighty king.

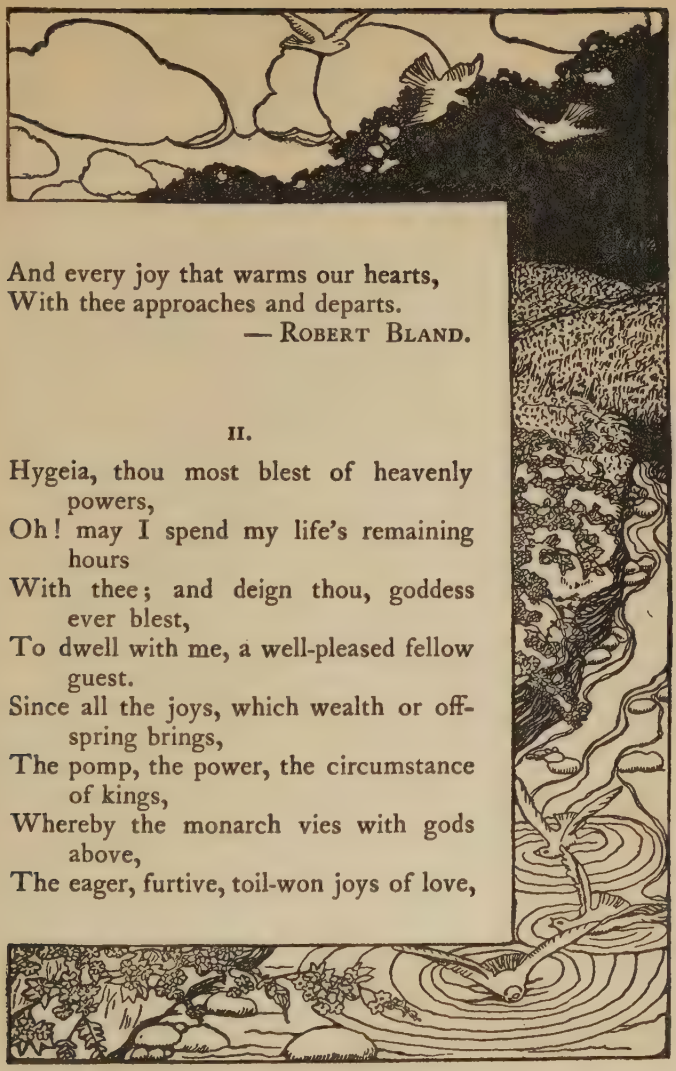
— HAY.

HEALTH

ARIPHRON OF SICYON

I.

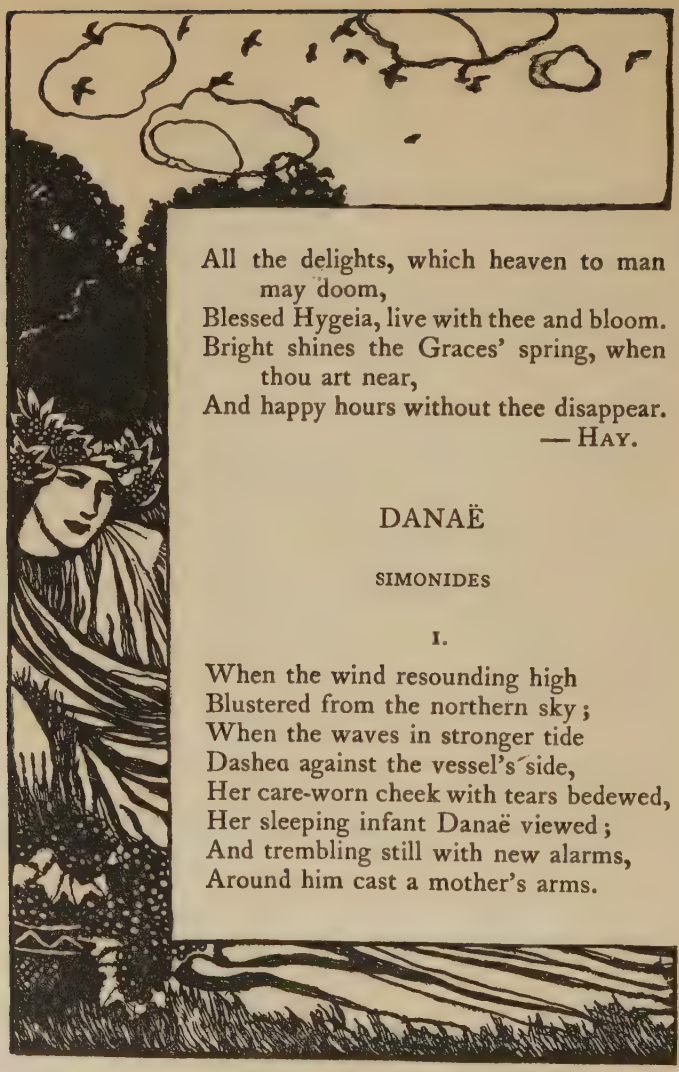
Health, brightest visitant from heaven,
  Grant me with thee to rest;
For the short term by nature given,
  Be thou my constant guest.
For all the pride that wealth bestows;
The pleasure that from children flows;
Whate'er we court in regal state,
That makes men covet to be great;
Whatever sweet we hope to find
  In love's delightful snare;
Whatever good by heaven assigned,
  Whatever pause from care;
All flourish at thy smile divine,
The spring of loveliness is thine;



And every joy that warms our hearts,
With thee approaches and departs.
— Robert Bland.

II.

Hygeia, thou most blest of heavenly powers,
Oh! may I spend my life's remaining hours
With thee; and deign thou, goddess ever blest,
To dwell with me, a well-pleased fellow guest.
Since all the joys, which wealth or offspring brings,
The pomp, the power, the circumstance of kings,
Whereby the monarch vies with gods above,
The eager, furtive, toil-won joys of love,



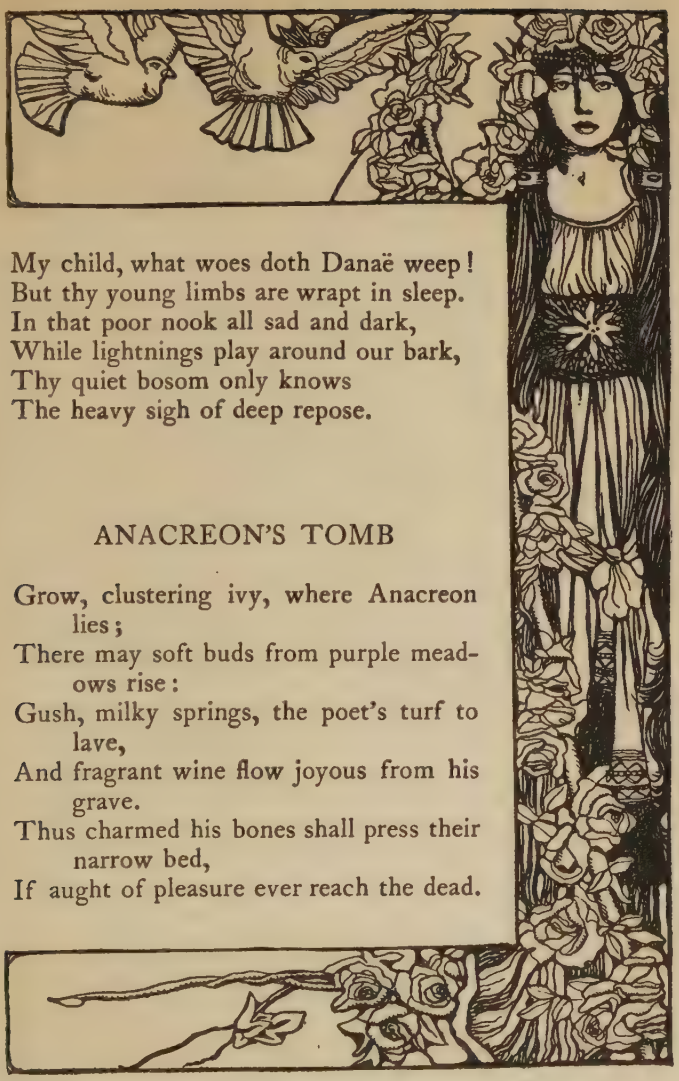
All the delights, which heaven to man
may doom,
Blessed Hygeia, live with thee and bloom.
Bright shines the Graces' spring, when
thou art near,
And happy hours without thee disappear.
— HAY.

DANAË

SIMONIDES

I.

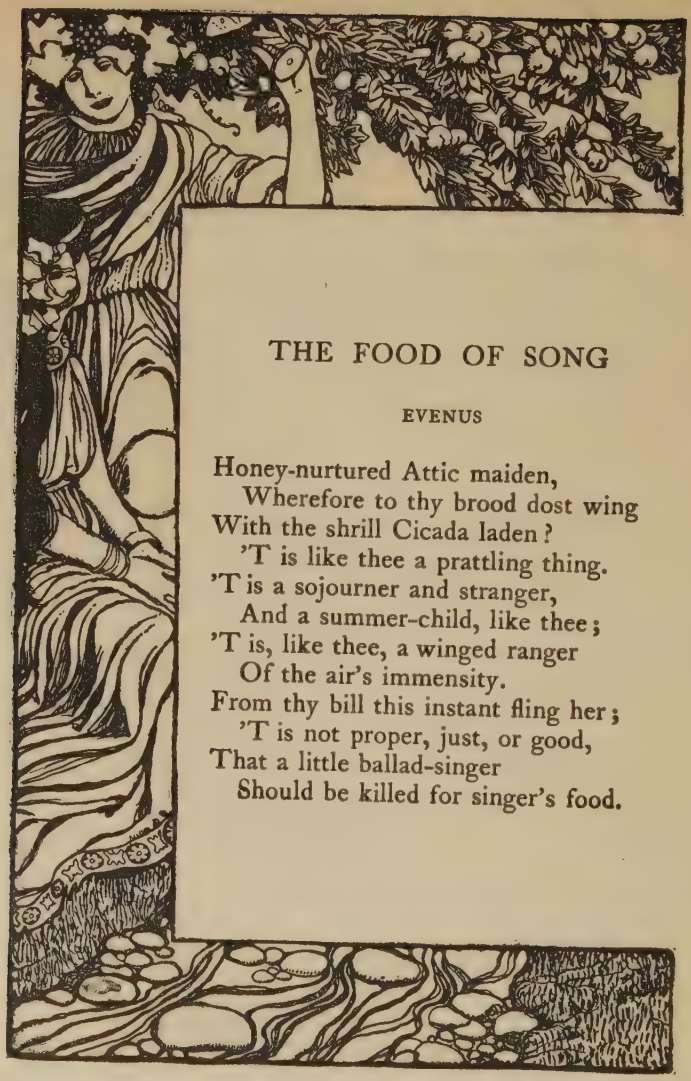
When the wind resounding high
Blustered from the northern sky;
When the waves in stronger tide
Dashea against the vessel's side,
Her care-worn cheek with tears bedewed,
Her sleeping infant Danaë viewed;
And trembling still with new alarms,
Around him cast a mother's arms.



My child, what woes doth Danaë weep!
But thy young limbs are wrapt in sleep.
In that poor nook all sad and dark,
While lightnings play around our bark,
Thy quiet bosom only knows
The heavy sigh of deep repose.

ANACREON'S TOMB

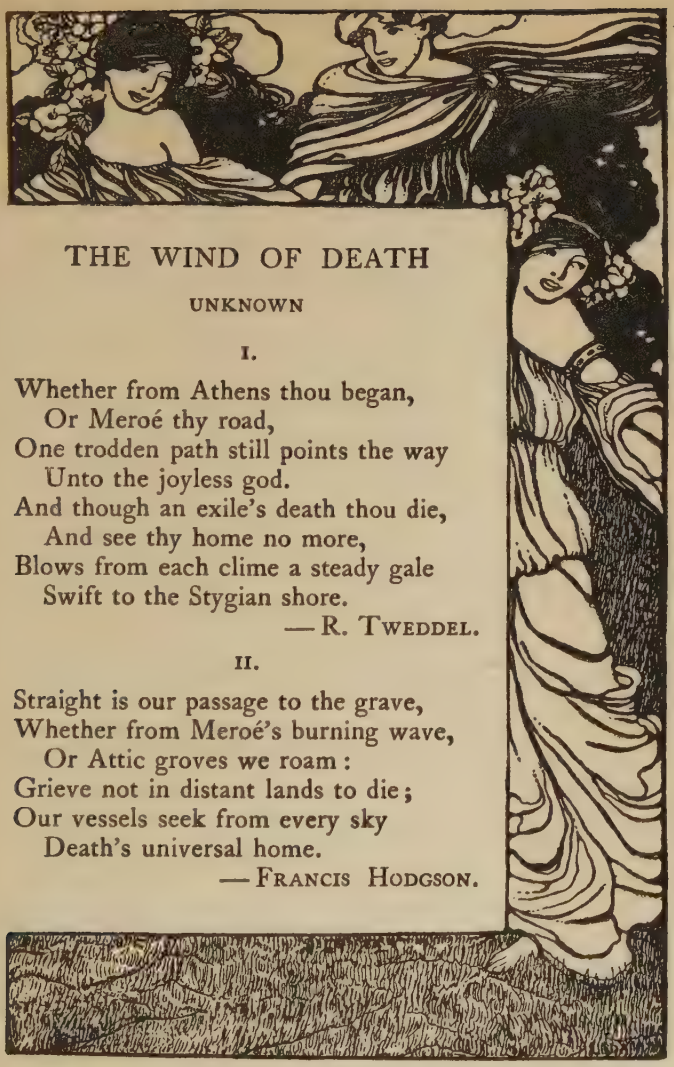
Grow, clustering ivy, where Anacreon lies;
There may soft buds from purple meadows rise:
Gush, milky springs, the poet's turf to lave,
And fragrant wine flow joyous from his grave.
Thus charmed his bones shall press their narrow bed,
If aught of pleasure ever reach the dead.



THE FOOD OF SONG

EVENUS

Honey-nurtured Attic maiden,
  Wherefore to thy brood dost wing
With the shrill Cicada laden?
  'T is like thee a prattling thing.
'T is a sojourner and stranger,
  And a summer-child, like thee;
'T is, like thee, a winged ranger
  Of the air's immensity.
From thy bill this instant fling her;
  'T is not proper, just, or good,
That a little ballad-singer
  Should be killed for singer's food.



THE WIND OF DEATH

UNKNOWN

I.

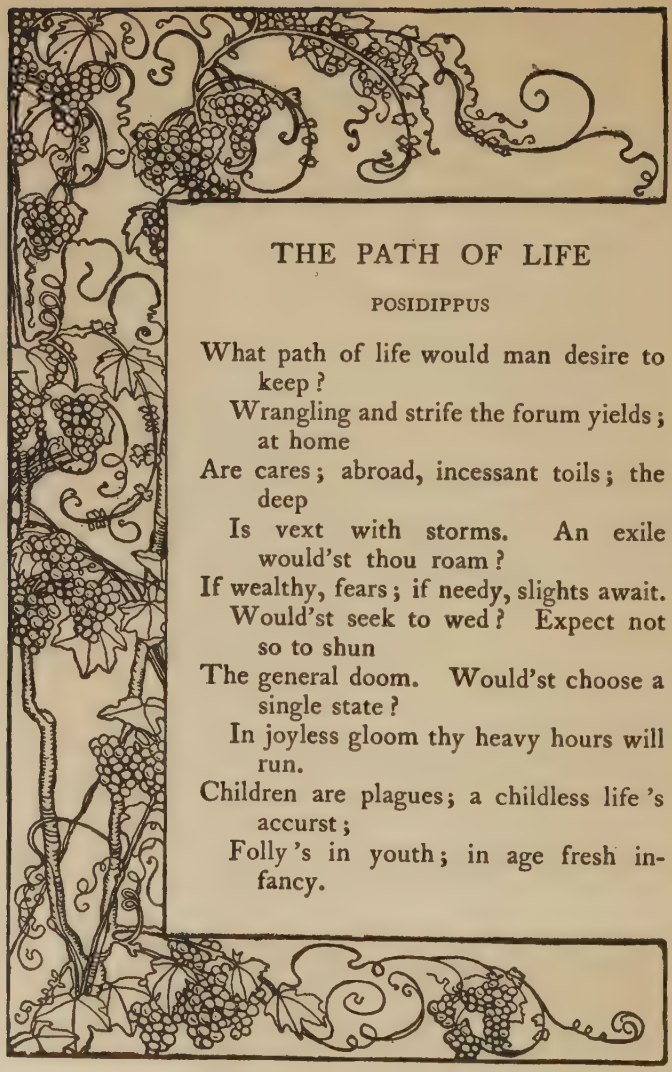
Whether from Athens thou began,
  Or Meroé thy road,
One trodden path still points the way
  Unto the joyless god.
And though an exile's death thou die,
  And see thy home no more,
Blows from each clime a steady gale
  Swift to the Stygian shore.

— R. Tweddel.

II.

Straight is our passage to the grave,
Whether from Meroé's burning wave,
  Or Attic groves we roam:
Grieve not in distant lands to die;
Our vessels seek from every sky
  Death's universal home.

— Francis Hodgson.



THE PATH OF LIFE

POSIDIPPUS

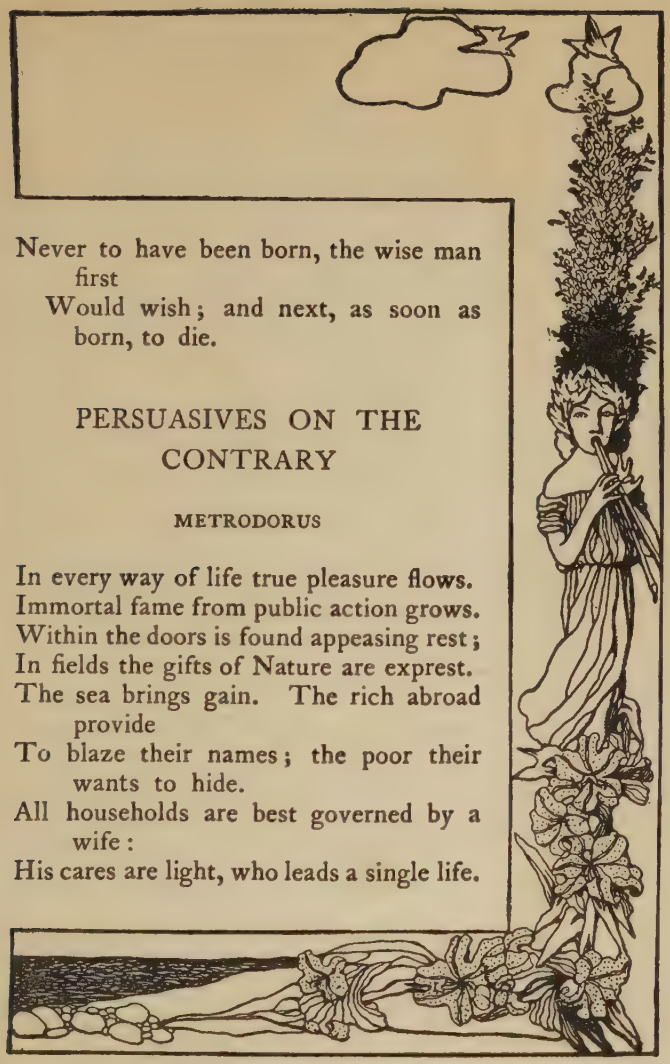
What path of life would man desire to keep?
Wrangling and strife the forum yields; at home
Are cares; abroad, incessant toils; the deep
Is vext with storms. An exile would'st thou roam?
If wealthy, fears; if needy, slights await.
Would'st seek to wed? Expect not so to shun
The general doom. Would'st choose a single state?
In joyless gloom thy heavy hours will run.
Children are plagues; a childless life 's accurst;
Folly 's in youth; in age fresh infancy.

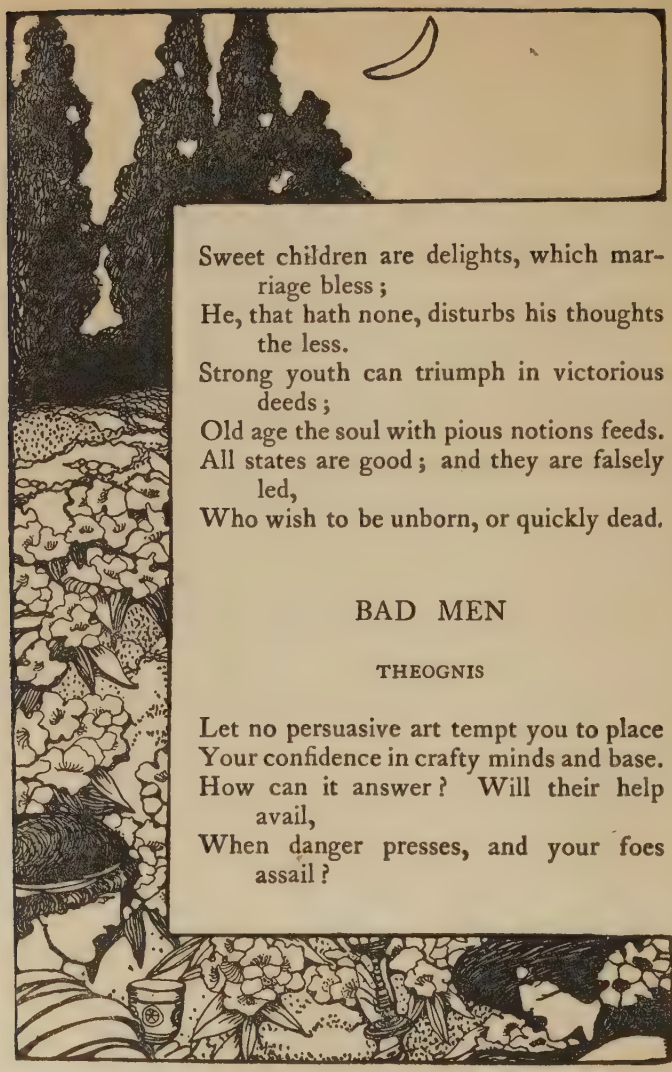
Never to have been born, the wise man first
Would wish; and next, as soon as born, to die.

PERSUASIVES ON THE CONTRARY

METRODORUS

In every way of life true pleasure flows.
Immortal fame from public action grows.
Within the doors is found appeasing rest;
In fields the gifts of Nature are exprest.
The sea brings gain. The rich abroad provide
To blaze their names; the poor their wants to hide.
All households are best governed by a wife:
His cares are light, who leads a single life.



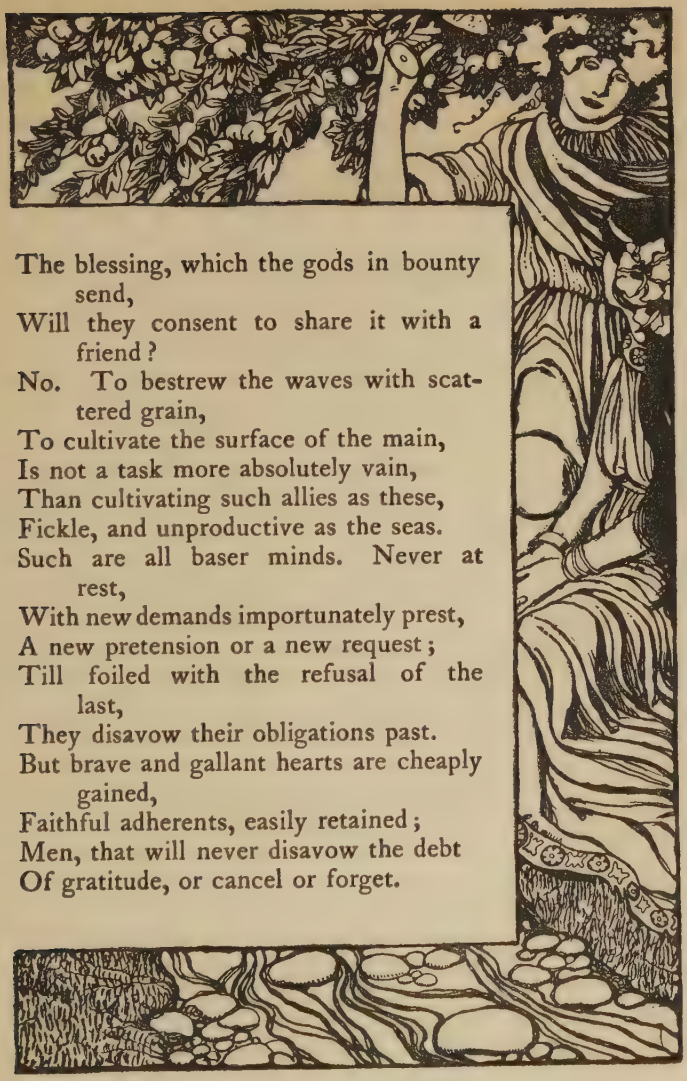


Sweet children are delights, which marriage bless;
He, that hath none, disturbs his thoughts the less.
Strong youth can triumph in victorious deeds;
Old age the soul with pious notions feeds.
All states are good; and they are falsely led,
Who wish to be unborn, or quickly dead.

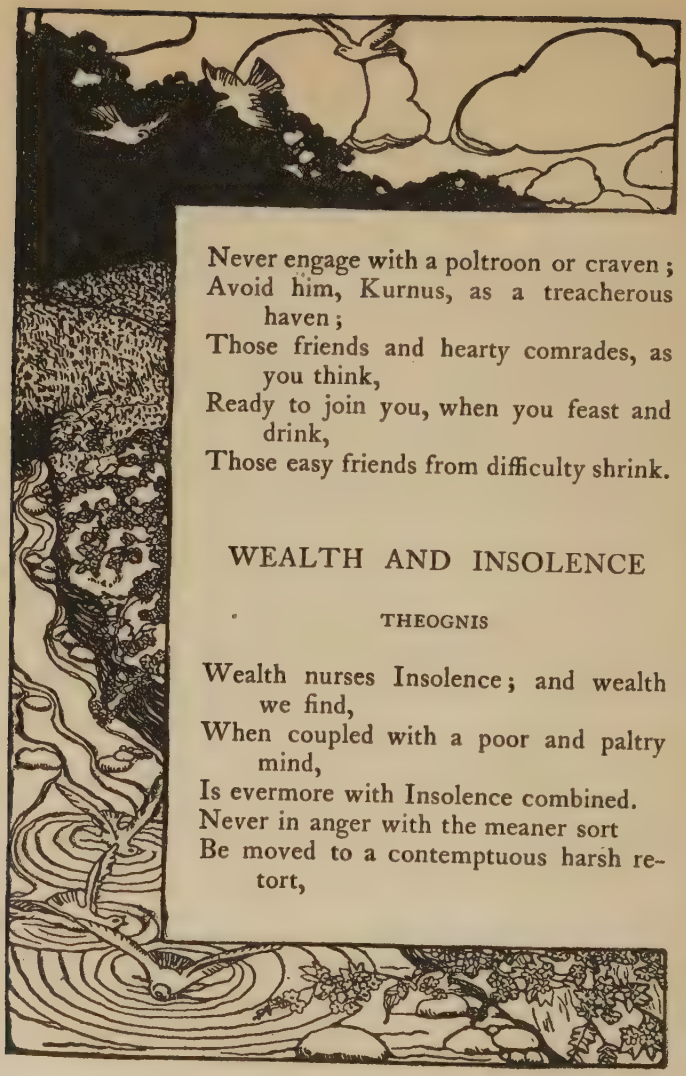
BAD MEN

THEOGNIS

Let no persuasive art tempt you to place
Your confidence in crafty minds and base.
How can it answer? Will their help avail,
When danger presses, and your foes assail?



The blessing, which the gods in bounty
send,
Will they consent to share it with a
friend?
No. To bestrew the waves with scat-
tered grain,
To cultivate the surface of the main,
Is not a task more absolutely vain,
Than cultivating such allies as these,
Fickle, and unproductive as the seas.
Such are all baser minds. Never at
rest,
With new demands importunately prest,
A new pretension or a new request;
Till foiled with the refusal of the
last,
They disavow their obligations past.
But brave and gallant hearts are cheaply
gained,
Faithful adherents, easily retained;
Men, that will never disavow the debt
Of gratitude, or cancel or forget.

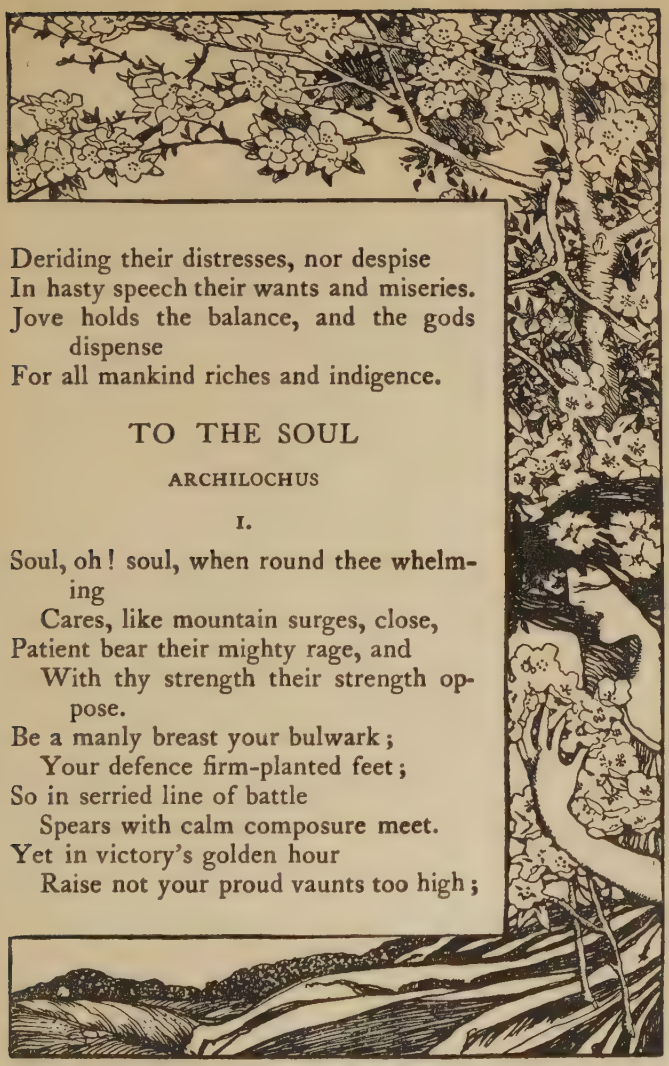


Never engage with a poltroon or craven;
Avoid him, Kurnus, as a treacherous haven;
Those friends and hearty comrades, as you think,
Ready to join you, when you feast and drink,
Those easy friends from difficulty shrink.

WEALTH AND INSOLENCE

THEOGNIS

Wealth nurses Insolence; and wealth we find,
When coupled with a poor and paltry mind,
Is evermore with Insolence combined.
Never in anger with the meaner sort
Be moved to a contemptuous harsh retort,



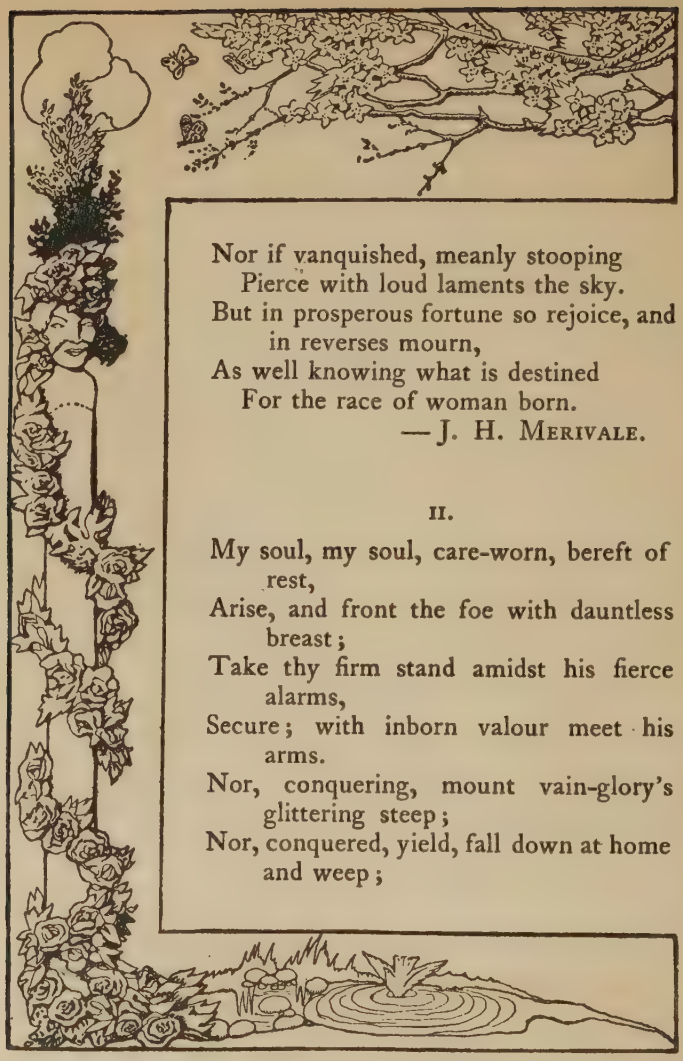
Deriding their distresses, nor despise
In hasty speech their wants and miseries.
Jove holds the balance, and the gods dispense
For all mankind riches and indigence.

TO THE SOUL

ARCHILOCHUS

I.

Soul, oh! soul, when round thee whelming
  Cares, like mountain surges, close,
Patient bear their mighty rage, and
  With thy strength their strength oppose.
Be a manly breast your bulwark;
  Your defence firm-planted feet;
So in serried line of battle
  Spears with calm composure meet.
Yet in victory's golden hour
  Raise not your proud vaunts too high;

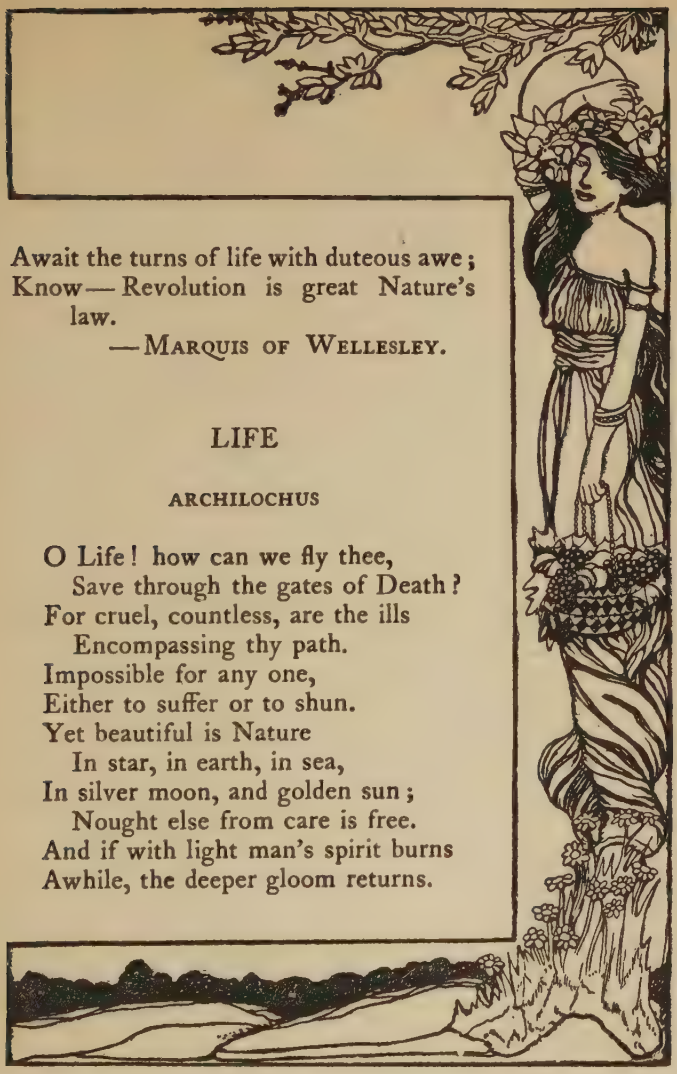


Nor if vanquished, meanly stooping
Pierce with loud laments the sky.
But in prosperous fortune so rejoice, and in reverses mourn,
As well knowing what is destined
For the race of woman born.

— J. H. Merivale.

II.

My soul, my soul, care-worn, bereft of rest,
Arise, and front the foe with dauntless breast;
Take thy firm stand amidst his fierce alarms,
Secure; with inborn valour meet his arms.
Nor, conquering, mount vain-glory's glittering steep;
Nor, conquered, yield, fall down at home and weep;

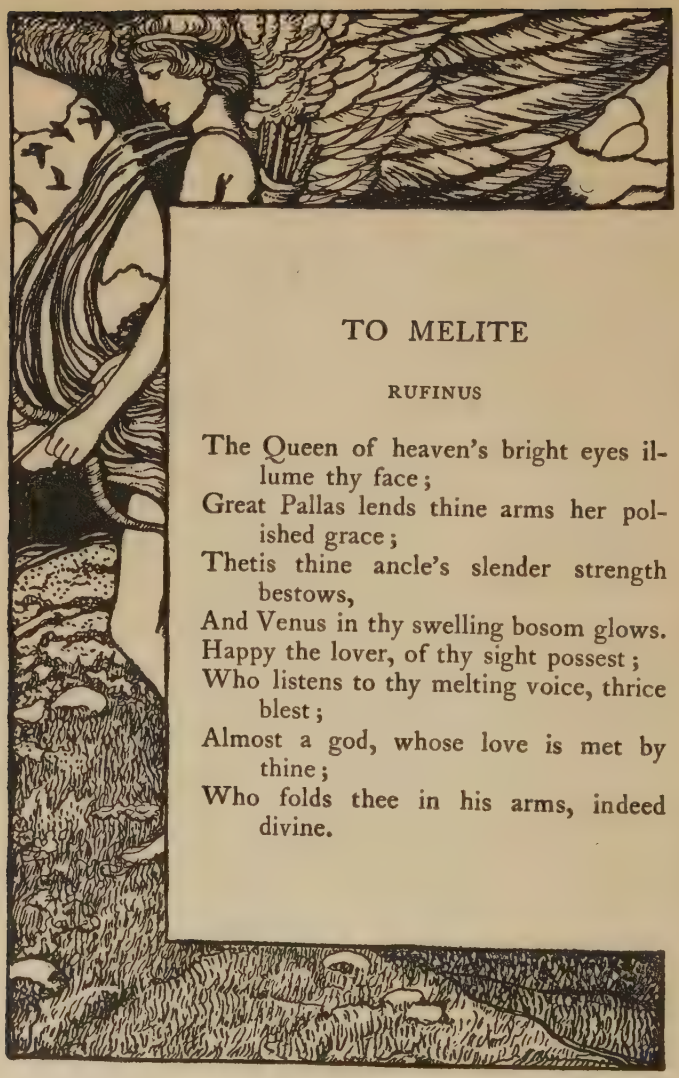


Await the turns of life with duteous awe;
Know — Revolution is great Nature's law.
— MARQUIS OF WELLESLEY.

LIFE

ARCHILOCHUS

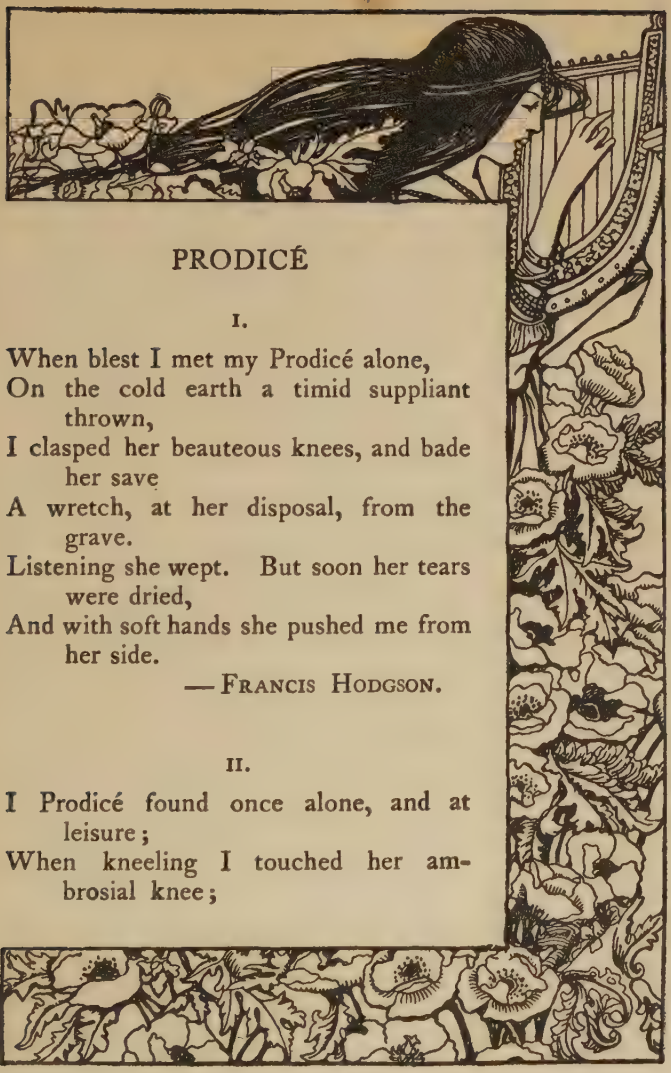
O Life! how can we fly thee,
Save through the gates of Death?
For cruel, countless, are the ills
Encompassing thy path.
Impossible for any one,
Either to suffer or to shun.
Yet beautiful is Nature
In star, in earth, in sea,
In silver moon, and golden sun;
Nought else from care is free.
And if with light man's spirit burns
Awhile, the deeper gloom returns.



TO MELITE

RUFINUS

The Queen of heaven's bright eyes illume thy face;
Great Pallas lends thine arms her polished grace;
Thetis thine ancle's slender strength bestows,
And Venus in thy swelling bosom glows.
Happy the lover, of thy sight possest;
Who listens to thy melting voice, thrice blest;
Almost a god, whose love is met by thine;
Who folds thee in his arms, indeed divine.



PRODICÉ

I.

When blest I met my Prodicé alone,
On the cold earth a timid suppliant thrown,
I clasped her beauteous knees, and bade her save
A wretch, at her disposal, from the grave.
Listening she wept. But soon her tears were dried,
And with soft hands she pushed me from her side.

— Francis Hodgson.

II.

I Prodicé found once alone, and at leisure;
When kneeling I touched her ambrosial knee;

O pity, said I, a man dying, my treasure,
And save him the breath of life, hastening to flee.
Thus I spoke: and she wept. Soon the weeping was o'er;
When she rose, and with lily hands showed me the door.

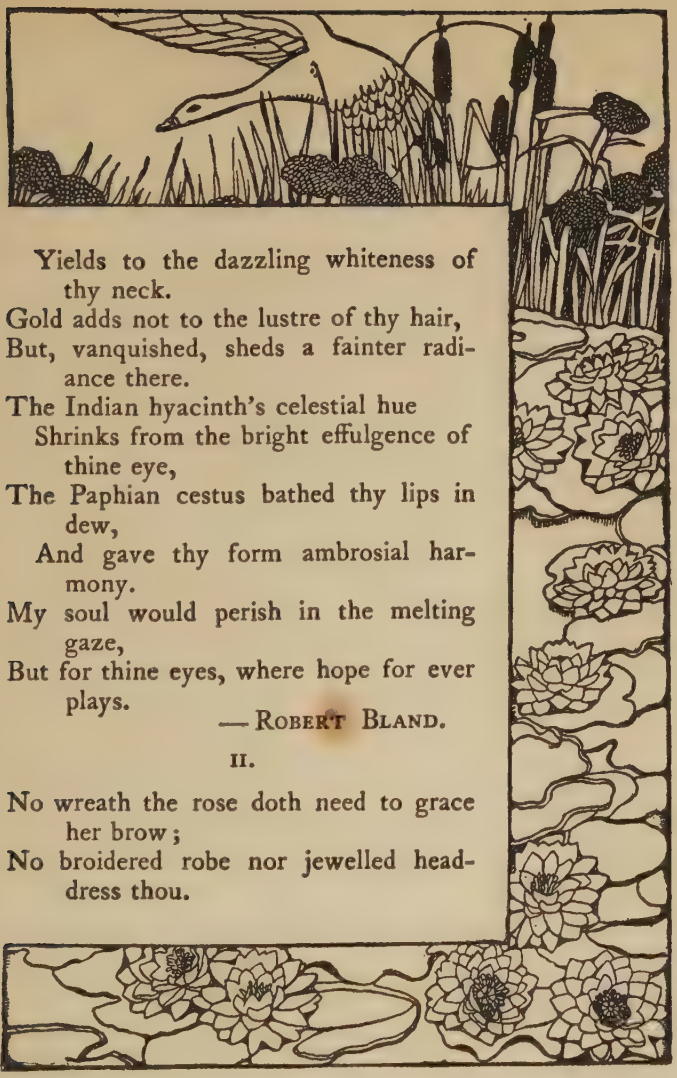
— G. C. Swayne.

BEAUTY UNADORNED

PAULUS THE SILENTIARY

I.

We ask no flowers to crown the blushing rose,
Nor glittering gems thy beauteous form to deck.
The pearl, in Persia's precious gulf that glows,

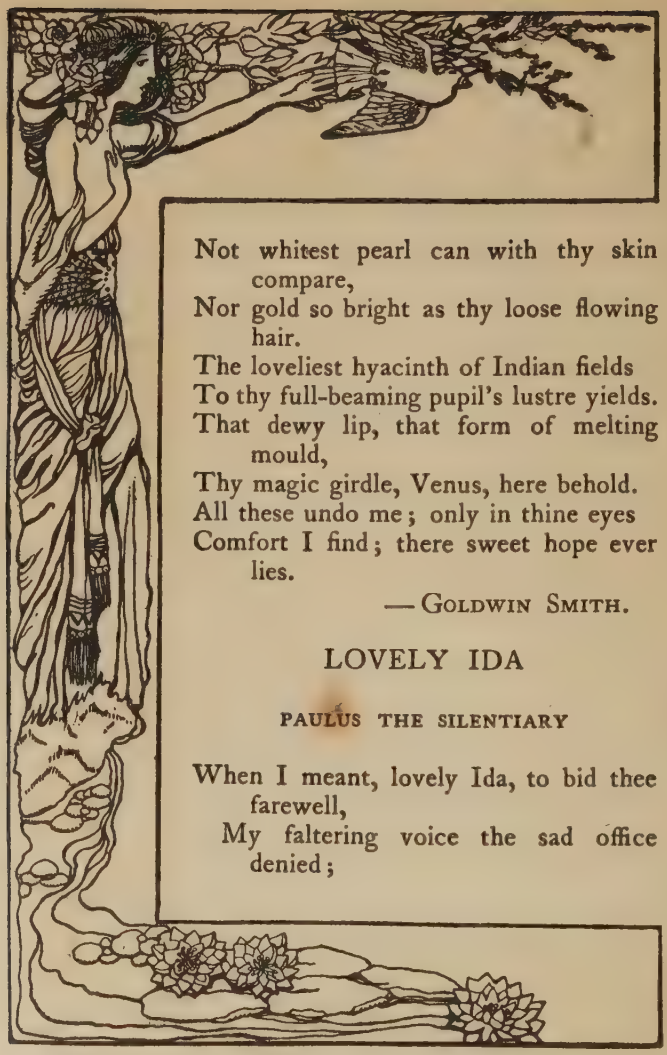


Yields to the dazzling whiteness of thy neck.
Gold adds not to the lustre of thy hair,
But, vanquished, sheds a fainter radiance there.
The Indian hyacinth's celestial hue
Shrinks from the bright effulgence of thine eye,
The Paphian cestus bathed thy lips in dew,
And gave thy form ambrosial harmony.
My soul would perish in the melting gaze,
But for thine eyes, where hope for ever plays.

— Robert Bland.

II.

No wreath the rose doth need to grace her brow;
No broidered robe nor jewelled head-dress thou.



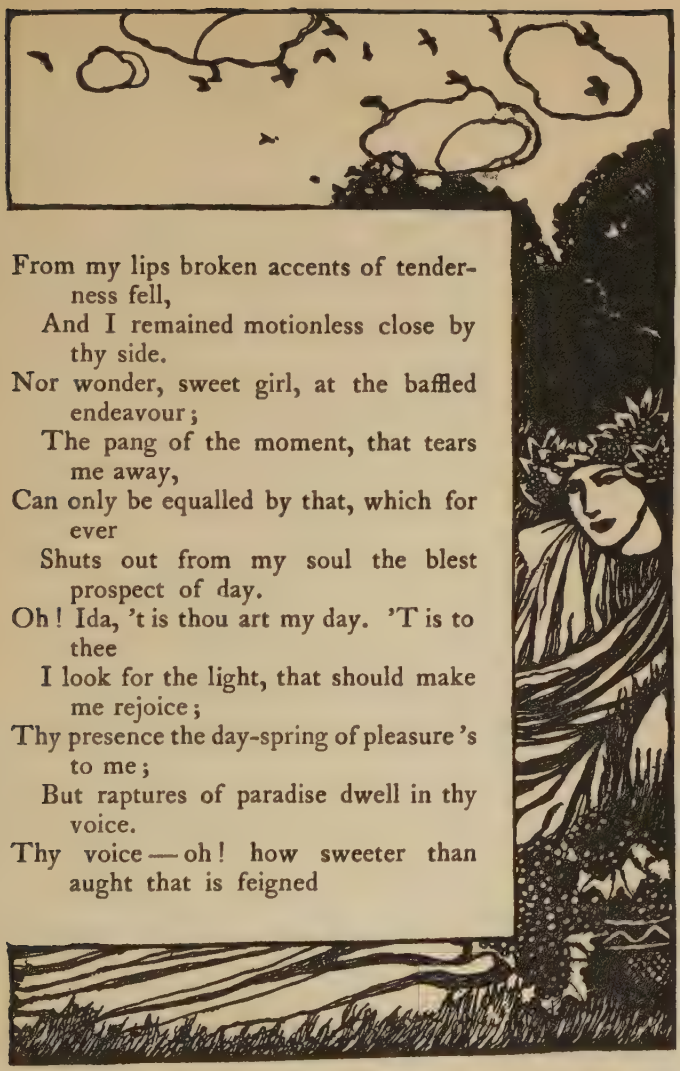
Not whitest pearl can with thy skin compare,
Nor gold so bright as thy loose flowing hair.
The loveliest hyacinth of Indian fields
To thy full-beaming pupil's lustre yields.
That dewy lip, that form of melting mould,
Thy magic girdle, Venus, here behold.
All these undo me; only in thine eyes
Comfort I find; there sweet hope ever lies.

— Goldwin Smith.

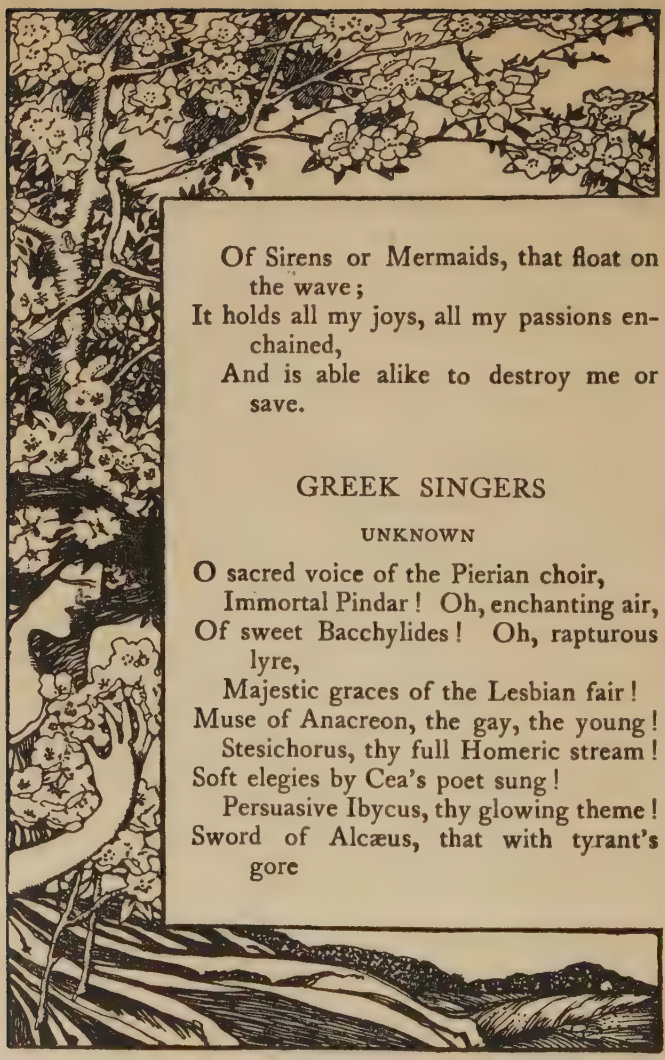
LOVELY IDA

PAULUS THE SILENTIARY

When I meant, lovely Ida, to bid thee farewell,
My faltering voice the sad office denied;



From my lips broken accents of tenderness fell,
And I remained motionless close by thy side.
Nor wonder, sweet girl, at the baffled endeavour;
The pang of the moment, that tears me away,
Can only be equalled by that, which for ever
Shuts out from my soul the blest prospect of day.
Oh! Ida, 't is thou art my day. 'T is to thee
I look for the light, that should make me rejoice;
Thy presence the day-spring of pleasure 's to me;
But raptures of paradise dwell in thy voice.
Thy voice — oh! how sweeter than aught that is feigned

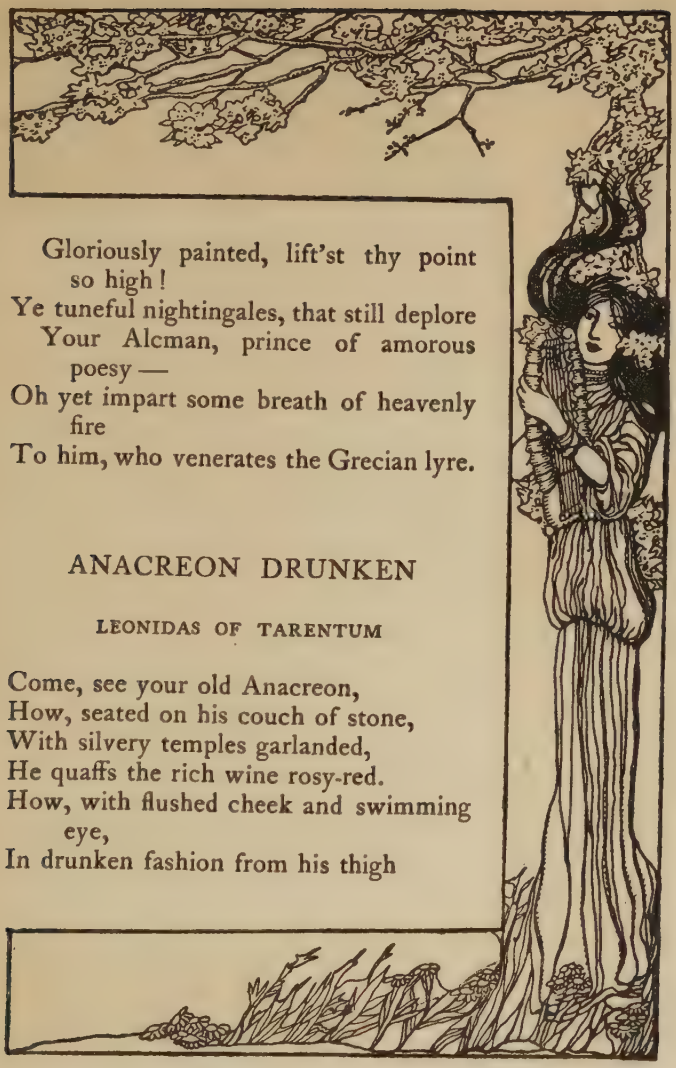


Of Sirens or Mermaids, that float on the wave;
It holds all my joys, all my passions enchained,
And is able alike to destroy me or save.

GREEK SINGERS

UNKNOWN

O sacred voice of the Pierian choir,
Immortal Pindar! Oh, enchanting air,
Of sweet Bacchylides! Oh, rapturous lyre,
Majestic graces of the Lesbian fair!
Muse of Anacreon, the gay, the young!
Stesichorus, thy full Homeric stream!
Soft elegies by Cea's poet sung!
Persuasive Ibycus, thy glowing theme!
Sword of Alcæus, that with tyrant's gore



Gloriously painted, lift'st thy point
so high!
Ye tuneful nightingales, that still deplore
Your Alcman, prince of amorous
poesy —
Oh yet impart some breath of heavenly
fire
To him, who venerates the Grecian lyre.

ANACREON DRUNKEN

LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM

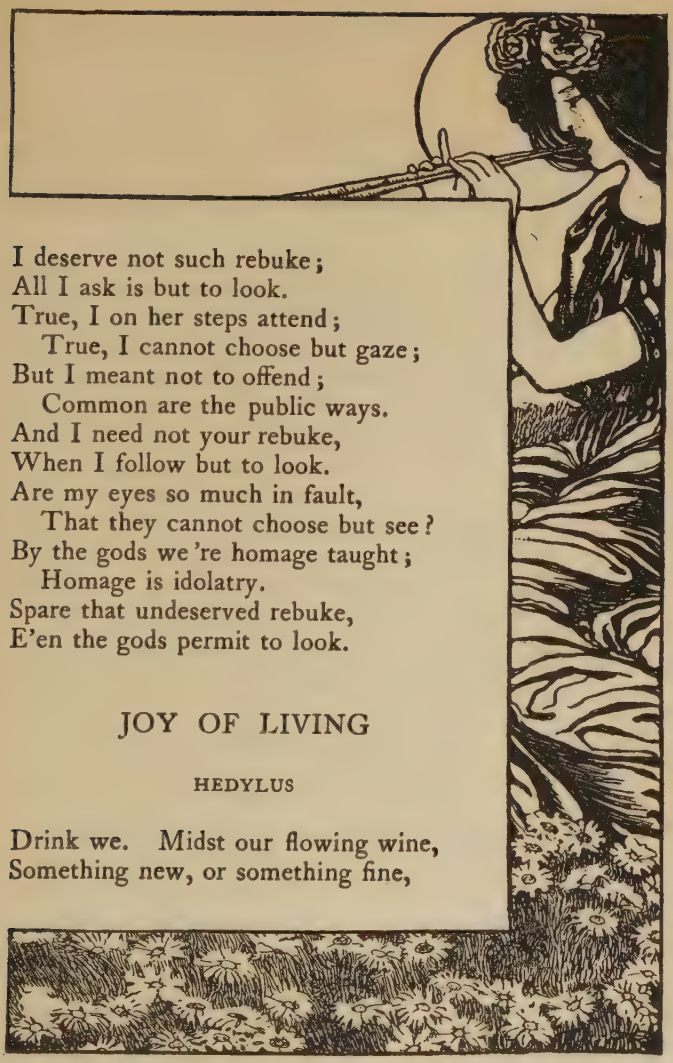
Come, see your old Anacreon,
How, seated on his couch of stone,
With silvery temples garlanded,
He quaffs the rich wine rosy-red.
How, with flushed cheek and swimming
eye,
In drunken fashion from his thigh

He lets his robe unheeded steal,
And drop and dangle o'er his heel.
One sandal 's off, one scarce can hide
The lean and shrivelled foot inside.
Old Anacreon! hark, he sings
Still of love to the old harp-strings.
Still, Bathylla, still, Megisté,
How he coaxed ye, how he kissed ye.
Gentle Bacchus, watch and wait,
You must watch, and hold him straight;
Hold him up; for if he fall,
You lose your boldest Bacchanal.

ON A CHAPERON

DIOTIMES OF MILETUS

Guardian of yon blushing fair,
  Reverend matron, tell me, why
You affect that churlish air,
  Snarling, as I pass you by?

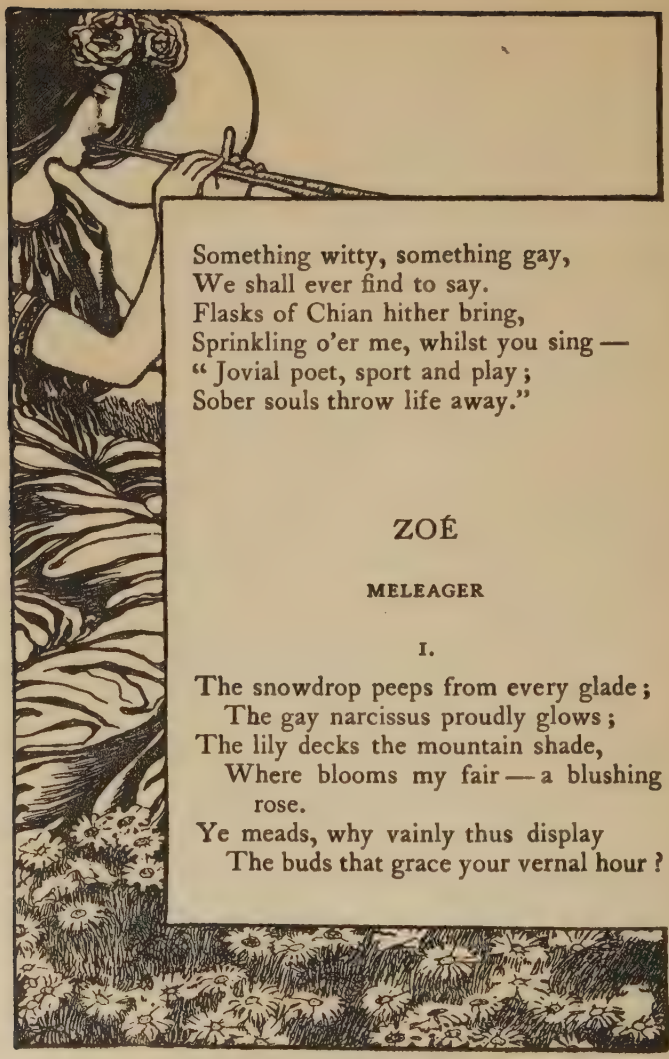


I deserve not such rebuke;
All I ask is but to look.
True, I on her steps attend;
  True, I cannot choose but gaze;
But I meant not to offend;
  Common are the public ways.
And I need not your rebuke,
When I follow but to look.
Are my eyes so much in fault,
  That they cannot choose but see?
By the gods we 're homage taught;
  Homage is idolatry.
Spare that undeserved rebuke,
E'en the gods permit to look.

JOY OF LIVING

HEDYLUS

Drink we. Midst our flowing wine,
Something new, or something fine,



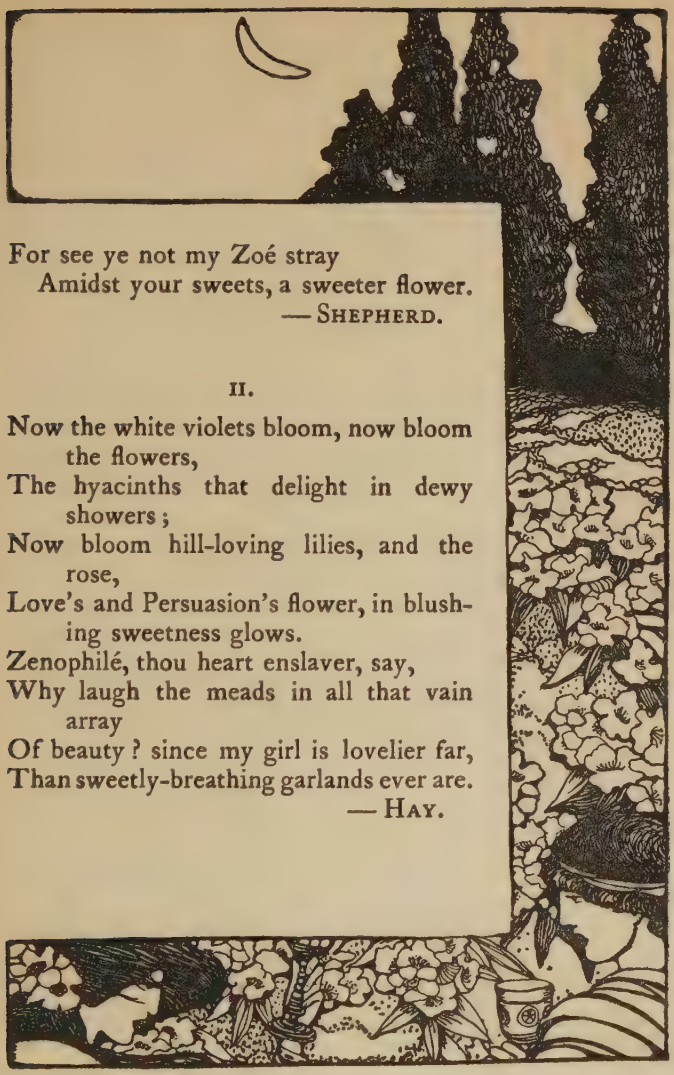
Something witty, something gay,
We shall ever find to say.
Flasks of Chian hither bring,
Sprinkling o'er me, whilst you sing —
"Jovial poet, sport and play;
Sober souls throw life away."

ZOÉ

MELEAGER

I.

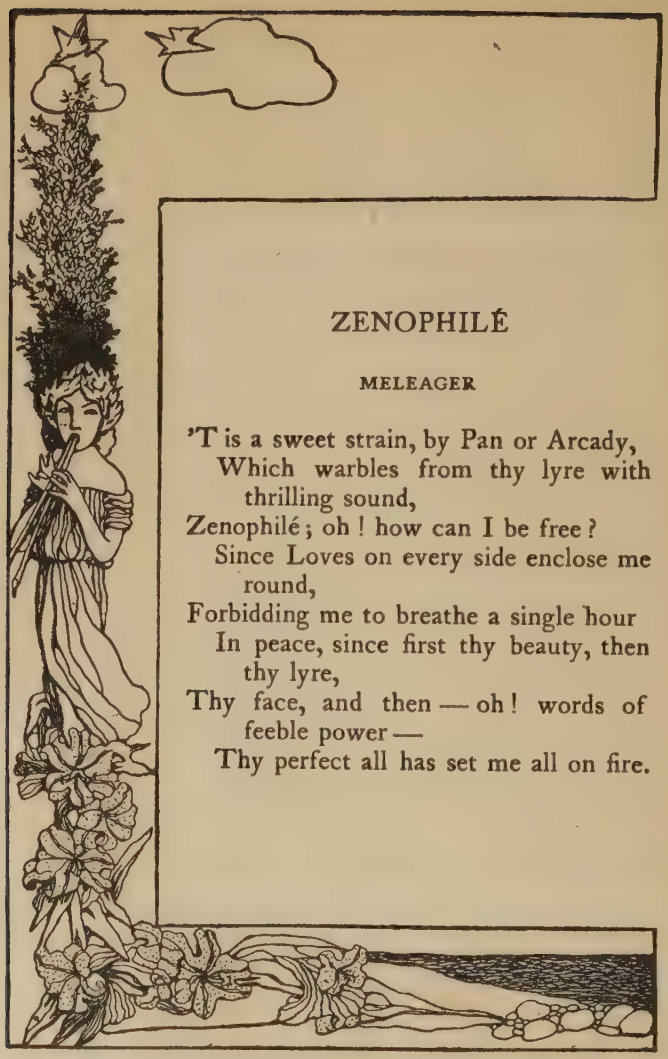
The snowdrop peeps from every glade;
  The gay narcissus proudly glows;
The lily decks the mountain shade,
  Where blooms my fair — a blushing rose.
Ye meads, why vainly thus display
  The buds that grace your vernal hour?



For see ye not my Zoé stray
Amidst your sweets, a sweeter flower.
— SHEPHERD.

II.

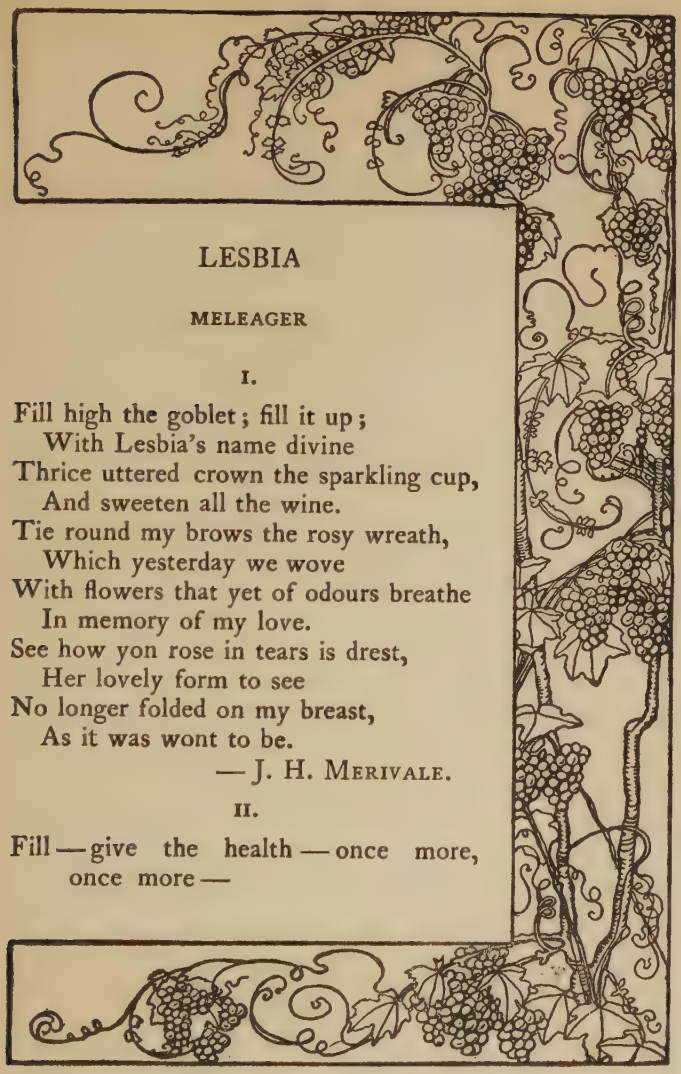
Now the white violets bloom, now bloom the flowers,
The hyacinths that delight in dewy showers;
Now bloom hill-loving lilies, and the rose,
Love's and Persuasion's flower, in blushing sweetness glows.
Zenophilé, thou heart enslaver, say,
Why laugh the meads in all that vain array
Of beauty? since my girl is lovelier far,
Than sweetly-breathing garlands ever are.
— HAY.



ZENOPHILÉ

MELEAGER

'T is a sweet strain, by Pan or Arcady,
Which warbles from thy lyre with thrilling sound,
Zenophilé; oh! how can I be free?
Since Loves on every side enclose me round,
Forbidding me to breathe a single hour
In peace, since first thy beauty, then thy lyre,
Thy face, and then — oh! words of feeble power —
Thy perfect all has set me all on fire.



LESBIA

MELEAGER

I.

Fill high the goblet; fill it up;
  With Lesbia's name divine
Thrice uttered crown the sparkling cup,
  And sweeten all the wine.
Tie round my brows the rosy wreath,
  Which yesterday we wove
With flowers that yet of odours breathe
  In memory of my love.
See how yon rose in tears is drest,
  Her lovely form to see
No longer folded on my breast,
  As it was wont to be.

— J. H. Merivale.

II.

Fill — give the health — once more,
  once more —

Mix Heliodora's name with wine;
The ruby juice untempered pour,
And round my brow the garland twine;
Memorial of the gift it blooms
With flowers that yesterday o'ertopt their stems;
But now, dipt moist in new perfumes,
Shed odour drops from their anointed gems.
Lo! the rose weeps, the lover-loving flower,
To see the nymph away, who shared my bower.

— ELTON.

LOVE'S DARTS

MELEAGER

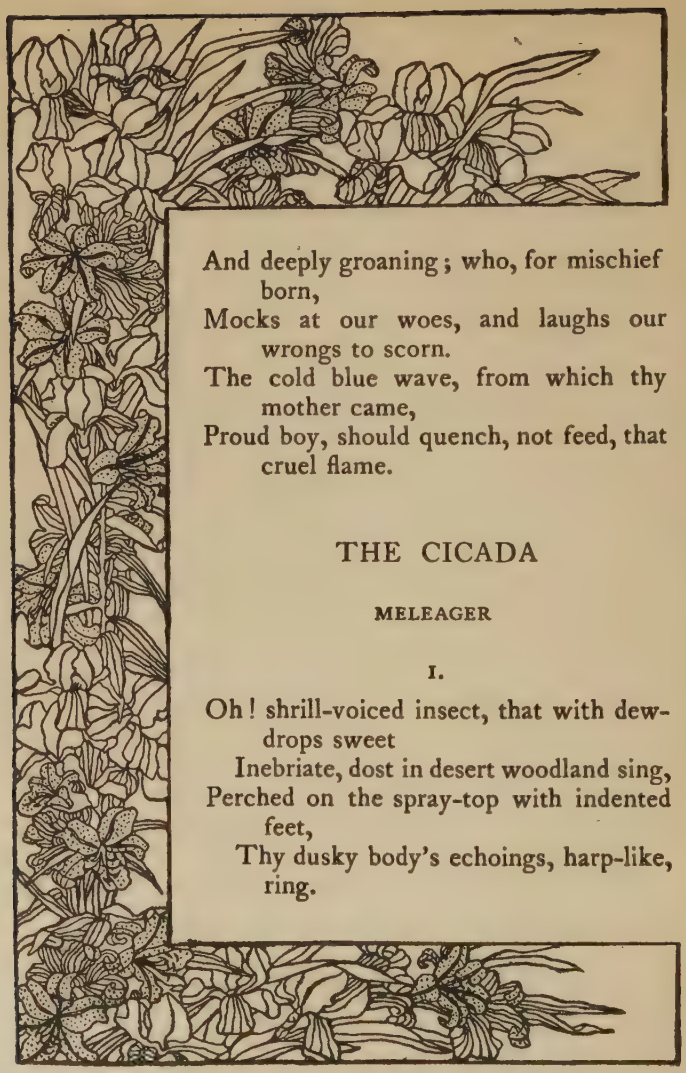
Ringlets, that with clustering shade
The snow-white brows of Demo braid;

Sandals, that with strict embrace
Heliodora's ancles grace;
Portal of Timarion's bower,
Besprent with many a fragrant shower;
Lovely smiles that lurking lie
In Anticleia's sun-bright eye;
Roses, fresh, in earliest bloom,
That Dorothea's breast perfume —
No more Love's golden quivers hold
Their feathered arrows, as of old;
But every sharp and winged dart
Has found a quiver in my heart.

MIGHTY IS LOVE

MELEAGER

Mighty is Love; most mighty; once again
I cry, most mighty, writhing with my pain,



And deeply groaning; who, for mischief
born,
Mocks at our woes, and laughs our
wrongs to scorn.
The cold blue wave, from which thy
mother came,
Proud boy, should quench, not feed, that
cruel flame.

THE CICADA

MELEAGER

I.

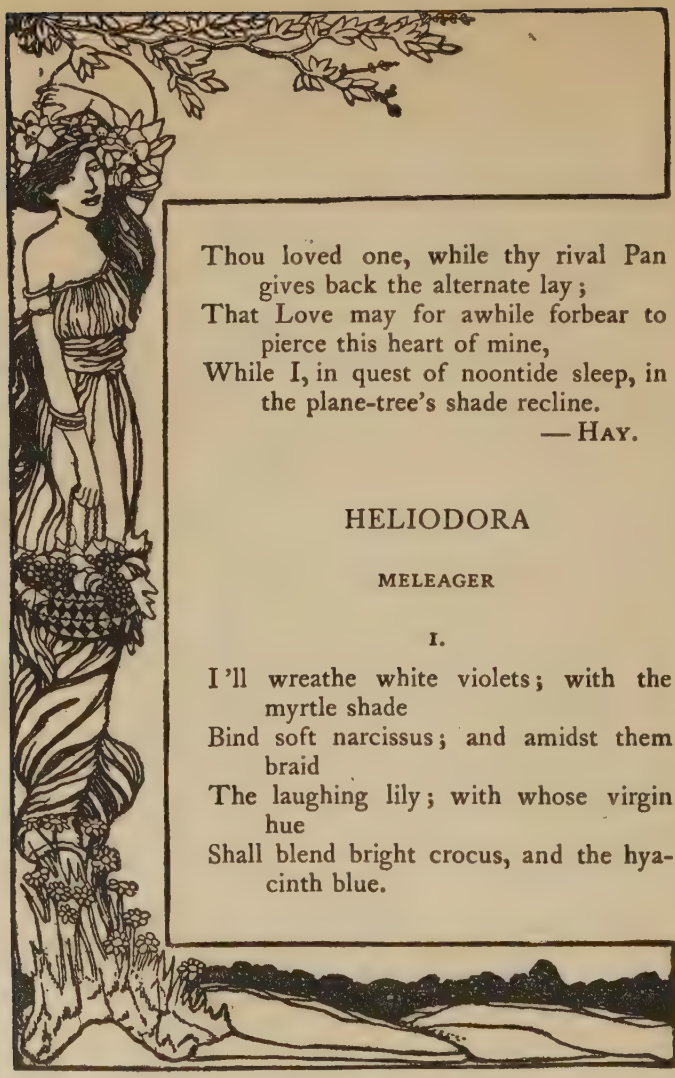
Oh! shrill-voiced insect, that with dew-
drops sweet
Inebriate, dost in desert woodland sing,
Perched on the spray-top with indented
feet,
Thy dusky body's echoings, harp-like,
ring.

Come, dear Cicada, chirp to all the grove,
The Nymphs and Pan, a new responsive strain,
That I, in noonday sleep, may steal from Love,
Reclined beneath the dark o'erspreading plane.

— Elton.

II.

Loud-sounding grasshopper, 't is thine, with dewdrops drunk, to fill
The speaking solitudes afar, with thy rural notes so shrill;
Thou sitt'st on high, and ne'er thy feet, broad, flat, and saw-like, tire
In striking from thy dusky wings clear notes, as from a lyre;
Come then, some new and sportive song, to the Wood-Nymphs now essay,



Thou loved one, while thy rival Pan
gives back the alternate lay;
That Love may for awhile forbear to
pierce this heart of mine,
While I, in quest of noontide sleep, in
the plane-tree's shade recline.

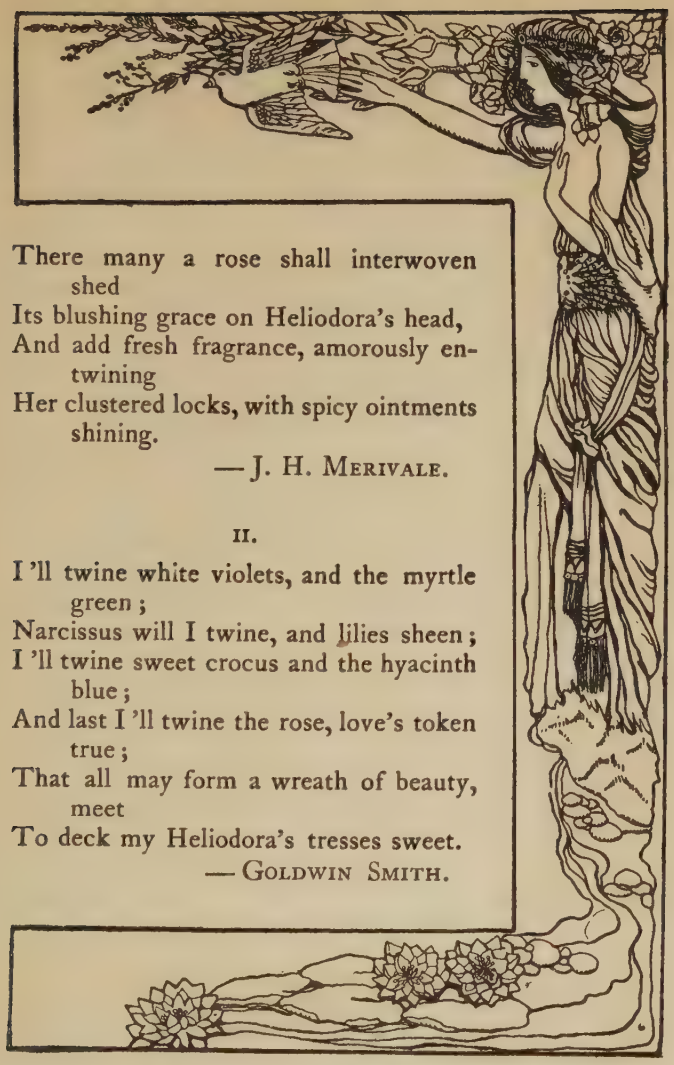
— HAY.

HELIODORA

MELEAGER

I.

I'll wreathe white violets; with the
myrtle shade
Bind soft narcissus; and amidst them
braid
The laughing lily; with whose virgin
hue
Shall blend bright crocus, and the hya-
cinth blue.



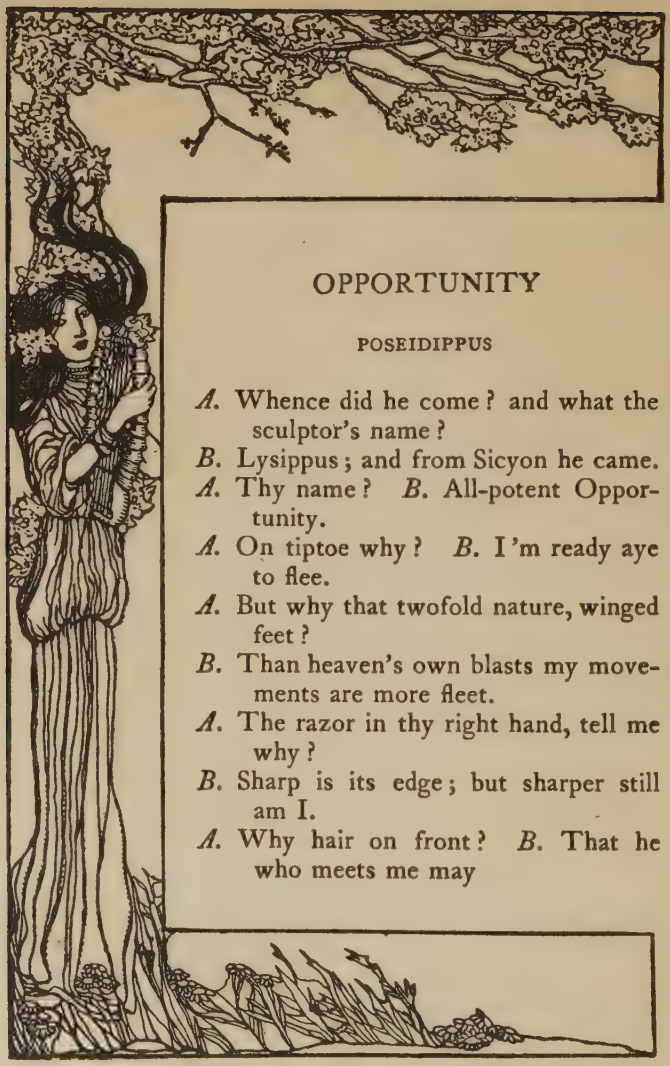
There many a rose shall interwoven shed
Its blushing grace on Heliodora's head,
And add fresh fragrance, amorously entwining
Her clustered locks, with spicy ointments shining.

— J. H. Merivale.

II.

I 'll twine white violets, and the myrtle green;
Narcissus will I twine, and lilies sheen;
I 'll twine sweet crocus and the hyacinth blue;
And last I 'll twine the rose, love's token true;
That all may form a wreath of beauty, meet
To deck my Heliodora's tresses sweet.

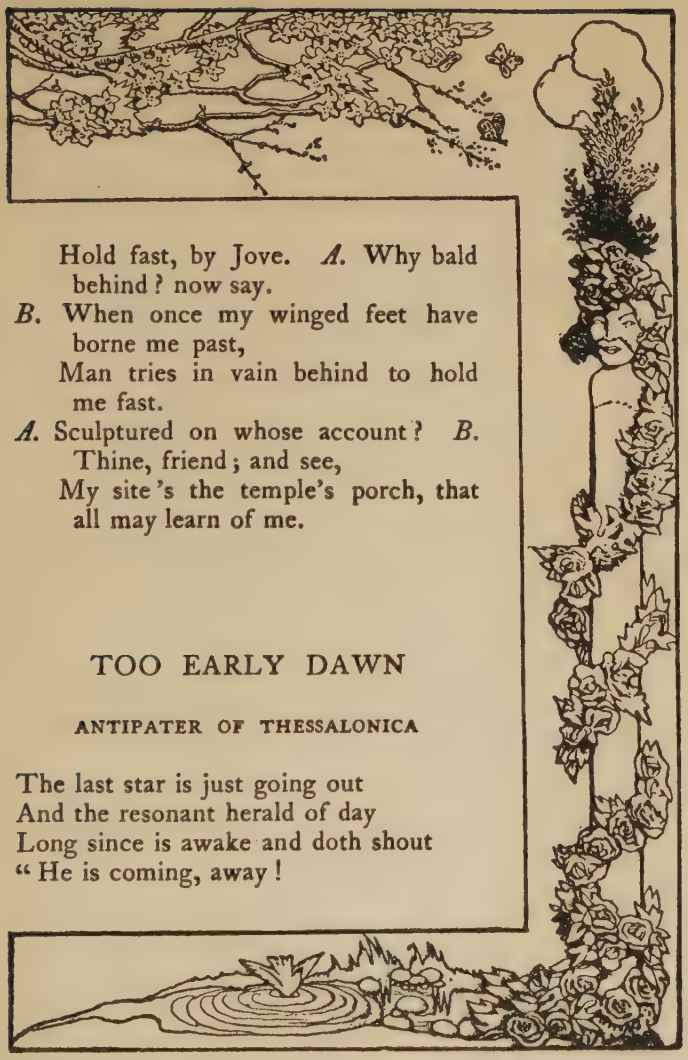
— Goldwin Smith.



OPPORTUNITY

POSEIDIPPUS

A. Whence did he come? and what the sculptor's name?
B. Lysippus; and from Sicyon he came.
A. Thy name? *B.* All-potent Opportunity.
A. On tiptoe why? *B.* I'm ready aye to flee.
A. But why that twofold nature, winged feet?
B. Than heaven's own blasts my movements are more fleet.
A. The razor in thy right hand, tell me why?
B. Sharp is its edge; but sharper still am I.
A. Why hair on front? *B.* That he who meets me may

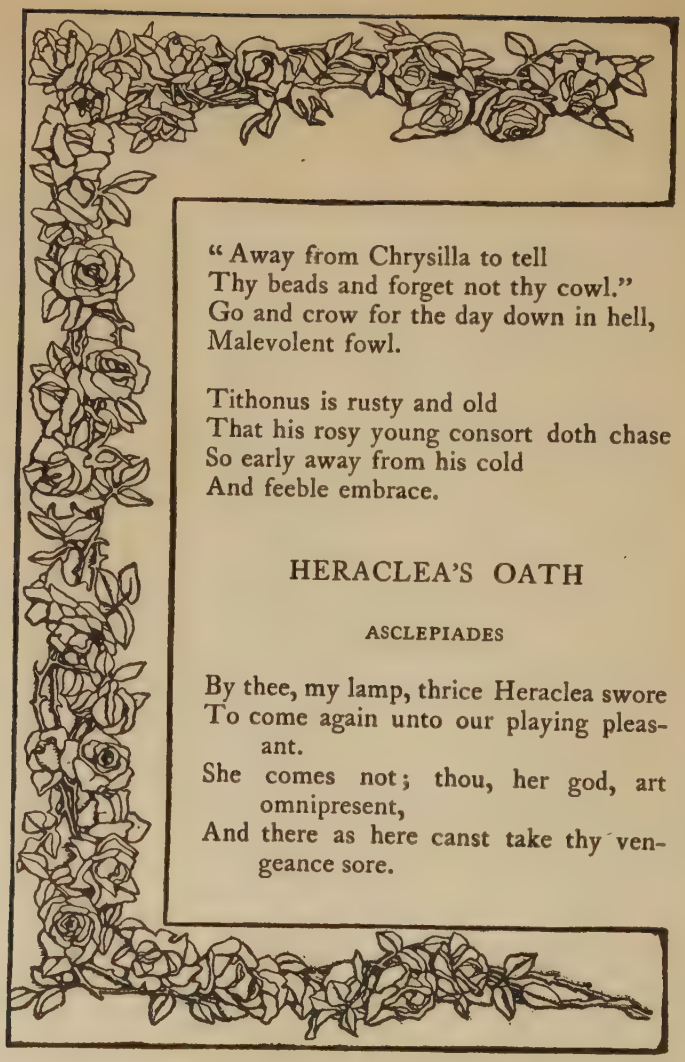


Hold fast, by Jove. *A.* Why bald
behind? now say.
B. When once my winged feet have
borne me past,
Man tries in vain behind to hold
me fast.
A. Sculptured on whose account? *B.*
Thine, friend; and see,
My site 's the temple's porch, that
all may learn of me.

TOO EARLY DAWN

ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

The last star is just going out
And the resonant herald of day
Long since is awake and doth shout
" He is coming, away!



"Away from Chrysilla to tell
Thy beads and forget not thy cowl."
Go and crow for the day down in hell,
Malevolent fowl.

Tithonus is rusty and old
That his rosy young consort doth chase
So early away from his cold
And feeble embrace.

HERACLEA'S OATH

ASCLEPIADES

By thee, my lamp, thrice Heraclea swore
To come again unto our playing pleasant.
She comes not; thou, her god, art omnipresent,
And there as here canst take thy vengeance sore.

So some time, when her play is at its
height,
Go out, and let the actors lack thy light.

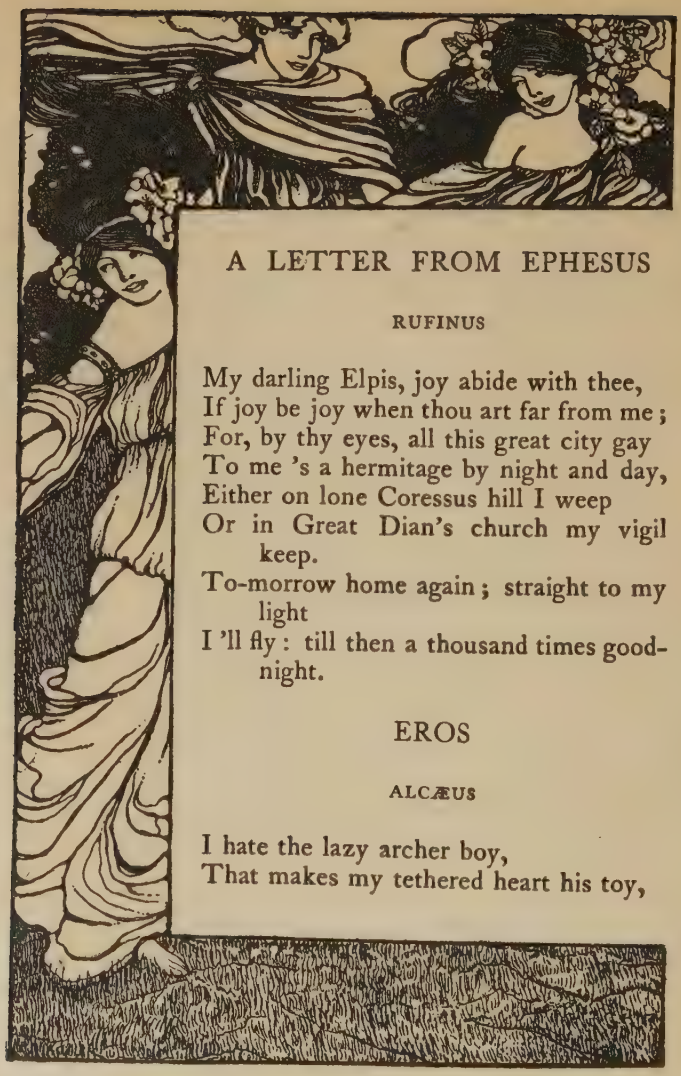
NIGHT AND THE LAMP

MELEAGER

O Lamp and holy Night,
We summoned none but you
To chronicle aright
Our troth and promise true.

"I 'll love thee," so she swore,
And I, "I will not quit
Thee, dear, for evermore,"
You heard and treasured it.

Now, Night, she doth protest
Her oath was for the day,
And, Lamp, thou knowest best
How mine she laughs away.



A LETTER FROM EPHESUS

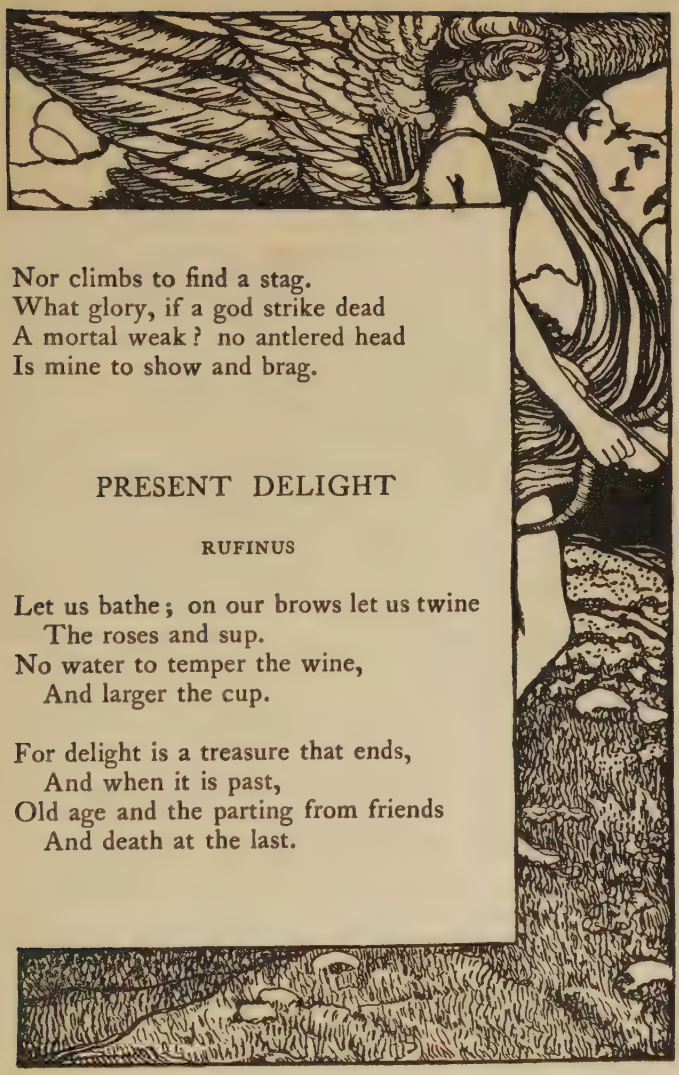
RUFINUS

My darling Elpis, joy abide with thee,
If joy be joy when thou art far from me;
For, by thy eyes, all this great city gay
To me 's a hermitage by night and day,
Either on lone Coressus hill I weep
Or in Great Dian's church my vigil keep.
To-morrow home again; straight to my light
I 'll fly: till then a thousand times good-night.

EROS

ALCÆUS

I hate the lazy archer boy,
That makes my tethered heart his toy,



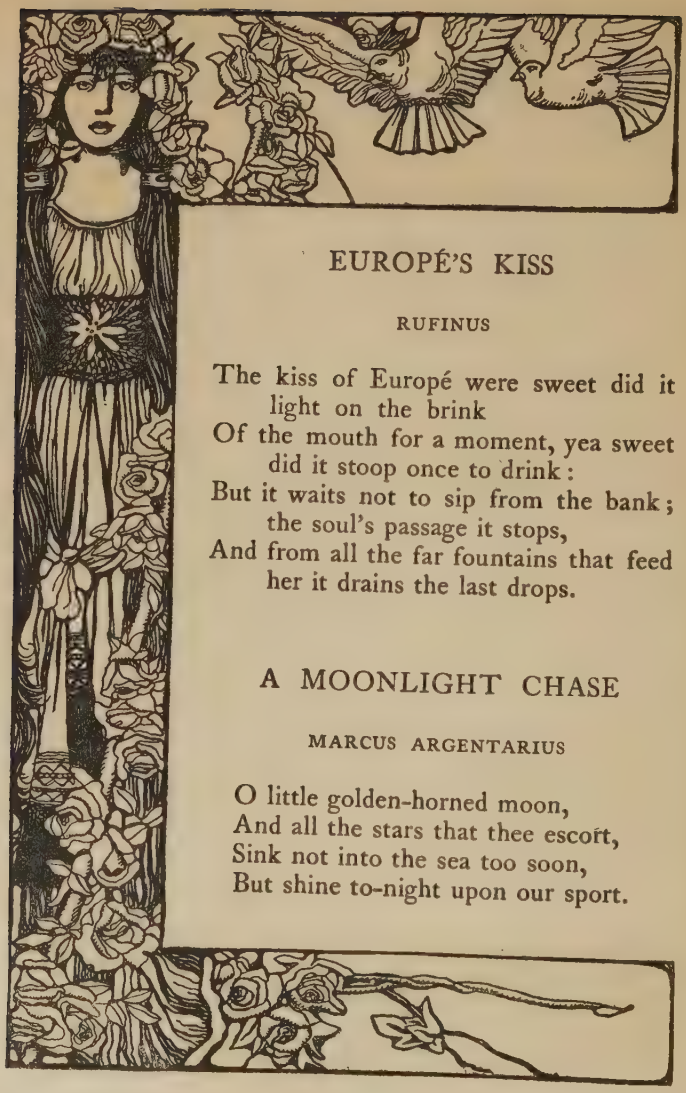
Nor climbs to find a stag.
What glory, if a god strike dead
A mortal weak? no antlered head
Is mine to show and brag.

PRESENT DELIGHT

RUFINUS

Let us bathe; on our brows let us twine
  The roses and sup.
No water to temper the wine,
  And larger the cup.

For delight is a treasure that ends,
  And when it is past,
Old age and the parting from friends
  And death at the last.



EUROPÉ'S KISS

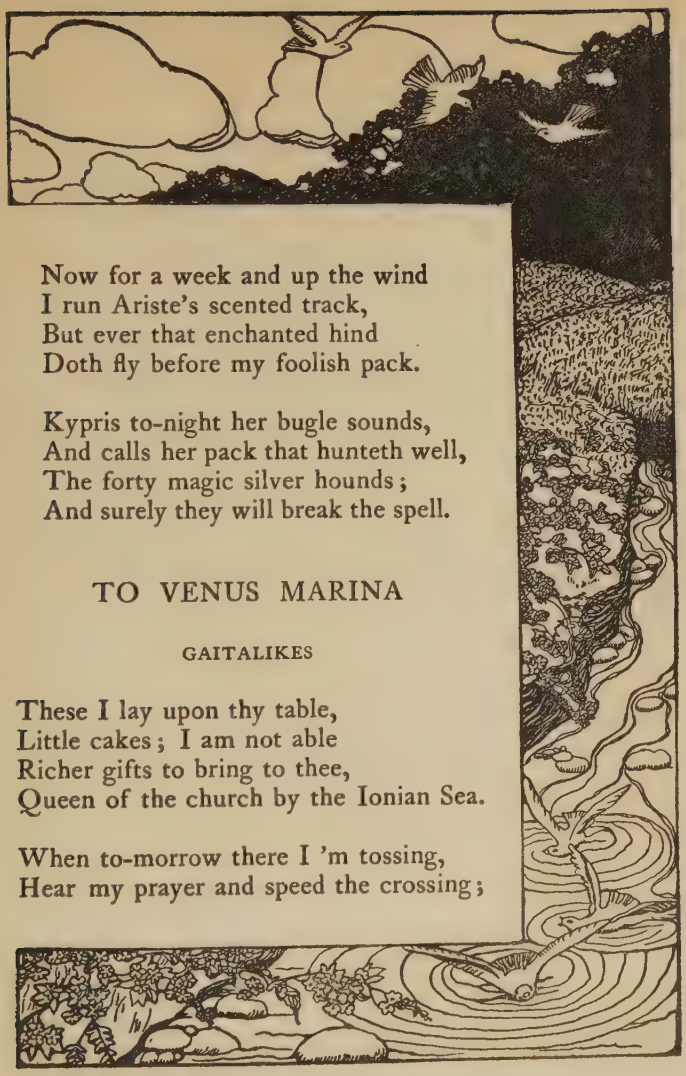
RUFINUS

The kiss of Europé were sweet did it
light on the brink
Of the mouth for a moment, yea sweet
did it stoop once to drink:
But it waits not to sip from the bank;
the soul's passage it stops,
And from all the far fountains that feed
her it drains the last drops.

A MOONLIGHT CHASE

MARCUS ARGENTARIUS

O little golden-horned moon,
And all the stars that thee escort,
Sink not into the sea too soon,
But shine to-night upon our sport.



Now for a week and up the wind
I run Ariste's scented track,
But ever that enchanted hind
Doth fly before my foolish pack.

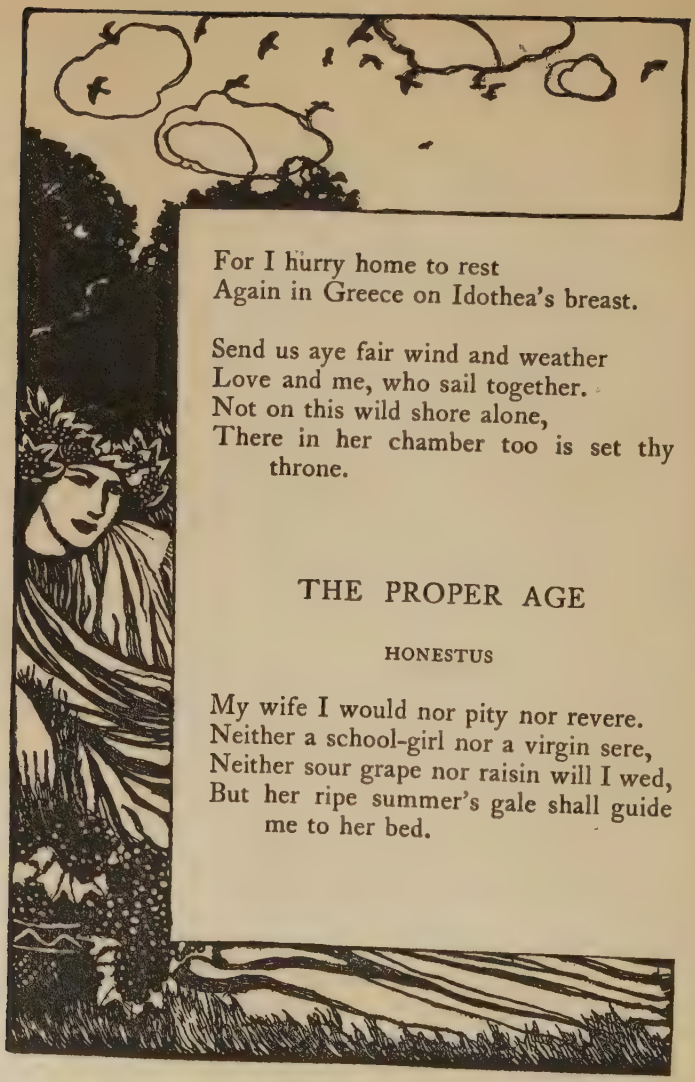
Kypris to-night her bugle sounds,
And calls her pack that hunteth well,
The forty magic silver hounds;
And surely they will break the spell.

TO VENUS MARINA

GAITALIKES

These I lay upon thy table,
Little cakes; I am not able
Richer gifts to bring to thee,
Queen of the church by the Ionian Sea.

When to-morrow there I 'm tossing,
Hear my prayer and speed the crossing;



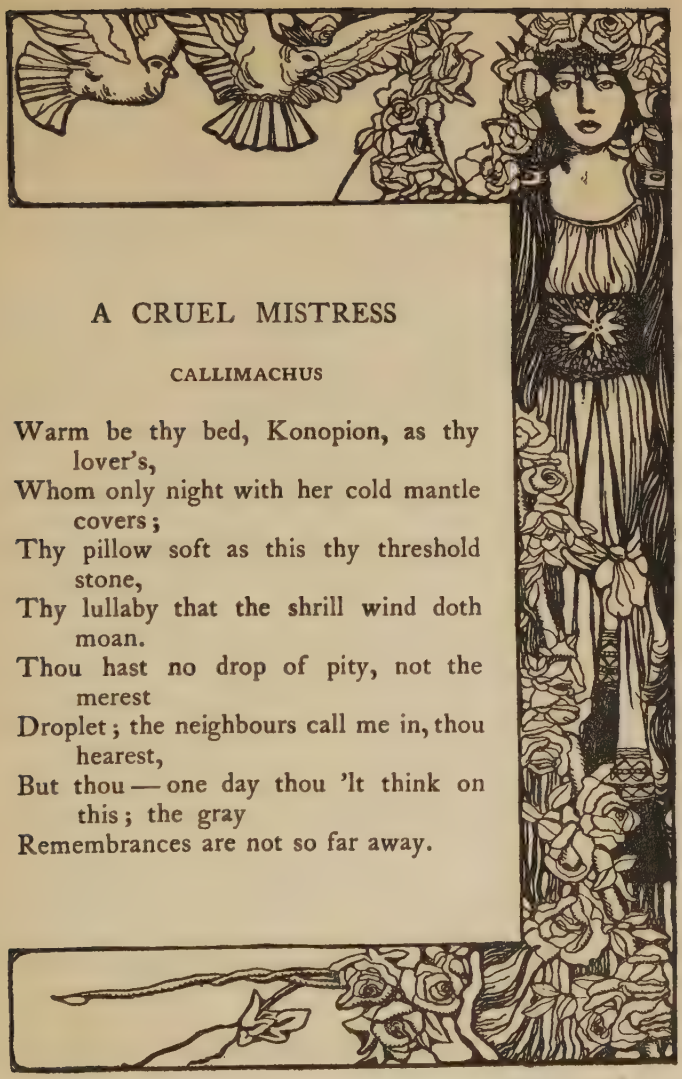
For I hurry home to rest
Again in Greece on Idothea's breast.

Send us aye fair wind and weather
Love and me, who sail together.
Not on this wild shore alone,
There in her chamber too is set thy
throne.

THE PROPER AGE

HONESTUS

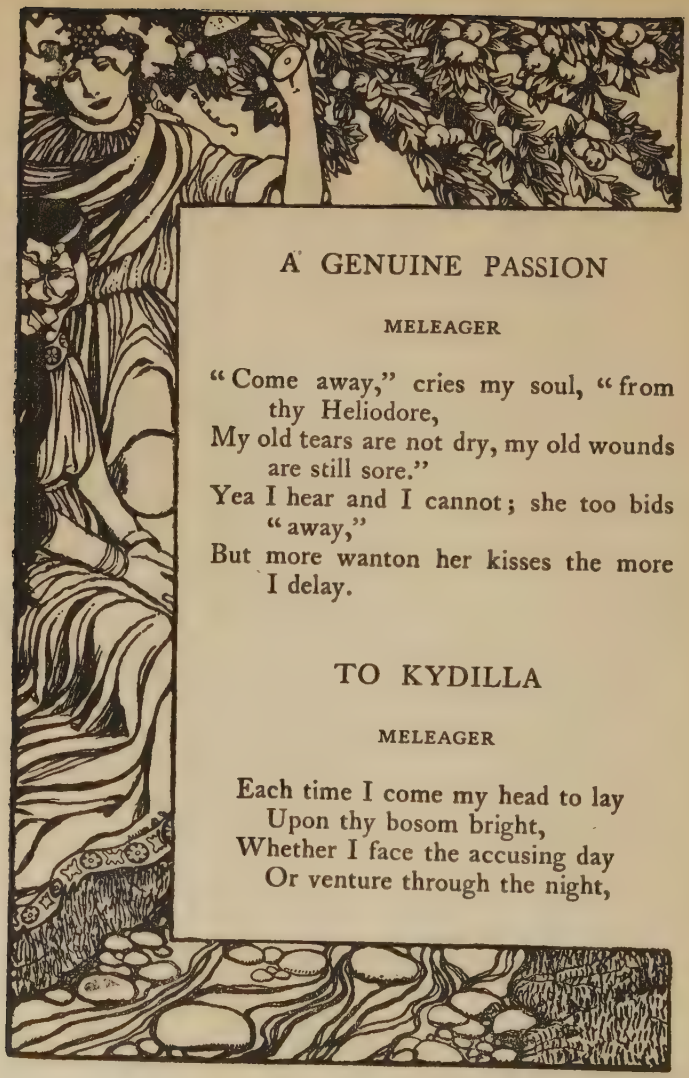
My wife I would nor pity nor revere.
Neither a school-girl nor a virgin sere,
Neither sour grape nor raisin will I wed,
But her ripe summer's gale shall guide
me to her bed.



A CRUEL MISTRESS

CALLIMACHUS

Warm be thy bed, Konopion, as thy lover's,
Whom only night with her cold mantle covers;
Thy pillow soft as this thy threshold stone,
Thy lullaby that the shrill wind doth moan.
Thou hast no drop of pity, not the merest
Droplet; the neighbours call me in, thou hearest,
But thou — one day thou 'lt think on this; the gray
Remembrances are not so far away.



A GENUINE PASSION

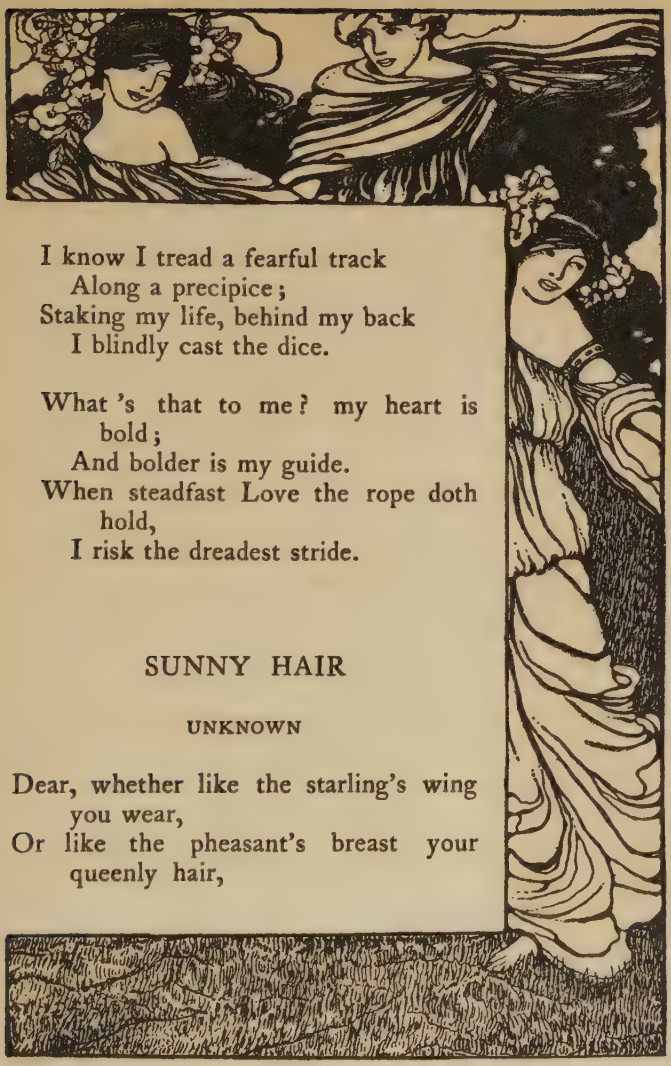
MELEAGER

"Come away," cries my soul, "from thy Heliodore,
My old tears are not dry, my old wounds are still sore."
Yea I hear and I cannot; she too bids "away,"
But more wanton her kisses the more I delay.

TO KYDILLA

MELEAGER

Each time I come my head to lay
Upon thy bosom bright,
Whether I face the accusing day
Or venture through the night,



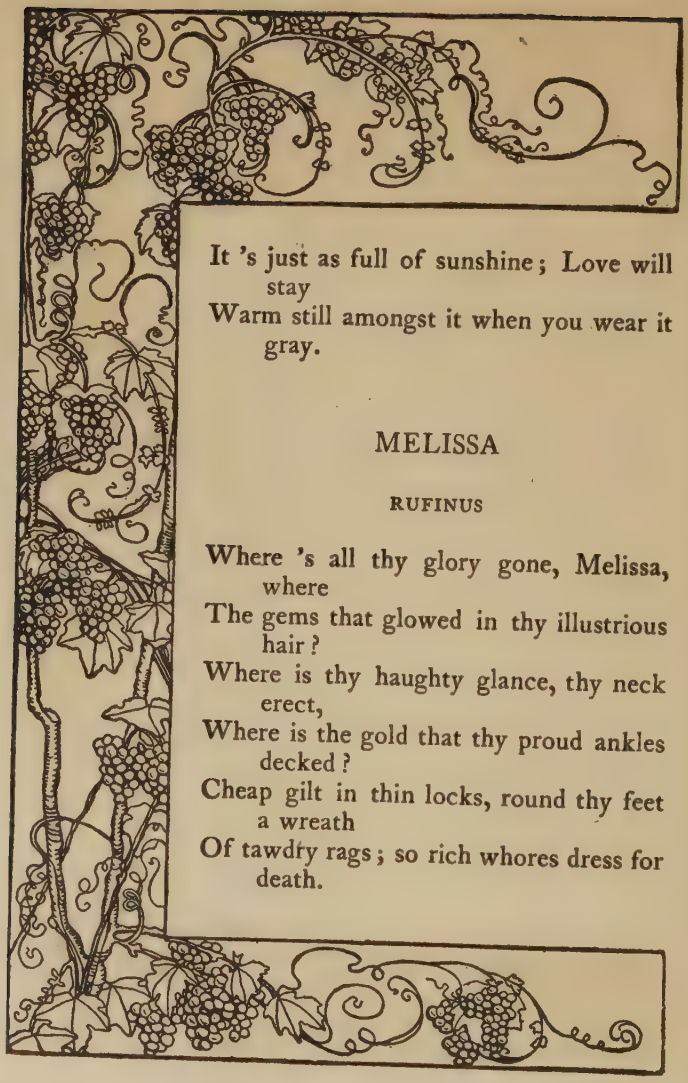
I know I tread a fearful track
  Along a precipice;
Staking my life, behind my back
  I blindly cast the dice.

What 's that to me? my heart is bold;
  And bolder is my guide.
When steadfast Love the rope doth hold,
  I risk the dreadest stride.

SUNNY HAIR

UNKNOWN

Dear, whether like the starling's wing you wear,
Or like the pheasant's breast your queenly hair,



It 's just as full of sunshine; Love will stay
Warm still amongst it when you wear it gray.

MELISSA

RUFINUS

Where 's all thy glory gone, Melissa, where
The gems that glowed in thy illustrious hair?
Where is thy haughty glance, thy neck erect,
Where is the gold that thy proud ankles decked?
Cheap gilt in thin locks, round thy feet a wreath
Of tawdry rags; so rich whores dress for death.

BRAMBLES AND ROSES

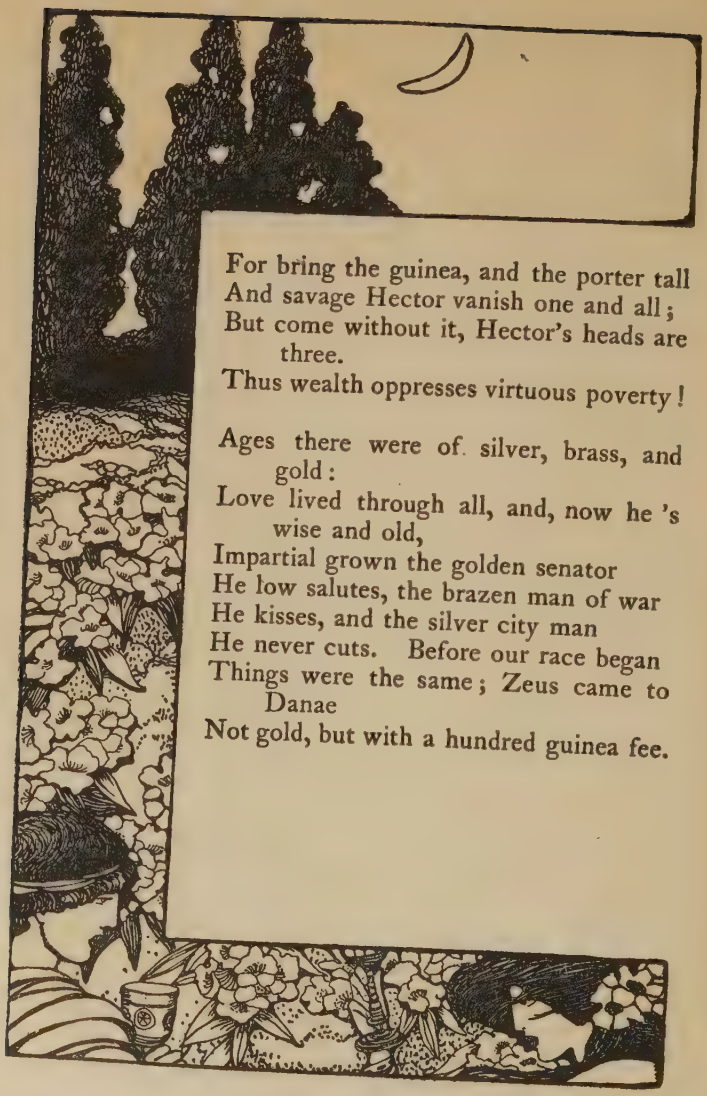
RUFINUS

Now black-beard says "Good morning."
Where the spell
Of rosy cheeks like marble polished
well?
Now cropped-hair courts me. Where
are all the curls
Strayed on his neck as haughty as a
girl's?
No thanks! though both have thorns,
they 're different quite,
Brambles that catch and roses that invite.

LOVE MAY BE BOUGHT

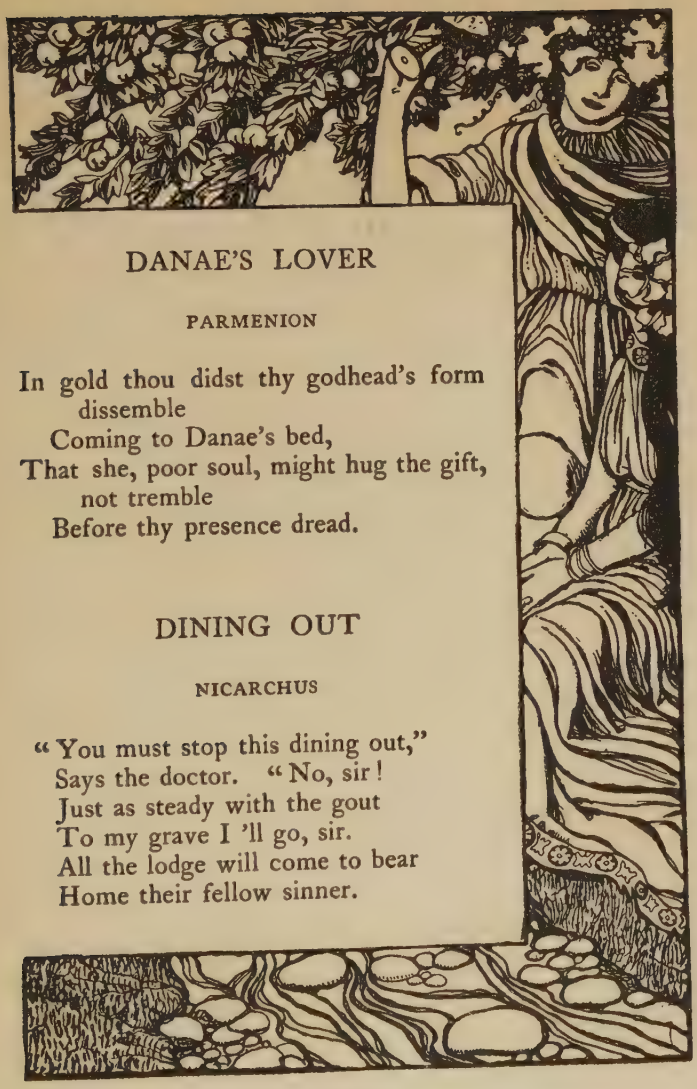
ANTIPATER OF THESSALONICA

All Homer says is gospel truth, but this
Most true, that Aphrodite golden is.



For bring the guinea, and the porter tall
And savage Hector vanish one and all;
But come without it, Hector's heads are three.
Thus wealth oppresses virtuous poverty!

Ages there were of silver, brass, and gold:
Love lived through all, and, now he 's wise and old,
Impartial grown the golden senator
He low salutes, the brazen man of war
He kisses, and the silver city man
He never cuts. Before our race began
Things were the same; Zeus came to Danae
Not gold, but with a hundred guinea fee.



DANAE'S LOVER

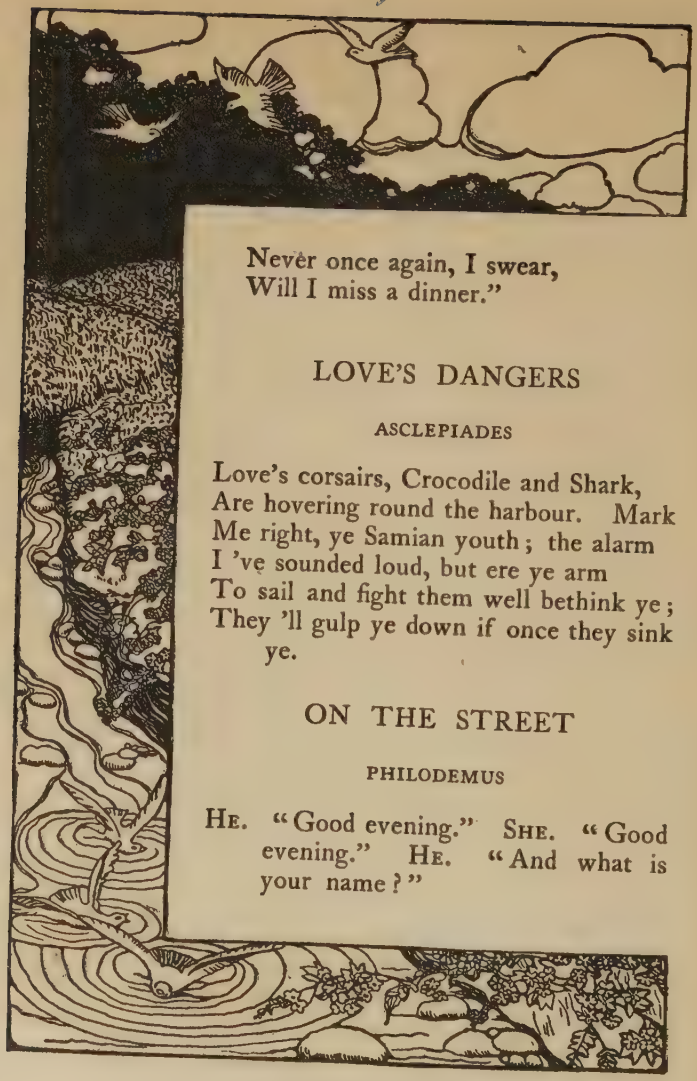
PARMENION

In gold thou didst thy godhead's form dissemble
Coming to Danae's bed,
That she, poor soul, might hug the gift, not tremble
Before thy presence dread.

DINING OUT

NICARCHUS

"You must stop this dining out,"
Says the doctor. "No, sir!
Just as steady with the gout
To my grave I 'll go, sir.
All the lodge will come to bear
Home their fellow sinner.



Never once again, I swear,
Will I miss a dinner."

LOVE'S DANGERS

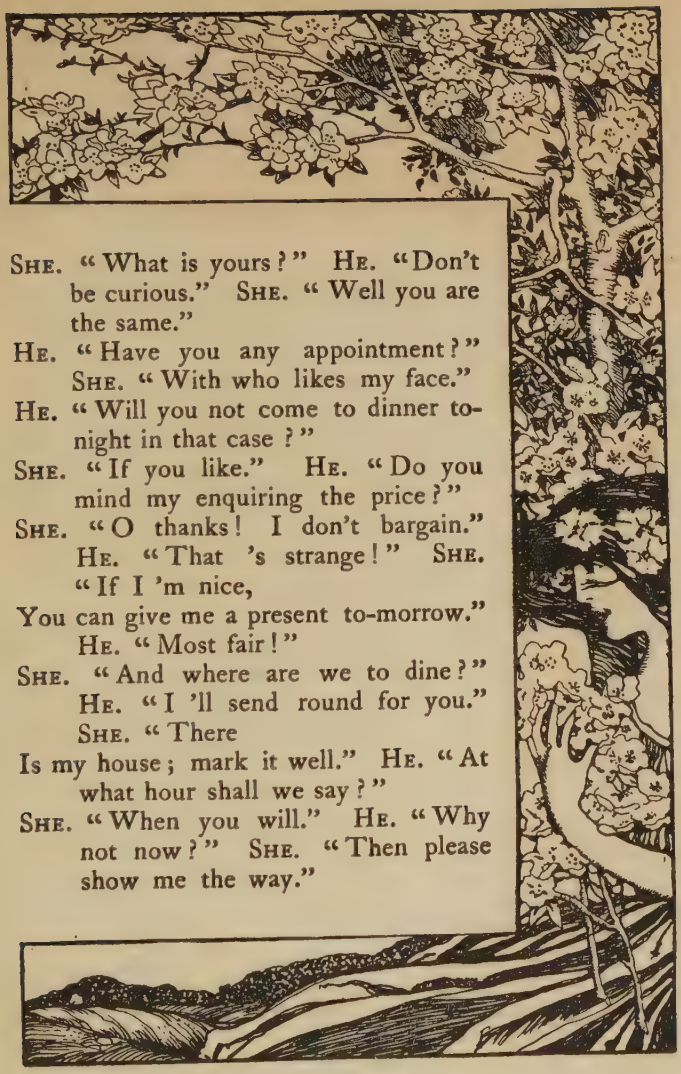
ASCLEPIADES

Love's corsairs, Crocodile and Shark,
Are hovering round the harbour. Mark
Me right, ye Samian youth; the alarm
I 've sounded loud, but ere ye arm
To sail and fight them well bethink ye;
They 'll gulp ye down if once they sink
ye.

ON THE STREET

PHILODEMUS

HE. "Good evening." SHE. "Good evening." HE. "And what is your name?"



SHE. "What is yours?" HE. "Don't be curious." SHE. "Well you are the same."

HE. "Have you any appointment?" SHE. "With who likes my face."

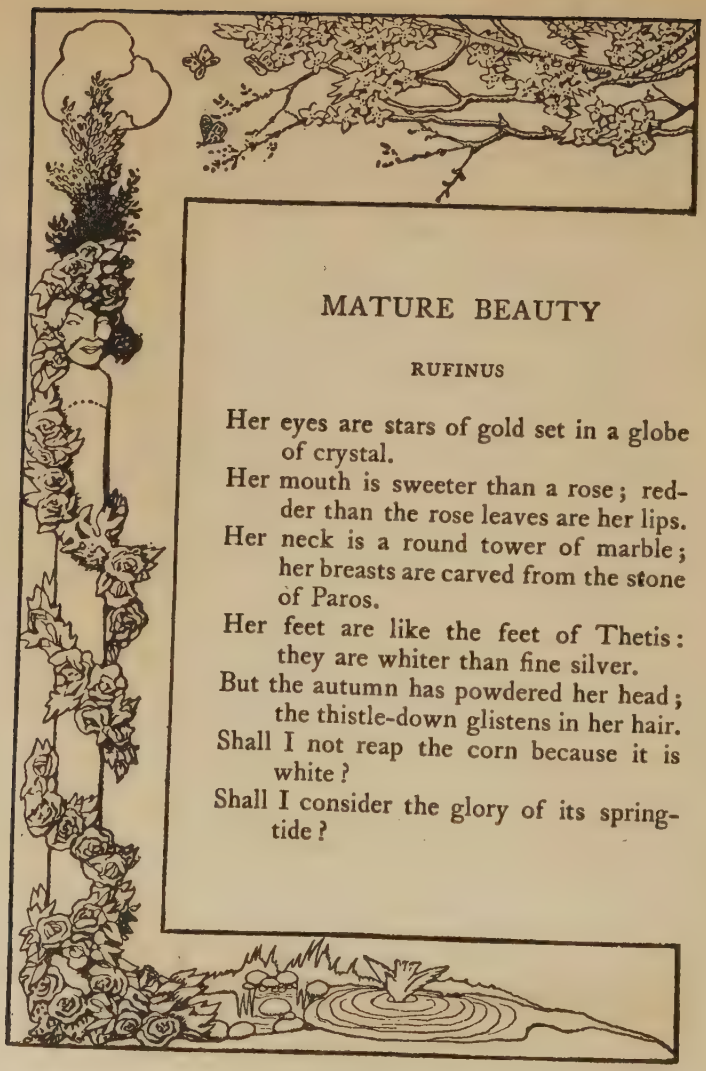
HE. "Will you not come to dinner to-night in that case?"

SHE. "If you like." HE. "Do you mind my enquiring the price?"

SHE. "O thanks! I don't bargain." HE. "That 's strange!" SHE. "If I 'm nice,
You can give me a present to-morrow." HE. "Most fair!"

SHE. "And where are we to dine?" HE. "I 'll send round for you." SHE. "There
Is my house; mark it well." HE. "At what hour shall we say?"

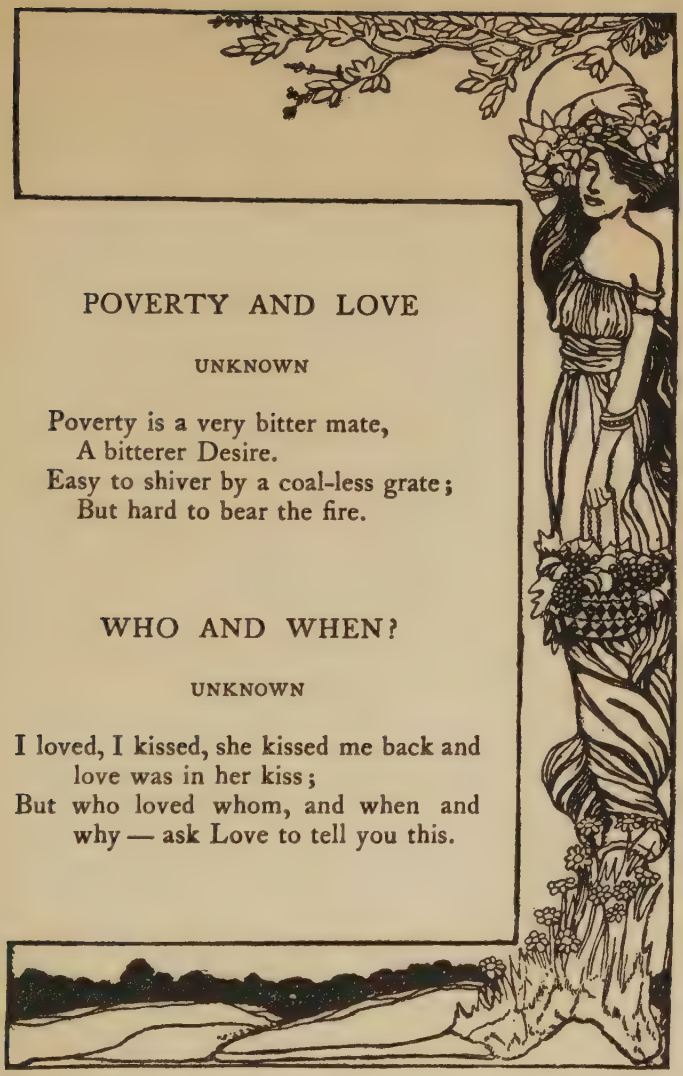
SHE. "When you will." HE. "Why not now?" SHE. "Then please show me the way."



MATURE BEAUTY

RUFINUS

Her eyes are stars of gold set in a globe of crystal.
Her mouth is sweeter than a rose; redder than the rose leaves are her lips.
Her neck is a round tower of marble; her breasts are carved from the stone of Paros.
Her feet are like the feet of Thetis: they are whiter than fine silver.
But the autumn has powdered her head; the thistle-down glistens in her hair.
Shall I not reap the corn because it is white?
Shall I consider the glory of its springtide?



POVERTY AND LOVE

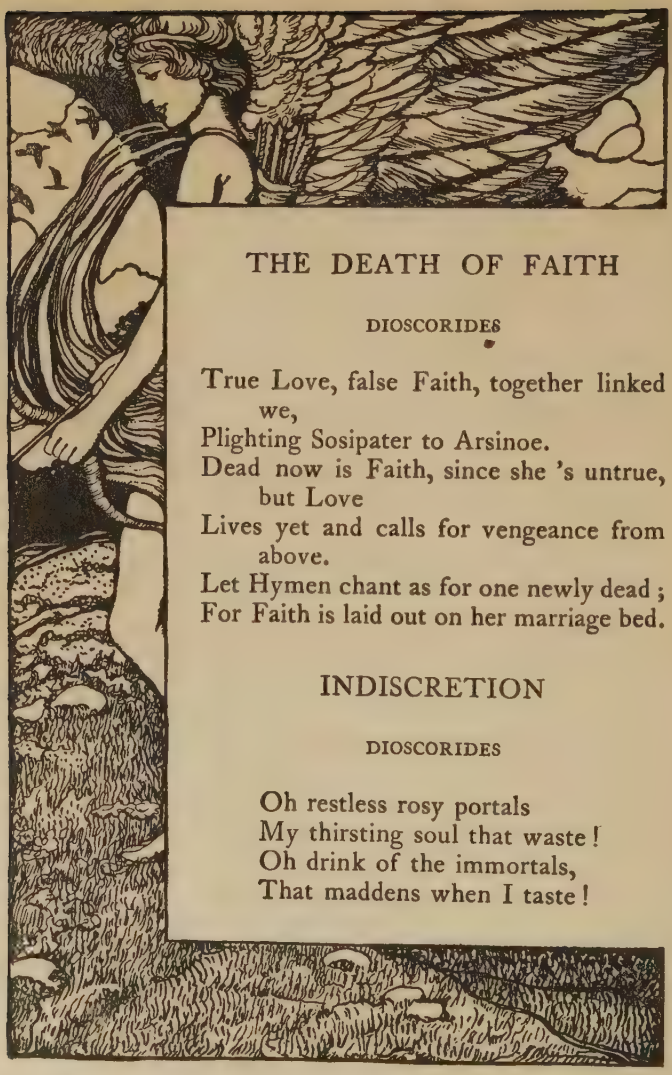
UNKNOWN

Poverty is a very bitter mate,
  A bitterer Desire.
Easy to shiver by a coal-less grate;
  But hard to bear the fire.

WHO AND WHEN?

UNKNOWN

I loved, I kissed, she kissed me back and
  love was in her kiss;
But who loved whom, and when and
  why — ask Love to tell you this.



THE DEATH OF FAITH

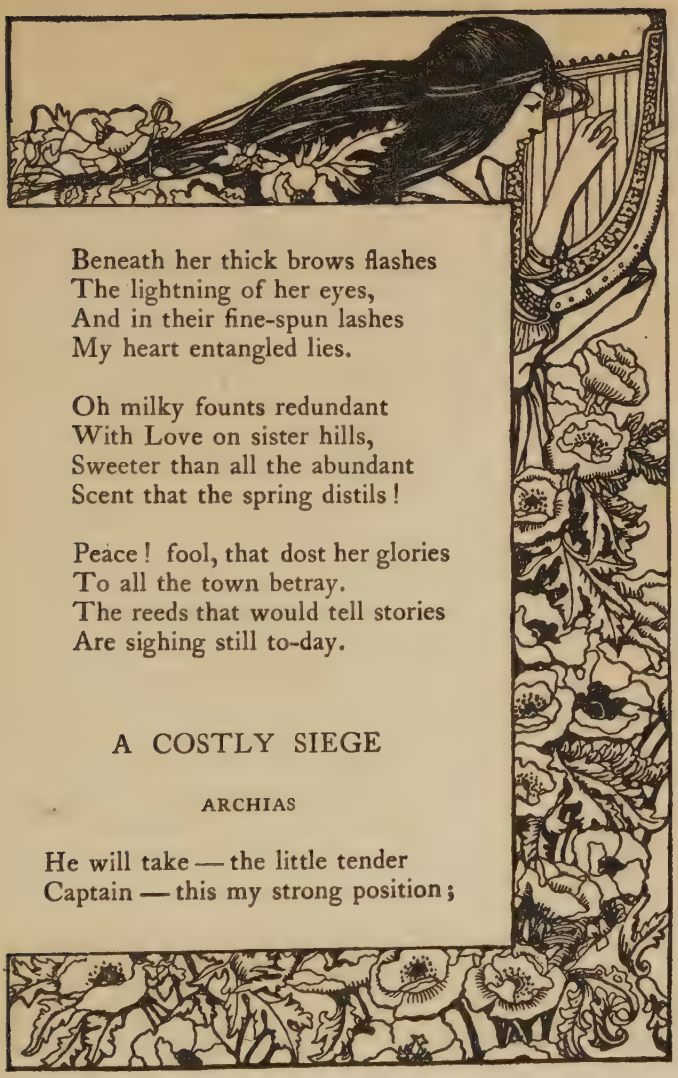
DIOSCORIDES

True Love, false Faith, together linked we,
Plighting Sosipater to Arsinoe.
Dead now is Faith, since she 's untrue, but Love
Lives yet and calls for vengeance from above.
Let Hymen chant as for one newly dead ;
For Faith is laid out on her marriage bed.

INDISCRETION

DIOSCORIDES

Oh restless rosy portals
My thirsting soul that waste !
Oh drink of the immortals,
That maddens when I taste !



Beneath her thick brows flashes
The lightning of her eyes,
And in their fine-spun lashes
My heart entangled lies.

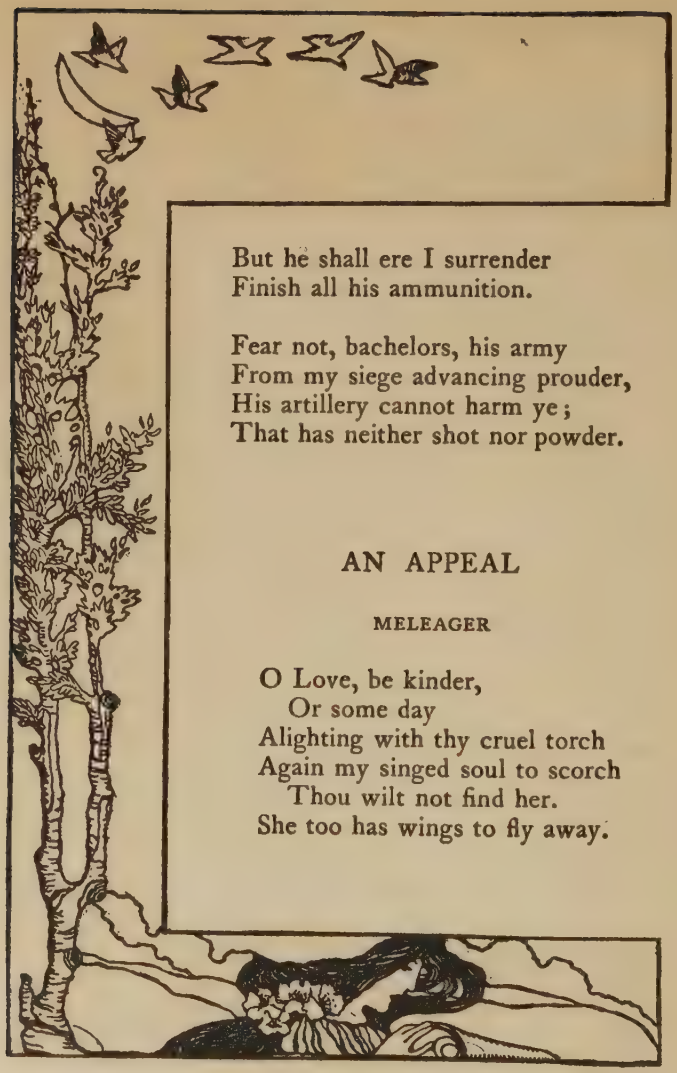
Oh milky founts redundant
With Love on sister hills,
Sweeter than all the abundant
Scent that the spring distils!

Peace! fool, that dost her glories
To all the town betray.
The reeds that would tell stories
Are sighing still to-day.

A COSTLY SIEGE

ARCHIAS

He will take — the little tender
Captain — this my strong position;



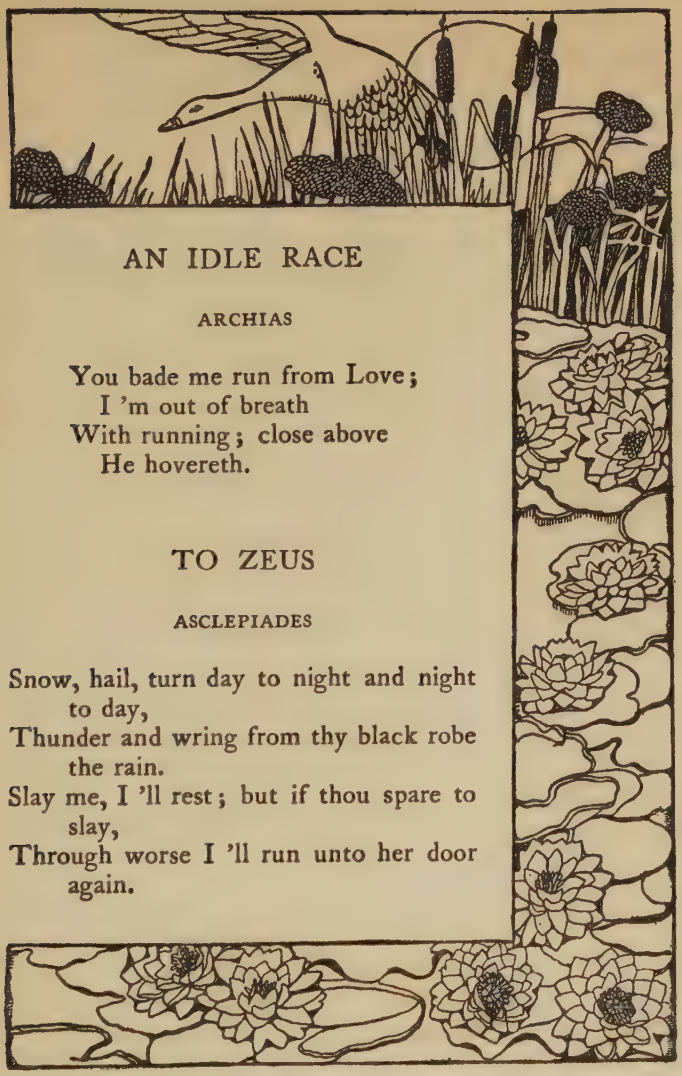
But he shall ere I surrender
Finish all his ammunition.

Fear not, bachelors, his army
From my siege advancing prouder,
His artillery cannot harm ye;
That has neither shot nor powder.

AN APPEAL

MELEAGER

O Love, be kinder,
  Or some day
Alighting with thy cruel torch
Again my singed soul to scorch
  Thou wilt not find her.
She too has wings to fly away.



AN IDLE RACE

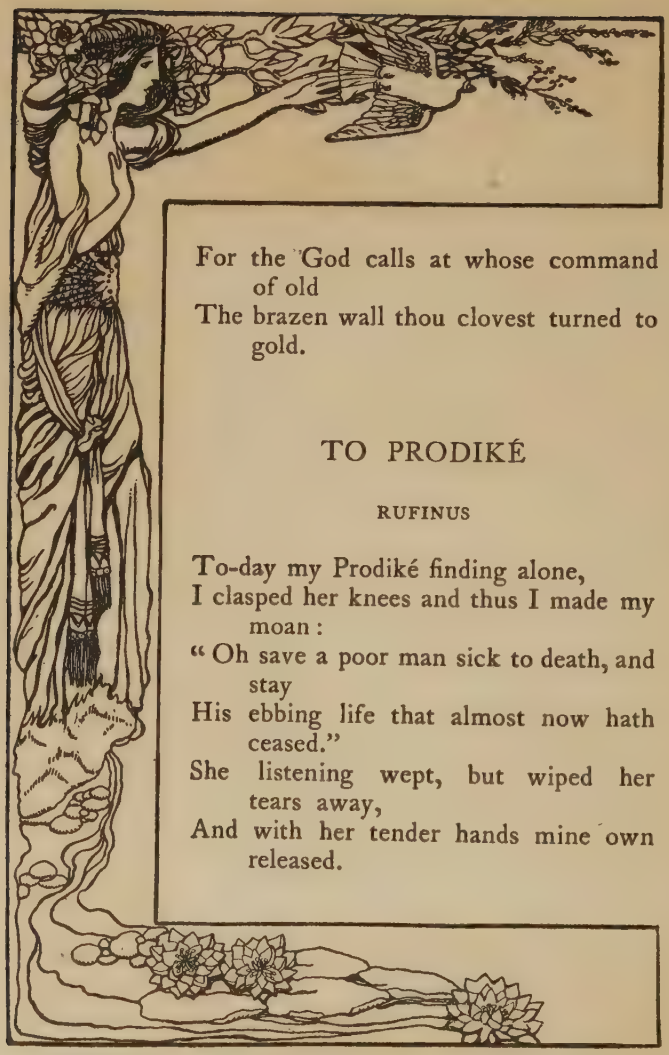
ARCHIAS

You bade me run from Love;
  I 'm out of breath
With running; close above
  He hovereth.

TO ZEUS

ASCLEPIADES

Snow, hail, turn day to night and night
  to day,
Thunder and wring from thy black robe
  the rain.
Slay me, I 'll rest; but if thou spare to
  slay,
Through worse I 'll run unto her door
  again.



For the God calls at whose command of old
The brazen wall thou clovest turned to gold.

TO PRODIKÉ

RUFINUS

To-day my Prodiké finding alone,
I clasped her knees and thus I made my moan:
"Oh save a poor man sick to death, and stay
His ebbing life that almost now hath ceased."
She listening wept, but wiped her tears away,
And with her tender hands mine own released.

SUCCESSFUL BAIT

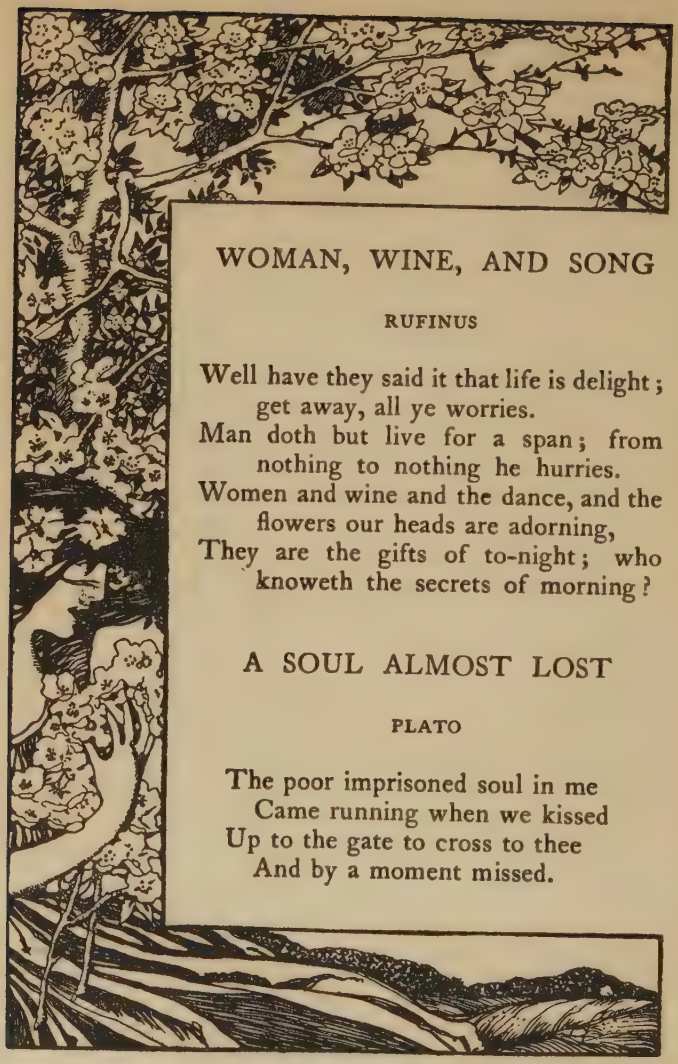
CAPITON

Graceless good looks
Get many a rise,
Like taking flies
With broken hooks.

THE BEAUTY OF MAEONIS

RUFINUS

Pallas and Hera with the golden shoes
Saw Maeonis and from their hearts cried out,
"We 'll not disrobe again; for twice to lose
A shepherd's prize were not defeat but rout."



WOMAN, WINE, AND SONG

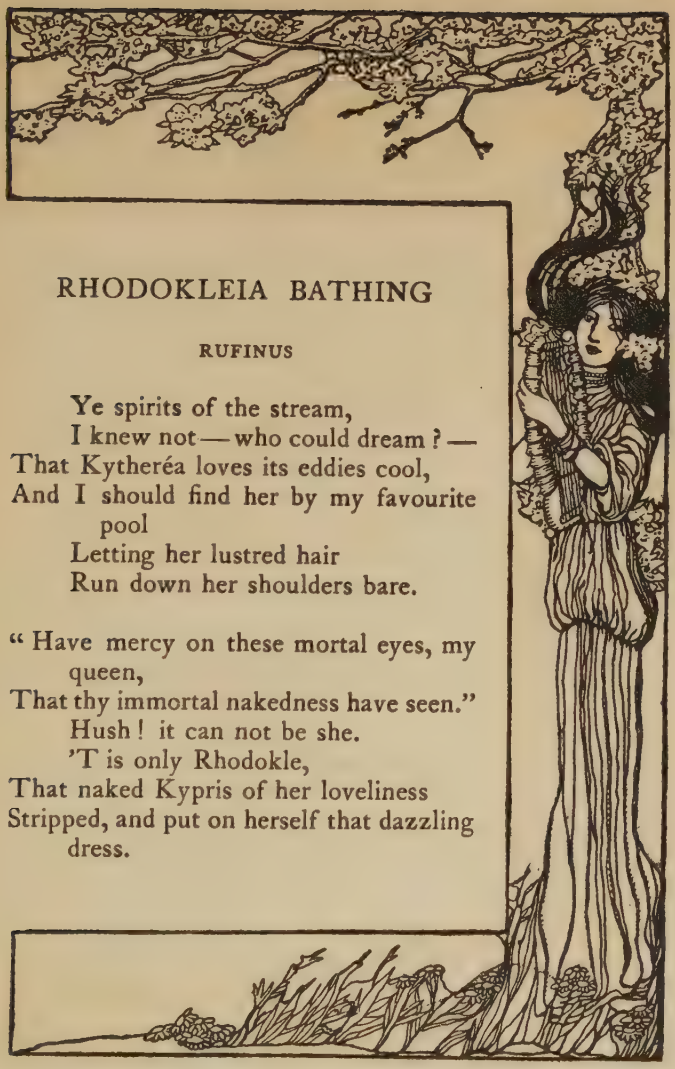
RUFINUS

Well have they said it that life is delight;
get away, all ye worries.
Man doth but live for a span; from
nothing to nothing he hurries.
Women and wine and the dance, and the
flowers our heads are adorning,
They are the gifts of to-night; who
knoweth the secrets of morning?

A SOUL ALMOST LOST

PLATO

The poor imprisoned soul in me
Came running when we kissed
Up to the gate to cross to thee
And by a moment missed.

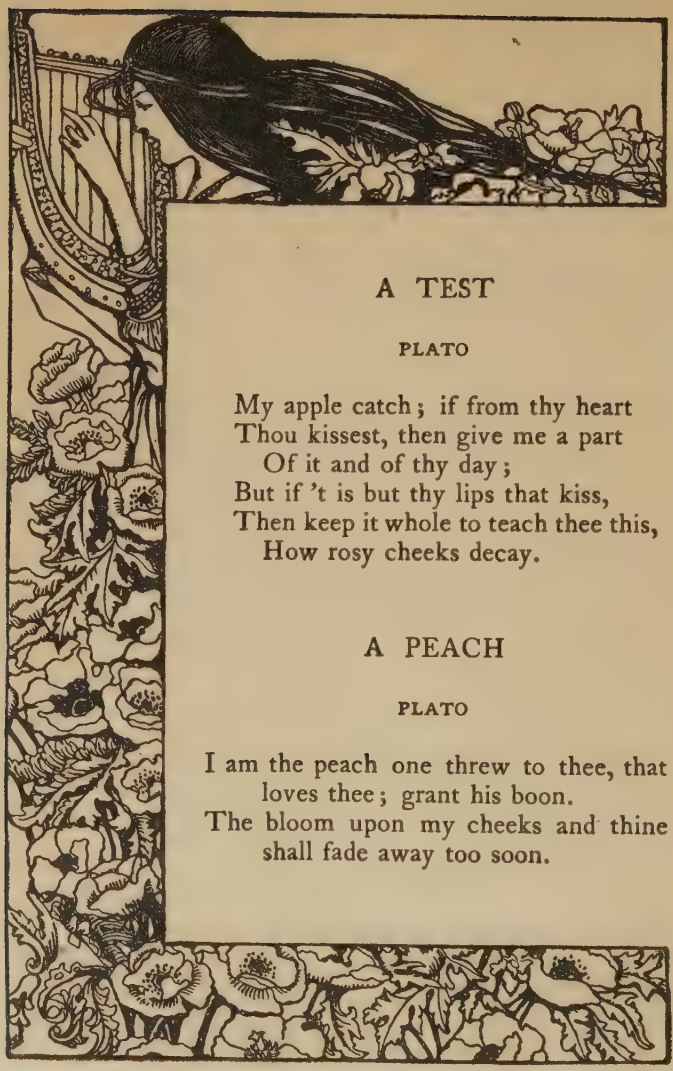


RHODOKLEIA BATHING

RUFINUS

Ye spirits of the stream,
I knew not — who could dream ? —
That Kytheréa loves its eddies cool,
And I should find her by my favourite pool
Letting her lustred hair
Run down her shoulders bare.

" Have mercy on these mortal eyes, my queen,
That thy immortal nakedness have seen."
Hush ! it can not be she.
'T is only Rhodokle,
That naked Kypris of her loveliness
Stripped, and put on herself that dazzling dress.



A TEST

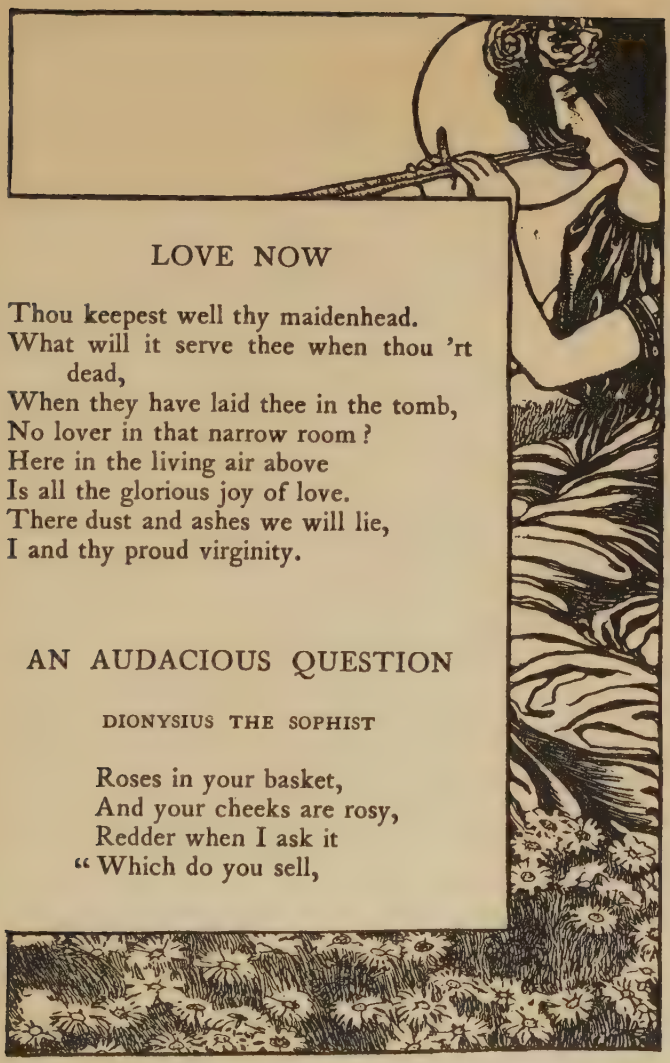
PLATO

My apple catch; if from thy heart
Thou kissest, then give me a part
  Of it and of thy day;
But if 't is but thy lips that kiss,
Then keep it whole to teach thee this,
  How rosy cheeks decay.

A PEACH

PLATO

I am the peach one threw to thee, that
  loves thee; grant his boon.
The bloom upon my cheeks and thine
  shall fade away too soon.



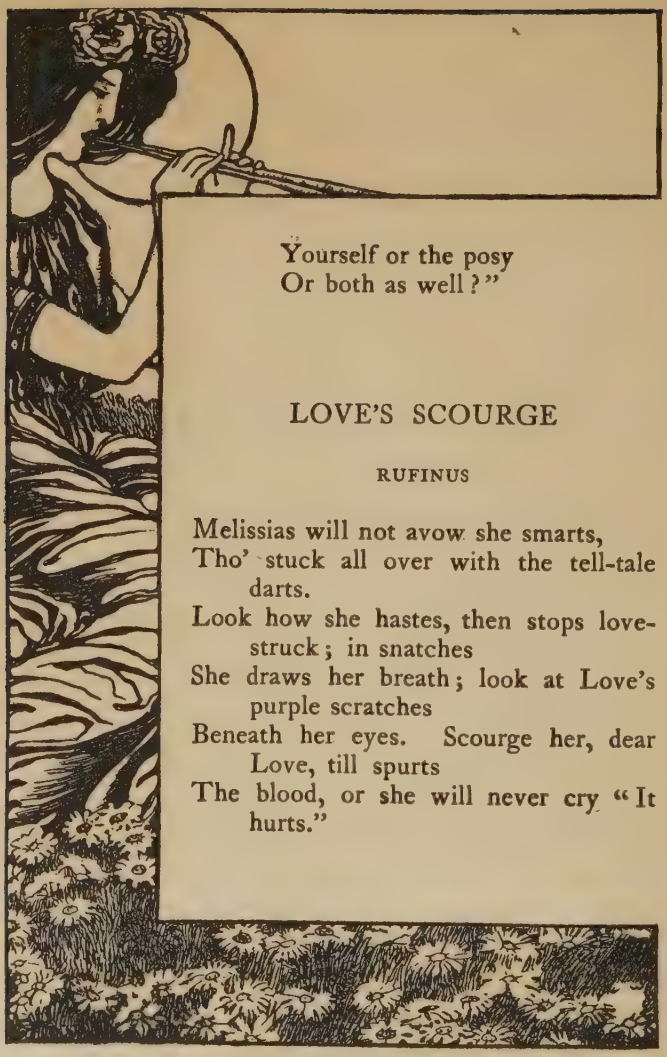
LOVE NOW

Thou keepest well thy maidenhead.
What will it serve thee when thou 'rt
dead,
When they have laid thee in the tomb,
No lover in that narrow room?
Here in the living air above
Is all the glorious joy of love.
There dust and ashes we will lie,
I and thy proud virginity.

AN AUDACIOUS QUESTION

DIONYSIUS THE SOPHIST

Roses in your basket,
And your cheeks are rosy,
Redder when I ask it
"Which do you sell,

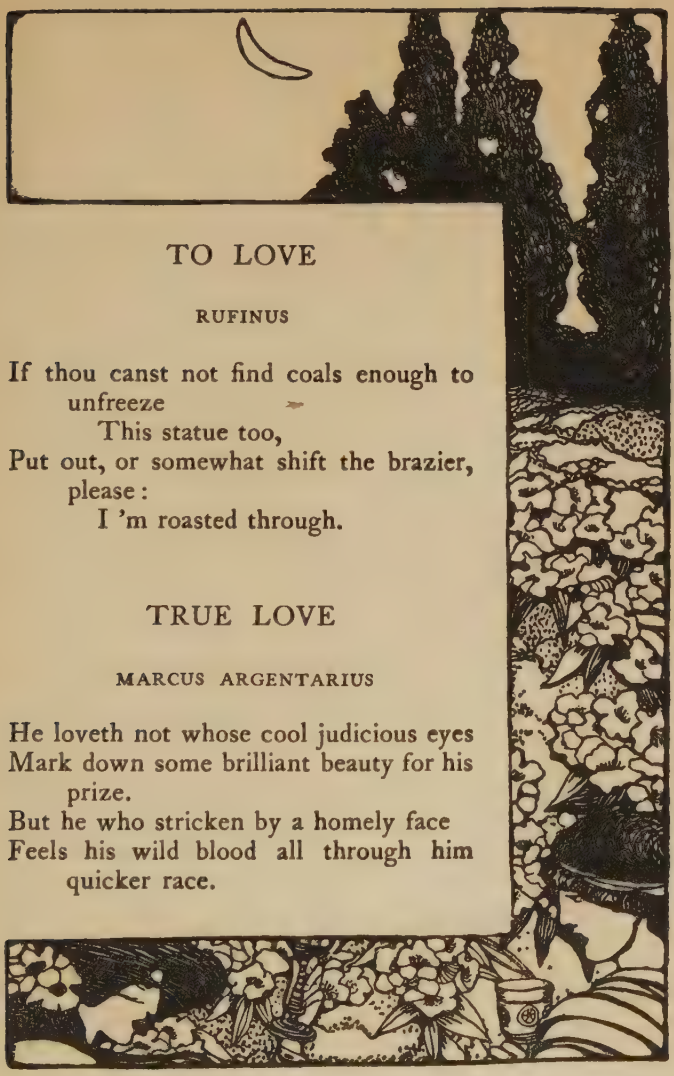


Yourself or the posy
Or both as well?"

LOVE'S SCOURGE

RUFINUS

Melissias will not avow she smarts,
Tho' stuck all over with the tell-tale darts.
Look how she hastes, then stops love-struck; in snatches
She draws her breath; look at Love's purple scratches
Beneath her eyes. Scourge her, dear Love, till spurts
The blood, or she will never cry "It hurts."



TO LOVE

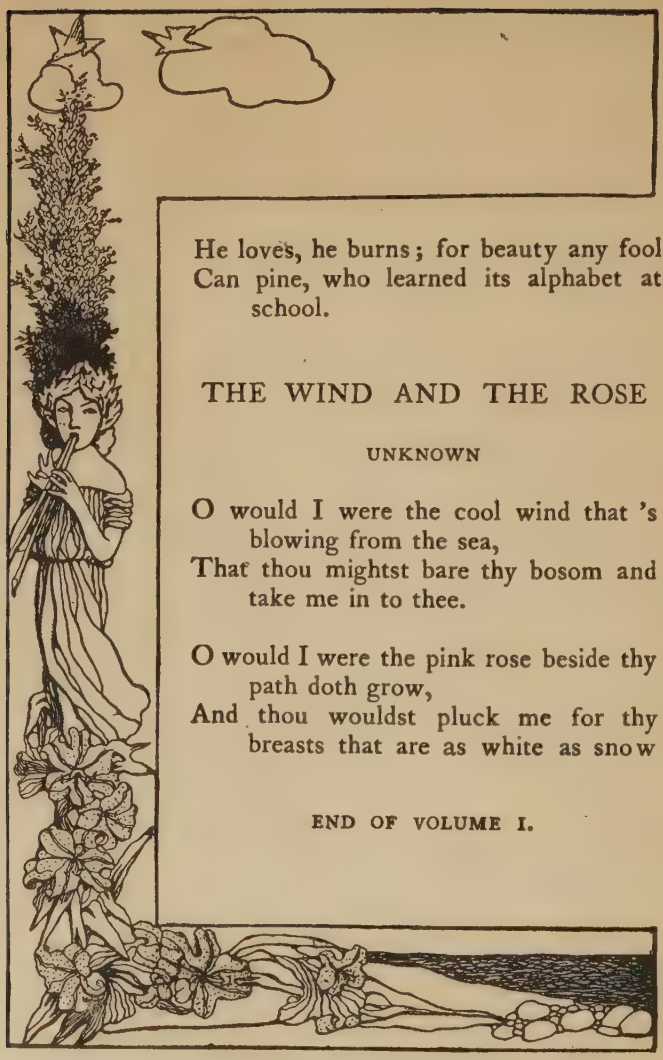
RUFINUS

If thou canst not find coals enough to unfreeze
This statue too,
Put out, or somewhat shift the brazier, please:
I 'm roasted through.

TRUE LOVE

MARCUS ARGENTARIUS

He loveth not whose cool judicious eyes
Mark down some brilliant beauty for his prize.
But he who stricken by a homely face
Feels his wild blood all through him quicker race.



He loves, he burns; for beauty any fool
Can pine, who learned its alphabet at
school.

THE WIND AND THE ROSE

UNKNOWN

O would I were the cool wind that 's
blowing from the sea,
That thou mightst bare thy bosom and
take me in to thee.

O would I were the pink rose beside thy
path doth grow,
And thou wouldst pluck me for thy
breasts that are as white as snow

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